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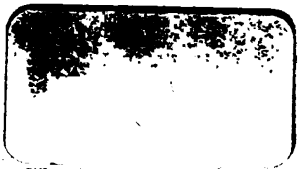

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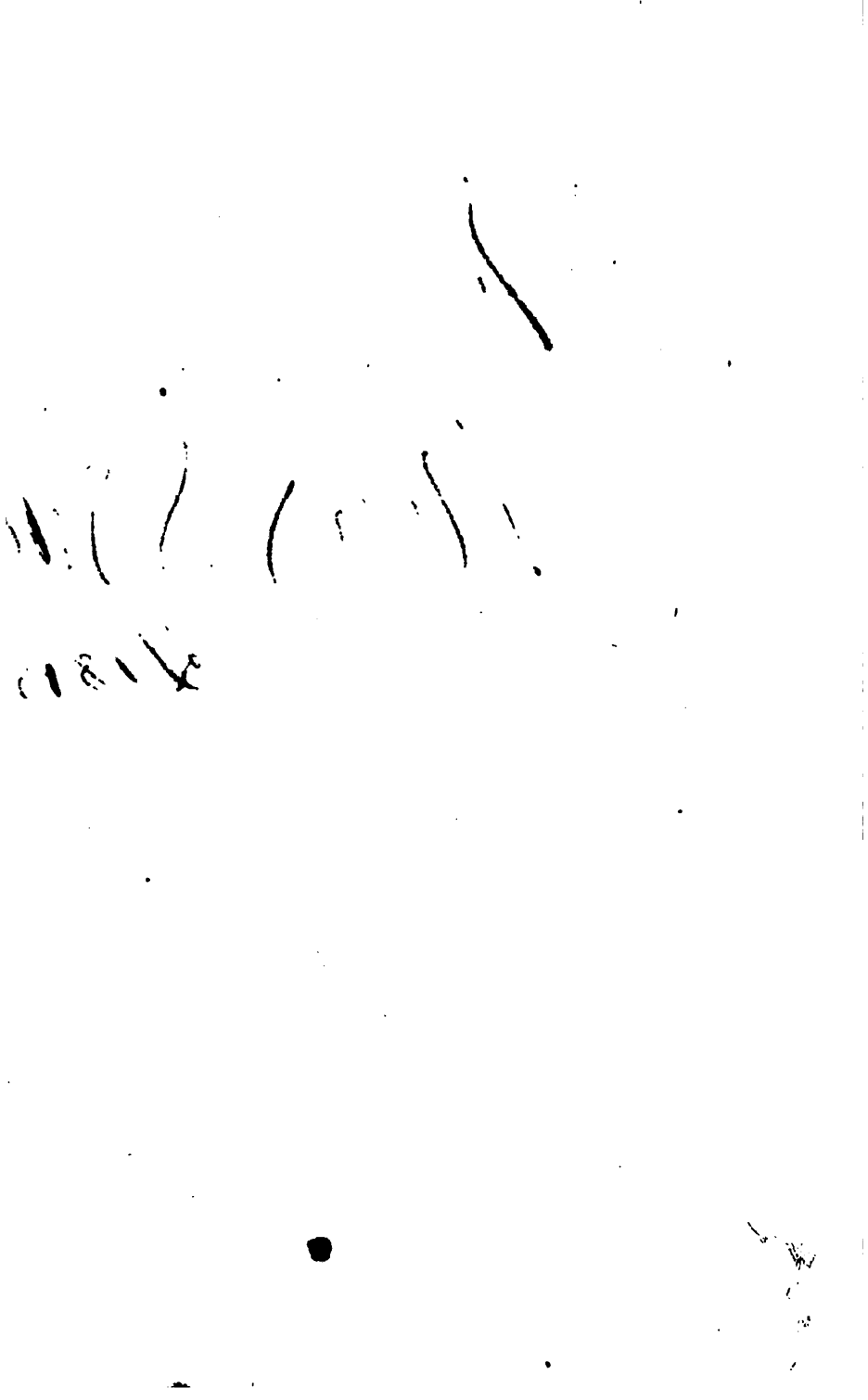
1845

Mrs Nathan Gibbs

Lee 1845

in 6'



THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Knew this art to charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employ'd,
With spells that impious Egypt never knew;
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did every cedar weave.

MRS. H. MOORE.

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works.

ST. PAUL.

VOL. VI.

NEW-YORK:
S. WHITTELSEY, 150 NASSAU-STREET.
D. FANSHAW, PRINTER.
1838.

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Nathan Gibbs
Esq
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Mrs Nathan Gibbs
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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. JANUARY, 1838. NO. I.

OUR PAST AND FUTURE COURSE.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, when first commenced, was an experiment. No similar periodical had been published, and it is believed that none had ever been contemplated. The ground was therefore not only unoccupied, but unsurveyed; and after the plan had been suggested, although it was perceived to be eminently desirable, and that, if well executed, it might accomplish a great amount of good, yet it was matured with deliberation, and adopted with extreme diffidence.

No sooner, however, was the prospectus announced, than friends, far and near, approved of the undertaking, and not only urged its projectors to zeal and perseverance, appropriate to the magnitude of the object proposed, but kindly pledged their efforts to sustain an enterprise bearing the aspect of much good will to mankind.

True, we have continued to feel a responsibility wisely to improve the talent entrusted to our hands; yet so generously have these early pledges been redeemed, and so extensively has the co-operation of Pastors been secured, and so abundantly have the smiles of Heaven been enjoyed, that we have not been suffered to faint, or to be discouraged.

On the contrary, as years have rolled away, and we have been permitted to see something of the fruit of our labours, and learned more of the wants of American Mothers, we feel strengthened to continue at the post assigned us by Providence.

As we contemplate the multitude of Mothers in our own beloved Zion, and many also in foreign lands, prayerful, and eager to advance the cause to which the Magazine is devoted,

using their unceasing efforts to provide for its pages, and also to extend its circulation, as well adapted to sustain and multiply Maternal Associations,—it becomes us to be humble and grateful.

In consecrating ourselves therefore to our work, at the commencement of another year, we feel an ardour and obligation to renew our efforts to render the Magazine more attractive and useful.

We speak not of former success in any spirit of boasting, for the Magazine has never been, in all respects, what we could wish. Though our aim has never been to please the fastidious, yet we feel that a somewhat higher standard of literary taste might have been advantageously adopted. Still, had we met the entire wishes of some of our literary advisers, it must have been, it is thought, at the sacrifice of the interest in it of those Mothers who would be likely to value such a work only as it was adapted to the humbler advantages they had enjoyed.

There is a species of writing, difficult to procure, which is adapted to please and instruct the finished scholar, as well as the plain reader; and in the successful efforts we have recently made to secure the aid of able writers, we trust that, in this respect, neither ourselves nor our patrons will be disappointed.

We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to reply to the wishes expressed by some of our correspondents, that we should occasionally furnish "hints to young ladies," and to "juvenile readers." We are happy in being able to state, that we hope, the present year, to meet the views of such, though we cannot promise, for either, a distinct department. We hope to have more leisure for reading, and to be prepared to recommend such books as are best adapted to the wants of Maternal Associations, and for the use of families.

We feel constrained to say a word to friends who, from time to time, have desired to see our pages employed to espouse some new project, not embraced in our original plan, or to introduce some new theory, or to advocate some new association or society.

In regard to some of the objects referred to, we have been *pressed*, and by those too whose judgment, on other topics, we

have honoured, and whose patronage and influence we have desired to retain. Sometimes we have indulged the fear that our motives may have been suspected, while we have honestly differed from them in the "*modus operandi*" of curing certain evils in society. But in thus steadily pursuing our original plan, we have acted according to our best judgment, and we hope with consistency; nor have we seen adequate reasons to advocate any measures, respecting the expediency of which there exists such a diversity of opinion, even among the patrons of the Magazine.

If we have friends who feel it to be their duty to promote sectarian views, or to send forth productions which would foster party spirit—for ourselves, we prefer to breathe a more healthy atmosphere, to float in a purer and broader stream; we must therefore request, that for purposes foreign to our object, some other publication be selected.

It would be eminently injudicious in us to receive any freight that would endanger our fragile bark; nor can we venture upon seas abounding with rocks and quicksands.

With such a vast object set before us, as the early conversion and salvation of the rising race, we desire to have written upon our hearts the parting lesson given by the Saviour to his beloved disciples—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." We desire to cherish, both in ourselves and in others, the sentiment expressed by the poet—

> "The Spirit, like some peaceful dove,
> Flies from the realms of noise and strife."

In our desires and efforts to guard against *extremes*, we fear not the censures of the truly benevolent, the enlightened, and the liberal minded.

It will be our aim to caution young mothers, especially, against the dangers to which they are exposed, in a day of excitement and reform, on the one hand, from the prevalence of a wordly, compromising spirit; on the other, by the multiplication of so many different plans of benevolence, each of

which is likely to be thought by its projector as worthy of special regard.

We shall doubtless in our remarks appeal to the painful experience, the wounded consciences, of many a young and ardent mother, who, instead of making a wise selection, has vainly tried to embrace every proposed plan of benevolent action, and in so doing, has been obliged to commit her babes to the care of others.

In this way, much of her invaluable time and attention has been diverted from the daily care, instruction, and salvation of her own offspring, and she mournfully exclaims, as in Canticles, "My mother's children were angry with me because I kept not their vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

If by the uniform and unobtrusive course we have heretofore taken, and still purpose to take, we do not accomplish all the good that some of our friends may desire, yet on our plan we trust we shall, in the end, accomplish our proportion, without the hazard which would attach to theirs.

On the basis, too, upon which the work has heretofore been conducted, we feel that the public approbation, expressed by many thousand subscribers, received without the aid of travelling agents, has given us its *insurance*, and we desire not to forfeit a *policy* of so much value.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL EFFORTS.

IT is the duty of mothers to instruct their daughters how to sustain reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as these have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible is it, to see the mother desponding or helpless, and

permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and to cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no more go to expensive schools. What we shall do for a living, I know not. Yesterday, I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing left that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich, in each other and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts." "Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight healthy children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll." The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk in his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He took a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest ones assisted her in the work of the household, and instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but

which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered, with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed their vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at his post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father. "And I never was as happy before," said the mother. "We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better, here. You call us your little bees." "Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant-teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place, as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering-trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under its woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?" "Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment." "Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again.

"For then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you, or mother. Now, we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

The females of other countries sometimes make far greater

exertions than they are accustomed to do in our own. It would seem that they are more athletic, and able to endure fatigue. This may probably arise from their being inured to more severe exercise, especially those of the poorer classes.

Joanna Martin, the wife of a day-laborer in England, was left a widow with six small children, and not a shilling for their support. The parish officers, perceiving it to be a case of great distress, offered to take charge of them. But the good mother resolved to depend only on the divine blessing, and her own industry.

The life on which she entered, was one of extreme hardship. She rose at two in the morning, and after doing what she could to make her little ones comfortable, walked eight, and sometimes ten miles, to the market-town, with a basket of pottery-ware on her head, which she sold, and returned with the profits before noon.

By this hard labor, and the greatest economy, she not only gained food and clothing for her children, but in the course of a year, saved the sum of about seven dollars. Then, finding herself under the necessity of quitting the cottage where she had lived, she formed the resolution of building one for herself.

Every little interval of time, which she could spare from her stated toils, she devoted to working upon the tenement which was to shelter her little ones; and "with the assistance of a good God," said she, "I was able at last to finish my cottage." It was small, but comfortable, and might remind those who saw it, of what Cowper calls "the peasant's nest."

After several years, Joanna, by persevering in her industry and prudence, acquired enough to purchase a cart, and a small pony. "Now," said she, with delight, "I can carry pottery-ware to the different towns round about, and drive a pretty brisk trade; for I begin to feel that I cannot walk thirty miles a day quite so well as when I was younger."

She lived to advanced age, respected for her honesty, patient diligence, and maternal virtues. It was pleasant to observe the self-approbation and simplicity with which she would say, when quite old, "to be sure, I am not very rich, but what I have is all of my own getting. I never begged a half-penny of any

soul. I brought up my six children without help from the overseers of the parish, and can still maintain myself without troubling them for assistance."

A disposition for active industry, and the patient endurance of adversity, should be taught by mothers to their daughters, and by instructors to the young under their charge. When man was first placed upon the earth, woman was pronounced by the Almighty Maker, a "help-meet for him." If, at any period of her life, whether as daughter or sister, as wife or mother, she draws back from being a helper, and from indolence becomes a burden, she forgets her duty to him, and disobeys the command of her Creator. L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EFFECTS OF PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

BY C. A. GOODRICH.

DID the eye of Judah's monarch beam with delight, as that eye fell upon the fair form, the surpassing beauty, of the young prince Absalom, some day, as the latter stood in his presence? Did it flatter his pride, that "in all Israel, there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty?"

Perhaps it was so. Perhaps the external gracefulness and beauty of the youth blinded the eyes of the father to moral blemishes, which would otherwise have been seen and reformed. In the beauty of the blushing rose, we lose sight of the thorn, till we feel its puncturing point; the relish of the intoxicating draught drowns our fears of the mingled poison, till its maddening influence begins to work. The external graces, or the amiable dispositions and accomplishments of children, often betray parents into an excuse for, if not a justification of, their faults and vices. By means of this weak fondness, the arm of parental authority is relaxed in respect to that discipline, which is demanded alike by religion and benevolence. And, frequent-

ly, too late is the mistake perceived. The head-waters have become too impulsive to be restrained—the already rapid current can neither be checked nor controlled; and the parent has only to look on in bitter anguish, and see his child complete his ruin.

To every nice observer, it will be apparent that David—man of courage as he was, in the field of battle—and man of piety as he was, in the service of God,—signally failed, in respect to the proper management of his children. Like Eli, he restrained them not. He was extravagantly partial to them;—"so partial," observes a writer, "as to pass over in their behavior, crimes, which we can hardly believe would have been passed by, had others, besides the members of his own family, committed them."

The history of Absalom justifies the censure.

This prince is first introduced to our notice, in the incestuous affair of Amnon, the eldest son of David, with his sister Tamar. Why did the father pass so lightly over a crime so foul? He was, indeed, "wroth;" but we read of no measures to bring him to justice;—not even of a rebuke, administered by the father, or the king. It has, indeed, been urged by a writer, as an apology, "that the law of Moses does not settle, with explicitness, either the kind or degree of punishment which should have been awarded to Amnon;" but David appears not to have taken the least notice of the crime, in his public capacity; and, Josephus has it, "that the neglect grew out of the partial feelings of the father, which prevailed over those of the magistrate."

But *Absalom* deeply felt the insult done to his own sister; and while he said nothing openly, he was meditating a deep and savage revenge. Two whole years, however, were suffered to elapse; and while, from this delay, the fair inference was, that the affront was being forgotten, the revengeful fires were, in fact, only burning the deeper. At length, Absalom proposes a day of festivity, at his country-seat at Hazor. Invitations were presented to his brothers, and to Amnon among the rest. In the midst of their revelry, a band of armed men, the hired assassins of Absalom, burst in and laid the ravisher dead. Even

David, the father, had been invited to the feast; but declining the invitation, he was spared the personal shock—a shock, which would have come with accumulated horror, from the conviction, that as a father, he had failed in duty.

The bloody deed broke up the entertainment; and, in their dispersion, each of the brothers fled in haste to his own house. The tidings of the tragical event spread rapidly, and soon reached the ears of David, in his palace. In its progress, the rumor had been so magnified, as to include the whole brotherhood. Until correctly informed, the agony of David was nearly insupportable;—the true story, however, though it might have mitigated his feelings, was enough to wring the heart of a parent more than ordinarily attached to his children.

What punishment, if any, David might have inflicted upon Absalom, cannot be determined, for, at the time, he had no opportunity of bringing him to justice, the murderer immediately fleeing, and taking refuge at the court of King Talmai, his mother's father, in the land of Geshur. Here Absalom continued three years in exile.

During this period, the resentment of David gradually cooled. Perceiving the returning yearnings of the father towards his favorite child, the crafty Joab, taking advantage of it, obtained by an artful stratagem the royal permission to recall him. He was ordered, however, on entering the king's dominions, to retire to his own house.

Two years more elapsed, and Absalom saw not his father's face. So far as exclusion from the royal presence was concerned, David expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of his son. But it was a kind of disapprobation which winked at the wicked act, and must have contributed to weaken the authority of David in the sight of the whole house of Israel. At length, weary of this domestic exile, Absalom again applied to his uncle Joab to undertake for his restoration.

This, also, the wily chieftain accomplished, and Absalom enters the presence of the king—and the king kissed Absalom. True, Absalom bowed himself on his face to the ground before him; but the surrender was the king's. David was the captive, and Absalom the conqueror. In all this he had succeeded, with-

out even the confession of wrong. He stood unrebuked—a murderer—a fratricide—in the presence of a father;—the murderer of the heir apparent to the throne—and receives a *kiss!*

Who could have believed it? Was this the man of piety?—this, the Psalmist of Israel?—this, the magistrate, who had said, "He that worketh deceit shall not dwell in my house. I will early destroy all the wicked of the land; that I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord." But good men may sometimes err; pious parents are sometimes blinded by partiality. This was true of David. In the joy of again seeing his favorite son, he forgot the blood of the murdered Amnon, still crying from the ground;—he forgot to demand a public and penitent confession and sorrow for the guilty deed;—he forgot the baleful influence of the example he was setting. Thus, he surrendered his dignity, his honor, his authority, his influence;—and with these departed his domestic peace, while his throne was shaken to its foundation.

No sooner did the turbulent and ambitious prince find himself restored to his original place in society, than he formed the design of dethroning his father. What an undutiful return for parental partiality!—What ingratitude for parental indulgence!—What benevolent weakness on the part of the father!—What ungrateful and traitorous purposes on the part of the son!

About this time, it would seem that the administration of justice at the court of David was considerably relaxed, or impeded. Absalom discovered the deficiency, and turned it to the furtherance of his unfilial plans. Like the time-serving politician, he addressed himself to the popular ear. He affected great sympathy for suitors, whose causes were delayed; he wished he were able to help them; he might help them, had he power; were *he* at the head of affairs, he would remedy abuses so flagrant; the people should have speedy and ample justice. The multitude listened to addresses so seemingly kind; a secret influence was enlisted in his favor; his beauty was winning, his address magical, his art consummate.

At length, Absalom perceived that the critical juncture had arrived; the time of impression and development had come. To accomplish his purposes with the least possible excitement,

he enters the royal presence, and asks permission to perform a *vow* at Hebron.

Who could deny a request to perform a *religious* duty? With pleasure, may we suppose, David smiled upon this unusual, perhaps this solitary act of seeming piety. Grateful must it have been to the man, who himself was ever mindful to perform unto the Lord his oaths, to observe this religious sensibility in his favorite child. Little did David dream of the traitorous designs entertained by his hypocritical son, nor was he sensible that he had contributed to his unprincipled and profligate tendencies, by withholding a proper discipline in his earlier days.

No sooner had Absalom obtained the royal permission, than putting himself at the head of a considerable band, whom he had leagued with his fortunes, he went forth towards Hebron. In the mean time, runners were despatched to the several tribes, to echo the proclamation—"Absalom reigneth at Hebron."

On reaching Hebron, the young prince raised his standard; the above proclamation was made; the trumpet sounded forth its notes of jubilee, and was responded to by shouts from the hirelings of the usurper; multitudes flocked in; and at the head of an army, Absalom was soon on his return to Jerusalem, to take possession of that consecrated city, and of his father's throne.

Tidings of revolt and rebellion came in upon David, with the surprise of an earthquake, bursting upon the slumbers of midnight. Either he had no army ready to withstand the approaching insurgents; or convicted of weakness and inconsideration, and apprehensive for his life, he had no courage to go forth to battle.

Having hastily determined upon flight, he as hastily collected his family circle, and taking with him the ark of God, set forth on his pilgrimage of sorrow. But it would not do—no—he could not take from the city of God the ark, that symbol of the Divine presence; but he sent it back to keep, as it were, a holy vigil over the forsaken throne. As he saw it borne aloft by the priests on its return, his faith, for the moment triumphant, broke forth in the sublime strain, in which was mingled the

holy submission of the subdued heart: "If I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation. But if he thus say, I have no delight in thee, behold here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him."

One duty yet remained to be performed, ere he took his farewell of Jerusalem. This was to offer a sacrifice to God in token of his humility, and especially of his confidence in the rectitude of the God of his fathers.

The place selected for the offering was the mount of Olives; *perhaps* that spot in which, in after centuries, the Redeemer of mankind became "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Be this, however, as it may, hither the aged monarch and his train proceeded, each covering his head, in token of their mourning: "And David went up by the ascent to the mount of Olives, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot, and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up weeping." What a spectacle!—a monarch exiled from his rightful throne!—a father fleeing before an ambitious and undutiful son!

Scarcely had David completed his religious offerings and retired, when the exulting rebel and his myrmidons displayed their standards in the holy city. Success had crowned their enterprise; joy and exultation sat flush on every cheek, and nearly maddened every heart.

The triumph of the wicked, however, is often short; and emphatically short was the triumph of Absalom and his elated followers.

David, at length, discontinued his retreat. He pitched his tent, raised his standard, and having marshalled his forces, which rallied to his aid, despatched the valiant and veteran Joab to give the insurgents battle. But as if parental affection and partiality were in David's heart an undying passion, as the army filed off from before the aged monarch, his last command was: *Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom.*"

The battle ensued. In the anxious interval, David took his

station between the gates, while a watchman from the roof watched intently some signal from the battle-ground.

Tidings came, brought by a messenger, who came in in breathless hurry. But David forgot his throne—forgot his army—forgot his cause—and the first, and the only question put, was: "*Is Absalom safe?*"

Can a son fathom the depths of a father's fondness? Knows a profligate child the anguish of the parental bosom, at the thought, that that child dies an enemy to God?

Another messenger followed, and the question is repeated: "*Is Absalom safe?*" The answer conveyed the melancholy truth. David asked no more; but turning, went up to his chamber, uttering, as he went, amidst a gush of tears, the plaintive and affecting soliloquy: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

THE late Rev. R. Robinson, of Cambridge, England, it is said, was very fond of children, and that he used to render himself very familiar with them, by adapting his conversation to their capacities, and joining heartily in their little sports; consequently, they were much attached to him. In the midst of his playfulness, however, he never let slip an opportunity of throwing in some hints that might be useful in after life. The following anecdote exhibits a specimen of his easy manner upon such occasions.

Among his little favorites were two boys, sons of a much esteemed member of his congregation. The eldest, named John, was about ten years old; the youngest, Robert, about eight. Upon one of Mr. Robinson's visits to their father, Robert, being told of his arrival, came bounding into the room,

and, as usual, jumped upon his knee, when they entered into the following dialogue:

Mr. R. Well, Robert, so you have taken your old seat; but how is it that my other knee is unfurnished? Where's John?

Robert. Oh, Sir, John is gone to London.

Mr. R. Indeed! how long has he been gone?

Robert. More than a fortnight, Sir.

Mr. R. How many letters have you written to him?

Robert. None, Sir.

Mr. R. How is that?

Robert. Because I do not know how to write a letter, Sir.

Mr. R. But should you like to know how?

Robert. Oh yes, Sir, very much indeed.

Mr. R. Then suppose you and I between us try to cook up a letter to John; shall we?

Robert. Oh dear, yes, Sir, if you please; I should *so* like to do that.

Mr. R. Well, then, let us begin: "Saucy Jack." Will that do?

Robert. Oh dear, no, Sir; I should not like to say *that* at all.

Mr. R. Why not?

Robert. Because that would be rude, Sir.

Mr. R. Let us try again, then: "My dear Brother." There, will that do?

Robert. Oh yes, nicely, Sir.

Mr. R. Well, then, now let us go on: "Last Thursday night, half Cambridge was burnt down, and——"

Robert. Oh no, no, Sir; that will never do.

Mr. R. Why wont it do?

Robert. Because it is not true, you know Sir; there has not been *any* fire at Cambridge.

Mr. R. Then suppose that we alter to—"Last night our tabby had three kittens." That's true, you know, because you told me just now.

Robert, (hesitatingly.) Y-e-s, Sir, it is *true,* but yet I should not like to write that.

Mr. R. But as you know it is true, why should you not like to write it?

Robert. Because I do not think that it is worth putting into a letter, Sir.

Mr. R. O, ho! then, if I properly understand you, friend Robert, you think that when we write letters to our friends, we should, in the first place, never be rude; secondly, that we must never say what is not true; and thirdly, we must never tell them what is not worth their knowing. Am I right?

Robert. Yes. Sir; if I was to write a letter, I should try to think of all that.

Mr. R. Then, my dear boy, you must never again tell me you dont know how to write a letter; for I assure you, that you have a much better notion of letter-writing, than many people have, who are five times your age.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S FACE.

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

THE extent of maternal influence in developing and moulding the infantile mind, is a common-place theme. One can scarcely touch upon it, without producing the anticipations of satiety. But I promise my readers that, in what I am about to say, I expect to deviate considerably from the beaten track. If they do even charge me with being too fanciful, I shall be glad. And yet I aim at being *practical*, fully so, in the results.

One class of means that are placed within the reach of the mother, to enable her to educate the child in what is *right and morally beautiful*, has been much overlooked. I refer to the influence of her *countenance, voice, and general air and manners.* Is this influence sufficiently appreciated? Do many understand what *it really is?* Are not the views that have been taken of it, in treatises on education, very general and indistinct, scarcely going beneath the surface of a polite, kind, and engaging exterior; not reaching the deep sources of thought and feeling; and forgetting that *the outward* in man

derives all its significancy and interest from being *the portraiture of the inward.*

Will my readers have the patience to follow me, through a few successive numbers, that I hope to furnish on this subject, before they form an estimate of the theoretical principles which will be exhibited, and of *the deductions for practice* in the business of training the mind and the heart of the child, which will be made from them.

. . . . . .

A tender infant is reposing on the arm of its mother, and drawing its nourishment from the fountain of nature. What a delicious calm is spread over its features. It is satisfied and tranquil. It looks wistfully up at the countenance which it has, but of late, learned to distinguish, as belonging to one whom it finds to be the source of its comforts. That countenance beams with the smile of affection; and *it* smiles. More smiles are interchanged; and each one that lights up the face of the infant, repays the mother for whole days and nights of watchful solicitude. Mind has acted upon mind. *The sympathy of sentiment has begun.* Two souls are in harmony; and to what extent, *through the same medium of intercourse*, that of the child, as its capacities of thought and feeling are developed, may be made to respond to the soul of the parent, is a question in early education of deep interest.

No one who has noticed the progress of intelligence in an infant, can fail to have observed how it watches the countenance of the mother, and how much it seems to be affected by it, especially if it is a cheerful, benevolent, and expressive one. A kind and soothing look allays its little troubles; a sprightly one animates it; a sad one sobers it; an inviting one allures it; an asserting one removes its fears of doing what it thinks may produce reproof; while a forbidding one restrains or deters it. It soon shows its preference for the happiest and kindest face around it. It scrutinizes that of a stranger, with a wary hesitancy, and a shrewd glance, that is often diverting to us older physiognomists, before it will give him its confidence and go to his arms, and sometimes it refuses to do this altogether.

What is the charm that makes some persons so attractive to

young children, and even to infants, that they will leap confidingly towards them at the first interview? It is a *something* in the general air and manners, but especially in the expression of the countenance. What is it that, often, without a word or a gesture, produces instant submission and obedience, on the part of a child, to the will of the parent? The eye and the countenance have spoken *a language* that has been understood and felt. What is the foundation of that similarity, not merely of features, for they vary considerably, but of the general character of expression which goes to make up the principal part of what is called *a family likeness*? Is it not, to a very great degree, the contrast and *long impress* of the father's and mother's looks, or sometimes of one, or of the other, as the contagious influence may preponderate, and the mind and heart of the children, reacting upon and moulding the characteristic expression of *their features*? Suppose a collection of marble busts, one or two hundred in number, placed promiscuously before the eye of an observer, and he required to arrange them into *the groups of families* to which they respectively belong. It is easy to perceive how difficult the task will be, compared with that which he would have to perform, if the grouping were made from as many portraits of the same individuals on canvass. In the former case, the shape and lines of the features are chiselled out with exact accuracy; but it is in the latter only, that the soul, the intellectual and moral character, appears, and gives what we so appropriately term *expression* to the picture.

It is unquestionably *mind acting upon mind*, in the progress of a long, daily intercourse, and through various channels of influence, where the countenance, with its endless changes of expression, bears a most important part, that tends in a degree, by no means sufficiently appreciated, to form the family likeness. Hence it is, that we so often see this likeness strikingly apparent, not merely in the indications of what is called natural disposition and temperament, but of marked traits of intellectual and moral character. The selfish and contracted *feelings*, on the one hand, or, on the other, the generous and expanded, form the most palpable and prevailing elements of this

resemblance between the countenances of those who mingle together in the family state. But the purely *religious emotions* come in, also, for their share. And if there is any earthly portraiture of the redeemed in glory, it is to be found in the domestic group, where the father and mother, mellowed in years, and mature in piety, breathe forth in their very looks, the heavenly peace and benevolence that pervade their souls, and their children, around them, through grace the followers of Christ, reflect back, and upon each other, *the divine image!*——What a terrific contrast to this, is sometimes seen in the suspicious and malignant expression which broods sullenly over the faces of a wretched band of miscreants, parents and their offspring, who are sunk in ignorance, irreligion, and crime. The hardened looks of the young noviciate in sin, respond to those of the old and confirmed offender!

Go among any collections of persons who are daily, for a considerable length of time, assembled under the direction and discipline of an individual invested with authority over them, and who has the power, either physical or moral, of controlling their conduct; and you will see the same truths which we have been considering fully exemplified. Just in proportion as this individual has *force of character, and expression of countenance*, will you discover *certain general traits* of expression of countenance, and of air and manners, pervading the circle around him. Sometimes these indications will tell you, in a language not to be mistaken, that the dominion is one that produces constraint, slavish fear, a reluctant submission, and general uneasiness; at others, you are sure, from equally plain indications, that all yield a cheerful obedience, and that ingenuousness, mutual affection, and happiness, shed there a prevailing influence. Who, even with a cursory glance, has not made these observations upon entering school rooms, and soon, too, ascertained that the self-possessed and commanding eye of the teacher, with his benign look of kindness, are among the most powerful causes producing one class of results; and the reverse of them, an irresolute or tyrannical, a disturbed and repulsive expression of countenance, equally influential in bringing about the other.

Wherever look meets look frequently, and with an interest of some kind, be it what it may, in the daily concerns of life, *this sympathetic power of one human face over another* is felt, and produces a character of expression, more or less striking, according to circumstances. Is it not seen, sometimes, where time and strong bonds of union have favored its influence, in the looks and general air of classes of men engaged in the same pursuits; of clans, of tribes, of sects, and even of nations?

The subject is one affording room for much curious investigation, in a field of philosophical inquiry that has, as yet, been but little explored. But the writer does not propose to pursue it only so far as it has a bearing upon the formation of character in infancy and childhood, through the influence of *the mother*, and of those few individuals who, like her, are daily concerned in the training of the mind in its earliest developments. He hopes, in some following numbers, to show that his theme is *practically important*,—deserving the serious attention of those mothers who feel that they are responsible for a faithful use of *all the means* which the God of nature and of grace has placed within their reach, for the education of their offspring in whatsoever things are excellent and lovely.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. I.

HINTS are remote allusions, designed either to set forth faintly what is of too delicate a nature to be expressed, or to lead the mind into trains of thought too extended and various to be followed out in conversation.

Who can take a hint? She who is wise. She who is willing to improve upon hints, lays open her mind to a wide field of knowledge and instruction. You cannot always be at school, but you will always meet to learn.

Elaborate systems of instruction are not easily accessible; but she who can take a hint, may be always making acquisi-

tions. Like the active bee, she may gather honey even from noxious objects, and although conveyed in small quantities to her store-house, the aggregate may surprise even herself. Thus the diligent learner may be always increasing her stores of knowledge, while she who waits for a philosopher to teach, may be able to find but one in an age, and then be unable to comprehend his meaning.

She who will open her eyes, and ears, and understanding, may find instruction every where, and priceless lessons gratuitously offered. Nature speaks; and the God of nature has furnished you with five senses, as the constant inlets of knowledge and instruction. The censures of enemies, the flatteries of friends, the ordinary and extraordinary events of Providence, are so many and ever-varying HINTS, from which the acquisitive mind may gather lessons of practical wisdom. Even our enemies may be compelled to do us service. Solitude may, in this way, be made social. We may find "teachers in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

In a *series of hints*, which I propose to offer, you may receive the suggestions now made as the beginning.

But there are some LEADING PRINCIPLES, which must lie at the foundation of all your great lines of action and self-discipline. To several of these, I will now call your attention:

1. *The mind should ever consider its character as reasonable, accountable, and immortal.* This will naturally awaken it to noble daring and splendid enterprise. With eternity as its theatre of action, and heaven or hell as its portion, it may *dare* to despise the world—*dare* to be virtuous—*dare* to deny itself,—to fight the good fight,—forsake this world and its vanities,—seek the riches of the upper world, a priceless inheritance, an incorruptible crown. The remark, in an important sense, is true, that men are made by circumstances. Naturally indolent and averse to duty, their latent energies and capacities require exciting causes to develop and bring them into action. Alexander would consent to contend in the footrace, if he could have kings as his competitors. His ambition must be awakened, and an adequate object presented.

But are not its own destinies and natural relations the most noble and awakening, which can be contemplated by any mind? Let these once be seen, and the soul finds itself surrounded by the most exalted beings, associated with angels, clothed with immortality, and contending for a crown. The soul, which thus regards itself, must be awake. And such is the real position of every one of the human family, how humble soever his condition in life. Such is the hastening result of all his toils and labors here. Let these facts once possess the mind, and this life appears noble in its objects, itself is noble, all its relations are ennobling, its duties dignified, its destiny solemn, and worthy of most solemn regard. But destitute of these views, the soul sinks into indifference, self-contempt, and unworthy associations. To awake it to action, then, it is only necessary the soul should recognize its own character.

2. *Another grand principle of action, necessary to be constantly entertained, is a proper estimate of the female character.* Some would make it angelic, and pay and demand a false homage to it. Others degrade, oppress, and demean it. These mistakes sometimes occur with individuals and communities of the sex themselves, and thereby their proper influence is abridged or destroyed. I would have you rightly estimate the female character, that you may occupy the place, and exert the influence designed for you, and made your duty by a wise and gracious providence.

To aid you in finding your place in the scale of society, I shall offer you a few suggestions on woman in three relations—as the *superior*, the *inferior*, and the *companion* of man.

We learn by the volume of nature, as well as revelation, that woman is in some respects man's *superior*. In physical structure and organization, she is evidently of a finer mould. Partly from this cause, perhaps, her sensibilities are more quick, and her moral sense less perverted. These qualities, which I have referred to physical nature, are quickened by the sphere in which she is called to act. Less exposed to the rude conflicts of the world, and more retired in her habits, her moral feelings meet with fewer conflicts, and maintain a steadier and deeper current. Her duties also lie at those fountains of society, whose

streams are contaminated as they flow. The nursery is their moral garden, and the tender plants which flourish there are their charge. None can be thus employed, without having their best feelings and sympathies drawn into exercise.

Woman is man's superior, then, by the place which she occupies. She stands at the head of the race. By the gentle touch of her finger, she is starting those balls at the top of the mountain, which, once set in motion, proceed on their course with increasing force and velocity to the end. Or to employ, perhaps, a happier figure, they are kindling those sparks of elemental fire, which have their origin, under a divine constitution, in the companionship of the sexes, and which, according to the direction here given at their start, rise to shine as stars in the firmament of heaven, or sink in the blackness of darkness forever. All the most important springs of society are held and controlled by the feeble hand of woman. Every chord vibrates to her touch as with magic sensibility, and every harmony in the social system waits on her impulses. I love and respect the sex, without a figure, and without a compliment. Who that can look back, and remember that his mother was a woman; what happy man, who can turn to his fireside and reflect, that it is the wife, daughters, and sisters, who form the sanctuary of his domestic affection, purity, and peace, but must yield something more than his respect, something more than a philosophic approbation?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NEW TRACT.

"THE New Year's Family Present," or, "All in the Ark," is the title of a new tract, by Rev. N. Adams; published by the American Tract Society, Boston.

It is an admirable delineation of a Christian father's character, and as such, it is commended to the imitation of all parents.

We hope that Maternal Associations will scatter it with a profuse hand.

We give the following extract:

"Parents and children will rejoice hereafter at the successful use of authority. Let us look once more upon the family in the Ark, while the rains descend, the floods come, and the winds blow, and thousands all around are in the agonies of death. See the patriarch and his children, who were so strictly governed by him, that some feared that he would break their spirits, and make them narrow-minded and bigots,—see them praising God for his restraining grace, and adoring that mercy which saved them from the enticements and dangers of a dying world. How different at the judgment day will the feelings of some present be from what they now are, in regard to their parents strictness. How thankful those children will be, who are saved, that their parents did exercise authority over them, though they had grown beyond childhood, and by a judicious and mild. though persevering course, governed their wayward and foolish dispositions. And what scenes, heart-rending scenes, will there be, when the last sentence is uttered, and the great throng is breaking up. There families will linger a moment for the farewell, and the child will think, why were my father and mother so easy with me, when they knew that the course I wished to take would certainly lead to hell. Had they been a little more severe, and warned me faithfully, and made more efforts to keep me from my foolish ways, I might have been saved; or else, my blood had been on my own head; but now, the authors of my existence are the occasion of my eternal ruin!"

To Parents who have Unconverted Children.

"Have you done all that your parental character authorizes you to do for their souls, in the way of restraint and otherwise? God has given you a great trust; you are not merely the advisers of your children. God has clothed you with authority, and he will sustain you in it. By all means, make them obey. If you let them resist and disobey *you*, they will the more readily disobey their consciences, and resist the Holy Ghost." Page 9.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 2.

But, in some respects, woman is man's *inferior*. She is so in physical strength, muscular proportion, bold enterprise, courage, and daring. While *she* shrinks from public observation, *he* courts and is proud of it. This physical inferiority indicates, to a great extent, her appropriate sphere of influence. She is placed under the *protection* of the other sex, and is committed to his *honor*. His chivalry is put to the test in his gallantry. This perhaps reveals the true secret of her *moral influence*. It is innocence he protects,—and being helpless innocence, and under his protection, he respects it, bends towards it, and assumes a posture in which the current of his affections naturally flows out. He lends his ear, and will hear the admonitions of his affectionate wife, or gentle daughter, or sister, when he would take the attitude of resistance should a *man*, with sword and spear, give him lessons of morality. This is a reason why a minister of religion, *though a man*, may gain a hearing to the exclusion of others. He takes not the sword, and is unarmed, except with argument, and the self-convictions of conscience.

This inferiority in woman may, to some extent, indicate her duty. She must be in subjection to her own husband. When she leaves this sphere, she loses a principal hold on his affections, and must rule by power. This she has not, and therefore is soon degraded. The angels lost all by attempting too much. So did Eve. Let her daughters be careful to cherish

and protect what has been preserved to them by the provisions of the gospel. She may still rule by love, but if she attempts to wield a rod of iron, she will be crushed under its weight.

In this day of revolution and reform, there is much of extravagance, fanaticism, and error. Be careful not to let go what you have, in an unwise attempt to gain what was never designed for you, and what would be useless to you if you had it. Be moderate in your pretensions, modest, unambitious, bent on mercy, always remembering that you are——not men. Expedients for extending influence, and increasing the amount of good, is the natural effect of a spirit of true benevolence. There is always danger, however, that this spirit, once stirred, may dethrone discretion, and prevent the blessings it seeks to dispense.

Let it ever be deeply impressed upon your minds, that to preserve her influence, woman must adhere to her appropriate sphere of duty. Out of it, she is of all the most nerveless. Like the main spring, which moves the machinery, and preserves the regular motions of the watch, she must be contented to be unseen, and known only by the effects she produces. While she is efficient, keeping regular time, and preserving order, and imparting motion to every wheel in the social system, let her be satisfied with the solid reputation every where awarded, that she is the centre and source of every true indication on the dial-plate of society. She must be active, but retired. Her proper effect diminishes with exposure. This sentiment should regulate her entire deportment. The sun is never so splendid as when he gilds the clouds which hide his full orbed glory. The moon is never so beautiful as when she sheds her silver rays between the openings of fleecy clouds. And the "human face divine" shows more divine, when it blushes in fresco under a cottage bonnet, than when it stands out in bold relief amid a receding surface of artificial flowers and radiations. I will not speak of exposures, which should form the subject of private admonition, but I will say—the lady, who seeks admiration and public display, especially of personal parts, walks on the boundary line of a doubtful morality, and weakens the respect naturally entertained for her sex.

If I believed the attempts, which have been in a few instances made of late to call attention to female orators and public teachers, carried not its own remedy with it, I should feel disposed to awaken your sense of propriety against the error. But that is unnecessary. These Amazonians are their own executioners. They have unsexed themselves in public estimation, and there is no fear that they will perpetuate their race. We treat insanity, in all its forms, with allowance. This should save them from contempt, and, if need be, assign them a house at the public expense.

It is not, however, necessary that a lady should be, and seek to be, unknown. She may make a book, if she can make a good one,—and some of them have made the best. But let others publish, sell, and recite it. Let her remain at her domestic hearth. Let all her works tell that she is there, or in those retired paths which become her sex. Her virtues are proclaimed, when "her husband is known in the gates, as he sitteth among the elders of the land," and when the voices of the poor proclaim and bless their benefactors.

But we contemplate woman as man's *companion*. In intellectual power, capacity and elevation, she is his equal. She lives with him, and is the natural partner of all his possessions and pleasures. His fortunes are hers. His successes or failures are hers. Her counsels are his privilege. Her sympathy his support in misfortune. If he prospers, she gilds the scene, and makes his blessings sweet. If he is oppressed by poverty, she sits down with him in adversity, and never forsakes him, She mingles in all his intellectual pleasures, in all his social festivities, in all his moral and immortal hopes and associations. She is, therefore, worthy of his companionship, and suited to the duties and dignity of that station. This elevation, the scriptures assign to her; and whenever any state of society has degraded her from it, or attempted to elevate her above it, the experiment has failed, and ended in social derangement, distrust, and unhappiness.

3. *Every female should seek to form a right estimate of her own individual character.* Each should feel that she has a personal influence and responsibility. This influence she

should seek to exert; this responsibility to discharge. She should learn to respect herself. While acting in her appropriate sphere, she is worthy of her own respect; and exercising her appropriate influence, she will command the respect of others. She has something to do, not merely to be led and influenced, but to lead and influence others. Let her be careful to fulfil her duty, and accomplish her high destinies. She will then bless her race, and procure blessings on herself.

Here lies a great fault. A female is apt to think she is of small account, and perhaps was made for a plaything. She, therefore, devotes herself to the work of amusing others. Whereas, she controls others, and they will trifle or be serious, as she is. If she has lost us Eden, let her not throw herself away: then we shall have preserved to us, the best of all there is, short of a divine communion and heaven.

4. *Correct notions should early be formed of what appropriately belongs to female education.* Education is to be suited to its ends. When you have looked upon yourselves as rational, immortal, and accountable; when you have placed a proper estimate on the female character, and on your own character, you are prepared to decide what sort of education you need.

The education of an immortal being, to be appropriate, must be for eternity. It must, therefore, be moral. Every thing short of this is radically defective. It must prepare us to die, and to live in heaven. But since we are to "wait here all the days of our appointed time, till our change come," education should also be for time. It should teach us to live. We are never prepared to die till we are prepared to live; and if properly prepared to live, we are prepared to die.

Moral education pertains to every thing—since every duty is moral, and duty is predicable of every employment and act of life. Intellectual education relates more directly to acquisition in literature and science. This belongs distinctively to the mind, its discipline, exercise, and habits of acquisition.

The first thing in intellectual education is mental discipline, —to teach the mind to think, to direct its powers, and make them the most available to the acquisition of knowledge. The

mind, indeed, always thinks, is always in action; but it often thinks unprofitably and without any effect. A habit of attention is the first attainment to be sought after. Without this, no continuous efforts can be made, and therefore nothing effective can be done. The man who should go into the forest, and labor through the day in striking a single blow at every tree, might exert great physical energy, and yet accomplish nothing; while one of inferior strength might bring down to the ground the sturdiest oak, which had struck its roots, and strengthened its hold for a hundred years. So a vagrant mind may think constantly and hard, yet spend its energies in vain.

The power of abstraction is one of the first we should seek to exercise. Though often thought to belong only to philosophers, yet it is strictly true, that the simplest child can acquire knowledge only as it gives attention, and exercises the power of abstraction. You cannot begin too early to exercise this power, and strengthen it. This is the foundation of all intellectual education. It is better than any amount of acquisition, because acquisition is then rendered comparatively easy.

Education, then, is not *thinking*;—that belongs to every mind. It is not any given amount of acquisition, nor the accomplishment of any defined course. But it is the *power of acquisition*, a mind well disciplined, directing its energies to the comprehension and analysis of ideas. This mental machinery, thus in motion, will soon acquire a stock, that shall surpass any united amount yet acquired. The mind, thus disciplined, goes on improving, and adding to the stores of past ages, seizing on the acquisition of all that has gone before as its lawful inheritance, and never satisfied till it has added large domains to the patrimony.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S FACE.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

SOME illustrations of the influence which the human countenance possesses, by its *power of expression*, were attempted in the preceding number. Many more might be given; all tending to show the important practical bearing of the subject in the department of education. One other, certainly deserves to be mentioned.

No one, I think, that has been, in any good degree, an attentive observer of human nature, can fail to have noticed that peculiar character of expression which marks the countenance of some females, who are distinguished for intelligence, an amiable disposition, and the maturity of their piety and benevolence. There is something inexpressibly soothing in it; even when their features are *in repose*, unmoved by any particular occurrence to awaken the sensibilities of the soul. The mild benignity; the calmness of self-control; the subdued yet cheerful acquiescence in the will of their covenant-keeping God; the serene light of Christian hope; and the breathing forth in the whole aspect of the face, of the spirit of love which reigns within, present a portraiture of moral excellence that leads the thoughts from earth to heaven. Let the same countenance be kindled up with intelligence and emotion, in view of some interesting object adapted to call forth the activities of the mind and heart. Suppose a group of children, or grandchildren, encircling the matron, and she, as the case may be, alleviating their anxieties, soothing their sorrows, participating in their innocent enjoyments, or imparting to them her friendly counsels. Mark her features. Watch their varied movements; the Christ-like loveliness which they exhibit.

Such a countenance has a powerful moral influence. Vice and licentiousness are abashed in its presence. The infidel does not scoff. The sceptic wavers. The Christian is encouraged. The youth is attracted to godliness. The child almost

seems to hear the invitation from the lips of the Savior, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Now, let the reader revive the recollection of a face of this description, and get a vivid conception of it, with its varieties of expression, as called forth by the interesting occasions of human life. Suppose such a one to be *the first* which, beaming with its heavenly smile upon the tender infant, attracts its notice. Suppose the infant to advance, in the development of its intellectual and moral powers, beneath the culture of that mind, of which *this countenance* is both *the index and the agent*. Suppose this countenance to be *the model* from which the young and imitative being forms the air and expression of its own features, to react, in connexion with higher moral and religious influences, upon its mind and heart. Suppose (is the supposition an unwarrantable one?) that the countenance of this intelligent, heavenly-minded mother, as well as her instructions and discipline, are made use of by the Spirit of God, among other *means of grace*, to renew and save the soul. Why may it not be so? He uses *truth* in thus exercising his agency. Truth is conveyed in language; and why not in *the language of the features*, as well as in the language of words?

Who can doubt, that the influence of *such a maternal countenance* ought to be estimated high, very high, as one of the elements of that *training up* of children and youth in the right way, on which, under the divine blessing, their temporal and eternal well-being depends? Is it not the duty of mothers to strive to possess it? Is it attainable? How is it to be cultivated and used? These are inquiries which, in some future numbers, the writer hopes to answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CHILD.

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

A GENTLEMAN, whom we will call Mr. Ellis, had a large beautiful peach-tree in his garden. It was loaded with fruit, which was not quite ripe. His son, William, watched the peaches day after day, and longed for the time when he would be permitted to take his little ladder and gather some. But, as yet, he was expressly forbidden to do it, or to shake the tree, and thus get a peach or two a little riper than the rest.

A heavy wind had blown down a few of the peaches, and they lay very invitingly under the tree, one afternoon, as William was walking alone in the garden, and passed near them. The temptation to partake of them was a strong one. "My father told me," thought he to himself, "not to pick any, nor to shake the tree. I have done neither. Here the peaches are already on the ground, and shall I disobey my father if I take one?"

Then, some better thoughts came into his mind. "It is true, the wind blew the peaches down. But if I take one and eat it, I shall do what I know my father wishes me not to do,—*eat an unripe peach.* It was because they were *not ripe*, that he forbade me to gather any, or to shake the tree; and I suppose, if he were here, he would tell me, *for the same reason*, not to pick one up from the ground and eat it." He stopped and looked at the peaches. He was exceedingly fond of such fruit. He walked nearer to the tree. He stopped again. His better thoughts again came into his mind. He stood looking at the fruit, but as yet had not determined to take any.

What would you have done, if you had been there, just as William was? It would have been so easy, you know, to make an excuse, and say, "Father, you never told me not to take any from the ground. I supposed they were about as good as ripe, or the wind would not have blown them down; and, then, I took only one."——What would you have done?

I will tell you what William did. He did not meddle with

the peaches. He hesitated no longer; but went and told his father just how it was, and how he had struggled with himself to overcome the temptation. *He was a conscientious boy.* He did what he thought was right, although he doubted a little, at first, about it, and might have made what many children would think a quite good excuse for doing differently. He felt a great deal happier afterwards than he would have done, had he eaten some peaches. *Be always conscientious.* If you find yourself inclined to do something about which you doubt whether it is quite right, and for doing which you will afterwards have to make what you call *a pretty good excuse,—do not do it.* Remember, too, that God always knows just how you think, and feel, and act, at such a time; and that if you do wrong, you will be obliged one day to give him an account of it, even if you shall escape being detected, or found fault with, by your parent or teacher. Pray to God at all times, and especially at such a time, to help you to keep from doing wrong, and to be *strictly conscientious.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOTHER, TEACH YOUR CHILD SUBMISSION.

On one occasion, in the house of a friend, I witnessed the following scene.

The parents were preparing to go out on an evening's social visit, and a bright little boy of five years, who had caught a glimpse of what was going on from the nursery, dropped his sport, and came running to his mother:

"Mother, where are you going?"

"Only down street a few moments, my dear; keep to your play till we come again."

"No, mother; you are going to uncle James'," (the nurse had unfortunately told him this,) "and I want to go with you."

"My child, 'tis night; we shall have to come home in the dark, and something may catch you. Stay quietly with sister and Dinah, and we will buy you a beautiful toy-horse."

"No, mother," said John, in a louder and more decisive tone, "I want to go with you."

"You *can't* go, my child," replied the mother, with a fondling air; "we can't have you with us; there will be company in the room, and no one can take care of you."

"I'll sit by you, mother, and be still," and he seized the corner of her shawl, as she was leaving the room.

"You'll fall asleep," said she, unclenching his hands from the shawl, and pushing him gently from her; "go back and see what Dinah has for you."

"No, no, I want to go," cried the little fellow; and while he filled the house with his clamor, the mother called Dinah to take him by force into the nursery, and manage him as she could.

I thought, as we walked away, of that mother's disingenuousness towards her child, her equivocation, her fruitless coaxing, her worse than useless parley with her wilful little son; but I thought chiefly of the source and occasion of all these,—her utter destitution of authority. That child had never learned *submission*, and he was far from being taught it then. In all but physical force, he was his mother's master. This is a strong case, but it is a common one.

Obstinacy is a part of original sin. Its forms are various, and so are its effects, and the proper ways of subduing it.

My son, of four years, says, "Father, may I ride with you to-day?" "No, my child, you must not go to-day." He turns away without strife, but disappointed, and melts into tears. From the moment he heard his father call for the carriage, he had set his heart upon the ride, and he could not cheerfully give it up. He has yet something to learn of submission. Perfect submission sheds no tears.

My three boys are fond of going to church. Some times they can all go together; other times one or two must stay at home; and the question often is, which shall go. On a bright sabbath morning, they will all spring up from the breakfast table, and hanging upon their father:

"Papa, may I go to church to-day?"

"Only one of you can go to-day."

All three at once, "Then, papa, let *me* go."

"Which wants most to go?"

"I," "I," "I."

"Which is most willing to stay at home?"

No reply.

"Which of you will stay most willingly, if your father requires it?"

No reply. And the two youngest, who are oftenest denied, look sad.

"Now, my dear boys," says the father, "you might all go, if I thought best; but does either of you wish to go against your father's will?" All reply, "No." "Who then will stay at home most cheerfully, if your father requires it?"

"I," "I," "I."

"Well, my children, that pleases me. The eldest may go, and the two younger may remain at home."

So, Edward quietly goes to prepare for church, and Alfred and George as quietly seat themselves with their hymn book and catechism; and the father is happy to see them so cheerfully yield their wish to his.

A father of my acquaintance relates the following:

"I placed my little boy, at eight months old, upon my knee, took his rattle from him, and laid it on the table directly before him, and within his reach. When he placed out his hand to take it, I drew back his hand, and spoke sharply to him. He looked up in my face, half frightened, half grieved, gave a deep sigh, and again reached out his hand for the rattle. I spoke sternly again, and again drew back his hand. He burst into crying with grief and anger; and after a violent struggle of ten minutes, ceased crying, and again reached after the rattle. I then let him take hold of it, but held his arm extended, continued to speak sternly, and snapped his fingers lightly with my pen, till he let go the rattle. He cried long and bitterly before he let it drop; and several times, at short intervals, took it up again. But I bore with inflexible though gentle authority upon him, till he perfectly understood my intent, and submitted; and then, after a few moments diversion of his thoughts to quiet his sobbing, he turned, with the tear standing in his

eye, and fell to patting and rubbing his hand on the table, without touching the rattle, though it lay all the time within his reach. After a few moments, I held the rattle before him. He directed in my face a fixed look of solemn inquiry, which I met with an inviting smile, still holding the toy before him, till he took it and turned to his play. The next day, I took him again upon my knee, and in a mild but firm tone, bade him lay it on the table. He looked deeply serious for a moment, sighed, and obeyed.

"My boy is now eight years old; and I do not remember to have seen him since that time shed a tear in any conflict of his feelings against his parents' will." J.

Trenton, N. J., January, 1838.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CHRIST OUR ELDER BROTHER.

IN a former conversation with you, my dear Frederic, I commended to your notice the scripture doctrine of benevolence or good-will to mankind.

I will now endeavor to illustrate this principle more fully, in its practical application to yourself, by making the following supposition:

Suppose that in seeing your brother Robert exposed to the rage of a fierce lion, your heart acknowledging his claims to your protection and assistance, as the elder brother, you rush fearlessly in between him and sudden destruction. In this act of love and generosity, your body is trampled in the dust, and your limbs are torn from your body, and you are taken up as one dead. Weeks of indescribable suffering pass away, and you are told by your physician that you may drag out a miserable existence for years, but that you must be content to remain a poor, deformed, and helpless cripple.

Under such circumstances, might you not reasonably expect, on the part of your rescued brother, the greatest gratitude and kindness for your disinterested benevolence towards him? It

would hardly seem possible, that he could ever be so lost to the common feelings of humanity, as to forget and despise your claims to his sympathy and regard. From the first impulse of his feelings, after such a deliverance, through your instrumentality, he would not fear to venture any thing, that he could never be such an ungrateful wretch.

But I will suppose that your brother is greatly prospered in the world. Flushed with health and pleasure, and surrounded by gay companions and seducers, his mind becomes absorbed in schemes of worldly pleasure and self-aggrandizement; and so deceitful and prone to evil is the human heart, that in the hurry and bustle of business, and in the round of intoxicating pleasures, he begins to neglect you. He visits you less and less frequently, till at length, at times, he quite forgets you; or, when conscience upbraids, he thinks of you in your solitude and confinement, it is with feelings of bitter regret and remorse, not that you suffer, and for his sake, and alone, but on account of your claims to his regard, and because he knows and feels that he is a most unnatural and wicked brother.

When he occasionally comes to see you, he pities you, because you are not more comely in your person, and because you are so helpless and dependant. He has not one feeling of complacent love or regard for you. He visits you by stealth, and in the darkness of the night, lest he should expose himself to the ridicule and contempt of his gay companions, should they know that he had such a miserable brother.

How much more you would value his cheerful company and conversation, than the frothy tales and romances furnished you from his library. Having suffered the loss of all outward good for his sake, how grateful to your wounded feelings would be his generous love and sympathy. But you grieve not so much, after all, on your own account, as for his sake. It is his ingratitude, the hardness of his heart, that afflicts you. You try various methods to move his flinty heart, but you cannot discover one emotion of love towards you. You feel that no earthly power can subdue his heart of stone, and transform it to a heart of flesh. Your heart is ready to burst with agony

at this unnatural and cruel treatment of a beloved and cherished brother.

But you cannot feel resentment towards him. No, you pity him—you pray for him. In your inmost soul, you freely forgive him. Your distress arises chiefly from the fact, that he wrongs his own soul.

You have not one earthly friend to comfort your poor riven heart;—as by some magic, you turn to your neglected Bible. How is your heart affected, as you pore over the contents of this wonderful book. In this unnatural treatment of your younger brother toward you, such a monster of ingratitude you had conceived him, that you even feared he had gone beyond the bounds of pardoning mercy; to your astonishment, in his depravity you read your own.

Your heart at once acknowledges the claims of Christ, your elder brother, to its supreme and best affections. You mourn in dust and ashes over your past forgetfulness and insensibility, in neglecting the claims of Christ, your elder brother.

In contemplating his wonderful love, forbearance, and condescension, in enduring a life of suffering and the ignominious death of the cross, to save you from deserved and eternal wrath, your heart is thoroughly subdued—tears of contrition flow unbidden down your cheeks. It is as when one letteth out water.

In this faint exhibition of what your love would naturally be towards your younger brother, had you thus suffered for his sake a life of pain and inconvenience, and your right to claim his sympathy and support, I have designed to represent the claims of Christ, your elder brother, to your supreme regard, and your faithful endeavors to establish his kingdom on the earth.

Christ assumed your nature, took part with you in your infirmities and liabilities, that he might save you from the oppressive yoke of sin, and from that lion that goeth about to destroy.

If you were the only being in the universe that had been bitten by the envenomed tooth of the old serpent, and you alone were exposed to the pains of the second death, you could

not have been saved in any other way, or on any easier terms, or at a less expense, than by the atoning blood of the Son of God. So that it is perfectly right for you to consider his death, sufferings, and mediation, as really and definitely intended for you, as if you were the only being in the universe that needed such a Saviour.

Suppose that the infinite God had singled you out from all other created and sinful intelligences, as one on whom he determined to bestow pardon and eternal life, on condition that you truly repent of your sins, and believe in the power and merits of his well beloved Son, who condescended to style himself your elder brother? Might not all worlds stand astonished and aghast at your wilful rejection of pardon and salvation on such exalted terms? Would not all voices, without one exception, unite in saying, that your destruction is not only inevitable, but of choice.

You now understand what is meant by the term vicarious suffering. It signifies one person's suffering in the room, or for the sake of another. It implies a principle opposed to the narrow views of self-interest. As an eminent writer remarks, "The natural sympathies of our natures, apart from religion, often incline men to perform acts of charity, yet they are based upon the low expectation, that while they remove wo and want from others, they shall in return receive the gratitude of the wretch they have relieved, or they expect to gain applause of men, or they expect to feel within the workings of conscious pride, for having done a good deed."

But the scripture method of doing good, is based upon different grounds. Its doctrine is, that *whoever would relieve human misery, must himself suffer*, and that the pains of the vicarious benefactor, are generally in proportion to the extent of the malignity of the evil he labors to cure. So that we see that there is a wide difference in the charity of the world, and that of the real disciple of Christ.

Every real disciple of Christ must therefore expect to be baptized with the baptism wherewith his Lord was baptized. Few persons who profess religion, seem to understand that they have any thing to do, or to suffer, for his sake. It is to be fear-

ed, that in the mere act of making a profession, they do it from selfish motives. They do not seem to understand, that the kingdom of Christ is to be maintained in the world, and to be extended, till it becomes universal, on the same principles, and in use of means employed by human agents, as when it was first promulgated by Christ and his apostles. They do not consider, "that by the great law of the spiritual world, the suffering of substitutes enters into the very method of redemption."

He who "took our sorrows, and bore our griefs," has left us a perfect example of what should be the life of Christian benevolence.

"Every circumstance of privation, of discouragement, of insult, of hostility, of poverty and want, he endured as patiently as if he had been a mere man."

He proposed no easier terms for the furtherance of his gospel, by his apostles; "ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." "Though the apostles had supernatural powers given them to prove their commission divine, yet they had none for the relief of their own sufferings."

Paul said, "Even unto this present hour, we both suffer hunger and thirst, and are naked, and have no certain dwelling-place."

Such was the life of Christ, and such was that of Paul, except when he abode two years in a prison at Rome.

The more holy, benevolent, and self-denying we are, in our feelings, desires, and efforts, in order to promote the happiness of others, the more we shall resemble Christ our elder brother.

For the sake, then, my dear Frederic, of your own happiness, you are to do good to Robert, sacrificing your selfish and sinister views and feelings, and desires; and the measure of your efforts for his and your own happiness, is not the gratitude and proper treatment you are to receive in return for your kindness to him.

This, my dear Frederic, is true religion; and it is one of the most lofty and sublime principles of action in the universe.

It also proposes the proudest conquest—*the conquest of one's own self.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER FROM MRS. SCHAUFFLER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *April 21st*, 1837.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITTLESEY,

It is with the most deep and lively interest, that I hear from time to time of the progress of Maternal Associations in my native land. To me it appears one of the most interesting features of the present day, that mothers are waking up to the subject of the early conversion of their children; and also to the importance of training them to act a conspicuous part in the conversion of the world.

With the hope of adding my mite, to encourage mothers in favored America to go forward in this good work with renewed energy, I take the liberty to send you a brief account of the formation of a maternal prayer-meeting, in a part of the world where one *never* existed; and of its happy result. A year ago, it became the duty of my husband, in the prosecution of his missionary labors, to visit South Russia, and with our infant son, I accompanied him. We spent the summer in Odessa and the neighboring villages. There are many Germans in and about the city, and among them a *little* flock of pious people; but there has *never* been a revival of religion in the *city*. Some sixteen years ago, there was one in a village two days journey distant, in Moldavia, under the preaching of a Catholic priest; and eight years ago, in two villages a day's journey distant. With these exceptions, they knew revivals only in name.

Soon after our arrival, we felt that something must be done to awaken the pious few to an earnest desire for the revival of the work of the Lord among them. My husband labored much, and a deep solemnity often pervaded the meetings, which were regularly held twice a week, in the house of the brother where we lodged. But there was wanting an earnest spirit of prayer among Christians. There existed no female prayer-meeting in all that region, and there was no feeling whatever among the

sisters, that their young children could, or ought to become the subjects of *early* piety.

Among all the children of these Christian females, I know of but *one* who indulged the hope that she was converted,—this was a young lady of seventeen years; and of the value of *her hope*, I shall by and by speak more fully. This state of things grieved us much. We were very desirous to establish a female prayer-meeting, but I was at first ignorant of the language, and could not immediately make any direct efforts. The summer passed away, but not without many events of the deepest interest to the people among whom we were, and to us as a family.

Our heavenly Father saw fit to lay his afflicting hand upon us, and to remove from our fond embrace the dear child that we took with us from here; and also his little brother, born in Odessa; and while I was too feeble to follow them to the grave, they were laid side by side, and one sod covers all that was mortal of them. After the death of our dear babes, I felt more deeply than ever the privilege and importance of fervent prayer for young children, and resolved to make a new effort to establish a prayer-meeting among the pious mothers in Odessa. We persuaded three of the sisters, viz., Mrs. S., Mrs. T., and brother's wife, to meet in our room. My husband opened the meeting, and left us to continue it. Hitherto, but few of the males had ventured to make an extemporaneous prayer in a meeting, females *never*. But although it cost these dear sisters a severe struggle to begin, they overcame the obstacle, and our meeting was extremely solemn and interesting. Three weeks after this, we left Odessa, and returned to Constantinople.

A few extracts from letters subsequently received, will show how the meeting has prospered. Under date of December, brother writes that the work of the Lord was progressing, and gives an interesting account of the conversion of one of his apprentices, and then proceeds: "But how will you rejoice to hear, that with our Rosina* also, a change has taken place, and we hope the true change. She had long beheld the cheerfulness of Alber, (a recent convert,) and appeared to rejoice in it.

* This is the young lady alluded to, as having a hope that she was converted.

But in heart she was grieved that no such change had taken place in her, and she shed many tears about it. Add to this the conversion of our apprentice. She saw that after a few days he enjoyed rest and peace of mind, and now her sadness rose to the highest pitch. She, together with a young girl who assists in the family, became so deeply distressed, that they went to Rosina's mother, (and one who began the prayer-meeting,) who was then confined to her bed by sickness, to tell her their trouble. Rosina confessed to her mother, that whatever her former hopes had been, if the Lord should call her away this night, she should inevitably be lost forever, and deplored that she had never been truly converted, but said that she was now resolved to surrender her whole heart to the Lord, and to make an everlasting covenant with him. She remarked, that she could no longer remain as she had been, and wept bitterly. The other girl made similar hearty confessions, and said the Lord had been striving with her before this time, but that she never opened her heart to him, but now it was her desire to live and die for him alone.

"You may imagine what pleasure filled the bosom of my wife, when she saw the two girls standing before her, almost dissolved in tears; her mother's heart could not resist—she wept with them; and thus they sighed, and wept, and prayed together, and whatever was given to my wife, in that same hour she spoke to them. It was towards eve, and I was not just then at home; and on returning, was not a little surprised and rejoiced, to hear the blessed victory. That same eve, I called the family together for prayers earlier than usual, and selected something appropriate to read on the occasion. After having prayed myself, I remained on my knees, and said, perhaps some one may have a petition to make to the Lord. Immediately R. began to pour out her whole heart, and earnestly supplicated the Lord to give her a new heart, making ample confessions of her sins. After her, J. the apprentice began to pray, and then the other girl closed.

"Both prayed with great fervor of spirit. After prayers, I conversed with them for about an hour, and asked them whether they were seriously resolved to make a covenant with the

Lord, and to remain faithful to him to all eternity. They replied, with great solemnity, 'yes, this is our most earnest desire.' We then retired to rest; with what feelings of gratitude towards the faithful Shepherd of our souls, you may easily imagine. The two girls spent that night in prayer, nor did they cease until they had both obtained the assurance of pardoned sin. R. obtained relief in the eve, and the other girl in the morn.

"Now we breathe a different atmosphere through the whole house: the two girls and J. rejoice and are glad in the Lord. Whenever they have a moment of time, they repair to their bibles, and are especially instant in prayer. Now I have another daughter from what I had. Yes, the Lord is truly in this place, for not only in our house, but also in other families, his presence is powerfully felt, especially among the young people. Quite a number have resolved forthwith to leave the broad road to ruin, and, with divine assistance, to enter upon the narrow path. The Lord has indeed visited us. The daughters of R. and H. are deeply affected; they weep, and pray, and supplicate that the Lord may be gracious to them also; and thus these four girls have felt the necessity of establishing a prayer-meeting, to pray for themselves and others."

The two last mentioned girls, are daughters of two pious ladies who became members of the maternal prayer-meeting, after we left Odessa. If it would not swell my communication too much, I would give extracts from recent letters written by these two girls, giving good evidence that they have found that peace in believing, for which they so earnestly sought. A fifth is also added to their praying circle.

The following extract is from a letter written by the eldest son of one of the three ladies who commenced the meeting. This youth, who ought to have been the comfort and support of his widowed mother, was indolent and vicious. Though not yet eighteen, he had sometimes been intoxicated, was found in all bad company, and had even formed the mad purpose of committing suicide. He thus writes:

"Still, when I read or hear that God will receive even the worst of sinners, if they turn to him with their whole hearts,

I feel relieved again in my mind, and the prayer rises involuntarily from my very soul, O Lord Jesus be gracious to me also, and forgive me all my sins. O yes, may the Saviour soon have mercy upon me, and utter the consoling words, 'My son, thy sins be forgiven thee.' O then I should be the happiest person on earth. Still, I feel no more as I used to feel. Before, I used to go to church from habit; now, I hail the return of the holy Sabbath, and love the place where the Lord's honor dwelleth. My most precious seasons are the Sabbath, and Thursday evening meetings. There, I would fain sit till midnight, yea, sometimes my heart is so full of blessedness, that I can hardly believe myself to be upon the earth. The Bible I used to read in order to pass away my time; now, if I had no Bible, I could sell all to purchase one. O, what a treasure is the word of God!"

Under date of March, brother S. writes, that the revival goes forward with increasing interest, and adds, "But one of its most delightful features is a prayer-meeting of little girls. They are about ten in number. They shut themselves up in a little chamber, read a chapter from the New Testament, and then kneel down and pray, from first to last, with such simplicity and earnestness, that those who overhear them are astonished and dissolved in tears; especially one girl of eight years, or less, is so filled with the spirit of prayer, that it is perfectly amazing. When a little girl, of the age of nine years, was rather timid about praying, the other girls remarked to her, 'you need have no fears whatever; remember only that you speak to the Saviour, and not to us; he looks upon the heart; from him comes every good thing; and we are all poor, nor can we pray of ourselves, except he works it in us.' These girls write letters to one another, exhorting each other by all means to love the Saviour, and to remain faithful to him. They have made a charity-box, into which they put their spare money, and on the cover is written, 'For the heathen.' The brother, in whose house they meet, remarked to me the other day, that when he heard these children pray for the first time, he was filled with surprise, and voluntarily fell upon his knees, overwhelmed with humble gratitude and joy."

January 19*th*. A joint letter from the members of the maternal prayer-meeting, expresses their deep sense of gratitude for what the Lord has already done for their children, and the resolution to persevere in earnest prayer, laying hold of that precious promise, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Our last accounts were to the beginning of this month. The revival was spreading in all directions. Eight villages shared in the glorious work, and female prayer-meetings had been established in some of them. Mothers view the subject of their responsibility in behalf of their children in a new and solemn light; and we have reason to believe, that in eternity multitudes will bless God, that a few pious females in Odessa began a maternal prayer-meeting.

P. S.—24*th*. We received letters yesterday, giving us still more good news of the progress of the revival in and around Odessa. The maternal meetings increase in numbers; and the children's meeting has thirteen members. They meet twice a week, and when they have put their little collection into the charity box, they kneel down and pray "that this mite also may be blessed, and the Lord's great name may be glorified by it among the heathen."

I am, dear madam,

Most sincerely yours,

M. R. SCHAUFFLER.

"I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS!"

WHEN we use the phrase, "I wonder what time it is!" it is generally done in a careless manner: we use it in reference to our rising and retiring, our meals, our walks, our appointments, and our pleasures; but seldom or never with respect to eternity.

One of the most difficult things in life, is to keep before us the approach of death; and though men know that life is but "a vapor," yet does decrepit age "wonder what time it is,"

with no deeper impressions of approaching dissolution, than if the morn of life had just opened upon them.

The school-boy notches a stick with the number of days or weeks he has to remain in school; and rejoices when he sees, by the notches he has cut away, that very few are left behind.

But how seldom does a man of gray hairs think of notching a stick with the probable number of his remaining days.

If we all kept a notched stick of this kind, the common phrase, "I wonder what time it is!" would have a much more extended signification than is now attached to it.

When the captive, who has been immured for years in a dreary dungeon, has well nigh completed the term of his imprisonment; when the day of his enfranchisement has arrived, and almost the hour, "I wonder what time it is!" is a natural inquiry; for it is connected with all that is desirable. He is about to lose his fetters, and to return to his friends, and to breathe a purer air.

But what a dreadful difference between his state, and that of the malefactor, on the day of his execution. He has passed a sleepless night; his ear and his heart has agonized with the sounds that betoken the preparation for his ignominious end; while big drops of perspiration hang upon him, and the disjointed ejaculation to a throne of grace breaks from his lips, he "wonders what time it is;" for even his miserable moments are precious to him, inasmuch as he has still something worse to fear.

Though there is but little pleasure, there may be some profit, in now and then dipping one's pencil in shadows, and in painting a dreary picture. If we look to the day of our death, as the malefactor looks to the period of his execution, "I wonder what time it is!" may be an oppressive reflection; but if we regard the day as the captive does, who is about to be set at liberty, then will this familiar phrase have a meaning attached to it, full of light, of life, and immortality.—*Fam. Mag.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S COUNSELS.

Daughter, the book divine
To which we turn for aid,
When prosperous skies unclouded shine,
Or dark-wing'd storms invade,
Is ever open to thine eye,
Imprint it on thy soul,
And wisdom that can never die
Shall thy young thoughts control.

Sweetest, the cheek of bloom,
Alas! how soon 'twill wear
The clay-cold coloring of the tomb;
Then, while thine own is fair,
Low at his feet imploring fall,
Who loves the humble mind,
Whose glorious promise is, that all
Who early seek, shall find.

Come, ere thy hand hath wove
The first fresh wreaths of Spring;
Come, ere a worn and withered love
Is all thou hast to bring.
Remember thy Creator's power,
While life from care is free,
And when the days of darkness lower,
He will remember thee.

Yes, give thy heart to Him,
While budding hope is green;
And when thy mother's eye is dim
To every earthly scene,
When this fond arm that circles thee,
Must chill and powerless be,
Our parting tear the pledge shall be
Of union in the sky.

L. H. S.

"Divisions are Satan's powder plots to blow up religion."

"We should take care of the beginnings of sin. Nobody is exceedingly wicked all at once: the adversary is too cunning, to startle men with temptations to great and frightful crimes at first."

"Sin keeps no Sabbaths."

"A professor of religion is really, in the sight of God, *what he is in the closet*, and nothing more."

Stereotyped by F. F. Ripley, New York.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

THE PRAYING MOTHER; OR, SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.*

A Discourse, *preached at Constantinople, Nov.* 8, 1835, *and at Broosa, June* 11, 1837—By W. Goodell.

[Forwarded for the Mother's Magazine at the repeated request of the Maternal Association of Constantinople. This request, though more than once refused, has, since the death of Mrs. Dwight, who was one of its most active members, been renewed in conjunction with the branch at Broosa; and it is with the hope that more prayer will be offered in America for the children of our families, and especially for the *three surviving children of our departed sister*, that the request is now complied with.]

Matt. xv. 21—28.—"Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."

When the Gadarenes besought Christ to depart out of their coasts, he entered into the ship, and passed over to the other side; and we nowhere read of his ever returning again to visit

* The intrinsic worth of this Discourse, and its happy adaptation to the great object for which the Magazine is published, induce us to give it to our readers entire.

and bless them. When the Scribes and Pharisees, which were of Jerusalem, became offended with him, because he transgressed the tradition of the elders, and because also he charged *them* with transgressing the commandments of God, he departed thence, and retired into the most remote parts, in "the borders of Tyre and Sidon." Here he was "a light to lighten the Gentiles." Here, in this dark corner of the country, was a poor afflicted woman, who had very different views of Christ from those entertained by the cavilling Jews, and who had quite another spirit. She heard of him, believed on him, came to him, and honored him. And, while she afforded *him* an opportunity to show forth his glory in performing a surprising miracle, he gave *her* an opportunity of manifesting her extraordinary faith and humility. The story is altogether a singular one, and is full of instruction. Following the natural order of the text, let us consider,

FIRST. *The* CHARACTER *of this woman.*
SECONDLY. *The* ERRAND *on which she came to Christ.*
THIRDLY. *The* TRIAL, *and* STRENGTH, *and* VICTORY *of her faith.*

First. *The character of this woman—Who was she?*—In our text, she is called "*a woman of Canaan.*" She was descended from the ancient Canaanites, who had been devoted to utter destruction, or extermination, and a remnant of whom had taken shelter in the adjacent regions. She must have been one of the posterity of Noah's younger son, of whom it was said, "*Cursed be Canaan!*" In the Gospel of Mark, she is called "*a Syro-Phenician;*" that is, she inhabited that part of Phenicia, which had been conquered by the Syrians, including Beyroot, where some of our Missionary brethren and sisters are now laboring.

She is also said to be "*a Greek.*" It is evident, that she was in no sense proselyted to the Jewish religion, but was wholly a gentile,—"*an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger from the covenants of promise.*" But she must have heard of the miracles of Christ. She must also

have heard something of the expected Messiah of the Jews; and it is probable she was convinced, that Jesus was "he, who should come." And though, through a long line of ancestors, she might not be able to find a single believer on either the father or mother's side, till in tracing back her genealogy through eighty generations she came to the Patriarch Noah himself,—yet *she* might be a believer. Like the Centurion, like Cornelius, and like the Ethiopian eunuch, she might have renounced idolatry, and become, according to the light she had received, a worshipper of the true God. And such, judging from her short history, was the woman of Canaan. Let us now consider,

Secondly. *The errand on which she came to Christ.*—We are told, that she had a "young daughter," who "had an unclean spirit." It was by no means an uncommon thing in those days for persons to be thus afflicted; but it was a very dreadful calamity. From the New Testament history, it appears, that there were different *degrees* of possession. This, in the case under consideration, was evidently one of the worst kind. "My daughter is *grievously* vexed by a devil," she said. This misery of her daughter brought the mother to Christ. Instead of casting off and disowning her wretched child; instead of abandoning her to her fate, and leaving her to be "oppressed of the devil," as some cruel heathen mothers would have done,—she felt the most tender compassion for her, and made earnest application to Christ in her behalf.

O how many are the calamities to which children, even young children, are subject in this world of sin! And how grievous are the troubles and anxieties which they thereby occasion their parents! The hearts of fathers and mothers are often broken, not only by the *sicknesses and bodily sufferings*, but much more by the *evil tempers*, the *follies*, and the *wickedness* of their children. They do not indeed, at the present day, see their offspring given up to the power of Satan to be "tormented before the time;" but they *do* see them manifesting tempers which affectingly show "what manner of spirit they are of." They do often hear them use language, and see them betray a spirit, and pursue courses, which clearly indicate, that they "are of their father the devil;" that they are under the do-

minion of sin; that the "unclean spirit" with all his polluting influence has free access to their minds and hearts; and that they must be delivered from this state by the power and grace of Christ, or they will certainly go to that place of torment, "prepared for the devil and his angels." O how often do they weep in secret places for them! And how often do they repair to the throne of grace in their behalf!

When this poor woman made application to Christ, it is said, she "*cried* unto him." It is possible, that being a Canaanite, she did not at first dare approach him; and therefore, like the humble publican, she "*stood afar off*," and cried with a *loud voice* for *mercy*. The first word she uttered, is, in the original, *mercy*;—"*mercy* show me, O Lord, thou Son of David,"—a very proper cry for a poor sinner, who needs the help of the Lord Jesus. It was like the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It was like the earnest prayer of blind Bartimeus, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And it is a prayer, which, offered in faith, is always acceptable. The poor woman says nothing of *merit*. She *had* none; and it was a great blessing, that she was sensible of it. She begs for *mercy*. *Mercy* is what she wants. Her life is bound up in the *child's* life; and mercy to her *child* is mercy to *herself*.

And, my hearers, mercy is what we *all* need for ourselves and families; and without it, both we and they must perish forever. When we see our children, as the Bible expresses it, "led captive by Satan at his will," we should lift up most earnest supplication for them. We should bring them in the arms of faith directly to Christ, and say, "Lord, look upon this child; look upon my son and upon my daughter; for they have a bad spirit; they have a proud heart, a stubborn will, an ungovernable temper; 'have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou Son of David,' and break the power of Satan in their souls." O what greater blessing can we ask of the Lord for our children, than that he would forever cast out the "*unclean spirit*," which now daily entereth and defileth; and that he would bring them all under the entire and eternal control of his own *pure sanctifying Spirit!*

It is worthy of notice, that this poor Gentile addressed Christ

both as "*Lord*," and as the "*Son of David*." She confessed him to be the *Messiah*. She acknowledged the divine faithfulness in fulfilling the promises made to Israel. She honored Christ by trusting in his ability "to destroy the works of the devil;" by believing that what was *impossible* with men was *possible* with him; and by hoping in his mercy, and expecting great things from him.

And surely, my brethren, this is the way to come to Christ. We should honor him as having "*power over all flesh* to give eternal life to as many as are given him." As we have the Scriptures both of the Old and New Testament, neither of which this poor Canaanite possessed, we ought to have a *far more unwavering faith* in Christ than she had; and we ought to form *far higher expectations* from his infinite power and mercy, than she could. O how little she must have known, compared with what *we* may know, of the *thorough willingness* and *thorough ability* of the Son of God to help and save!— But let us now consider,

Thirdly. *The Trial, and Strength, and Victory of this Woman's faith.* Coming, as she did, to the benevolent Jesus on such an errand, and with a profession of views and feelings, which were honorable to his character, it might be supposed, that "before she even *called*, he would answer; and that, while she was yet *speaking*, he would hear." Knowing, that he was wont to encourage all, who approached him; that his ear ever was open to their cries, his heart always touched with their sorrows and distresses, and his hand ever ready to bestow relief,— we should certainly have anticipated, that he would regard her with the greatest compassion and kindness, and would immediately give her the desire of her heart. But our Saviour did not do thus. Altogether unlike his usual practice, he heard her with silence and apparent neglect. It is said, "*He answered her not a word.*" He neither granted her request, nor gave her one kind assuring look. He seemed even to turn a deaf ear to her cries; and she could neither obtain mercy, nor any *pledge* of obtaining it.

The Lord had infinitely wise reasons for his conduct. He, who once tempted Abraham for the trial of his faith, knew per-

fectly well what he was about in the present instance. He knew the state of this woman's heart, the strength of her faith, and the measure of grace she possessed. He knew, that she would not "go away sorrowful" like the rich young man, when *he* was tried; but that, like "the father of the faithful" she would come forth as gold seven times purified; and that the trial of her faith would "be found unto praise and honor and glory." When, therefore, he veiled the compassions of his heart under a frowning countenance, and "answered her not a word," it was *in order that there might be exhibited to the whole world a most illustrious example of the power of faith and of persevering prayer.*

At length the disciples, either pitying her distress, or wearied with her importunate cries, undertook to speak a word in her favor; and they begged their master to grant her request, and "send her away." For a moment, she might have been tempted to think, that the disciples were more compassionate than their Lord was. And perhaps we ourselves may in our afflictions sometimes feel, that our Christian friends have more sympathy for us, than *he* has. But, when we compare the folly and selfishness of their pity with the wisdom and mercy of his delays and frowns, the case will appear far otherwise. He always knows the very best moment to answer our prayers; and it may be of great importance even to *ourselves*, that the answer should sometimes be deferred.

When the disciples besought the Lord in her behalf, we can easily imagine her to stand in breathless silence, with her large dark eyes (so peculiar to the country) fixed most intensely upon the countenance of Christ, as though she would *read his very thoughts.* This reply was made either *directly to her*, or at any rate in *her hearing;* and he assigned a reason for refusing her, which seemed calculated to dash at once all her hopes to the ground. "*I am not sent,*" said he, "*but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.*" This answer completely silenced the *disciples.* They had not another word to say, nor another plea to make, nor another argument to use. They knew, that she was not an Israelite; and they doubtless felt, that she ought

not to expect such blessings, as were granted to God's chosen people.

Oh! if we had no better advocates, than Peter, and James, and John! Oh! if we had none but saints and angels to plead our cause, we should never meet with any success at the court of Heaven!

But, though the *disciples* were silenced, *she* was not. This humble woman, instead of being offended or discouraged, to hear our Lord thus arguing against her, was only excited to redouble her expressions of reverence for *him*, and of earnestness for her *daughter*. She did not appear to blame the Lord Jesus, or to charge him with any unkindness. Nor was she like many persons, who, after they have offered a few cold prayers, and found no benefit from them, say, "what profit shall we have, if we pray unto him!"—But she seems rather to suspect, that the fault is in *herself*. Perhaps, in her former address to Christ, she had not been sufficiently *humble* and *reverent*, and had not shown him *proper respect*. Perhaps, too, she had not been sufficiently *earnest* in her supplications. She, therefore, breaks through all discouragements, and comes, and prostrates herself before him, and implores his help. In the words of the Evangelist, "Then came she, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me." In the parallel passage in Mark, it is said, "She came, *and fell at his feet.*"

If we would any of us obtain any mercy from Christ, we must come *very near* to him. We must cast ourselves at his *very feet*. We must humble ourselves before him, submit ourselves to him, acknowledge our wretchedness, and expect help from him alone.

The language of her petition she now varied, as though she would express greater fervency of desire. She, as it were, "*prayed more earnestly;*" and expressed her whole heart in three short words, "*Lord, help me.*" This is one of the shortest prayers recorded, or perhaps ever uttered. Any little child can remember the whole of it by hearing it repeated once:—"*Lord, help me.*" She *needed* help. She believed, that Christ *could* help her; and that he *would* do it, though she was not of the seed of Abraham, "to whom pertained the adoption, and the

covenants, and the promises." And, instead of vexing her mind with the question, whether she was one of those, whom Christ came into the world to save, she comes and casts herself at his feet, saying, "Lord, help me." Or, "if I perish, I perish here at thy feet."

And how did the benevolent Jesus now answer her? He answered her with even *apparent harshness;* and in a manner, which seemed utterly to preclude all hope. He not only gave her a *direct refusal* to her *face*, but with it also a most *cutting reproach.* We have his very words:—"He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs."—"How can she expect to eat the children's bread, when she does not belong to the *family?* Are the children to be robbed of their bread, that the dogs may be fed?"—Thus the Jews, often with more pride than propriety, used to distinguish themselves from the Gentiles.

Not that our Saviour intended to sanction the use of such terms; for he certainly regarded her with very different feelings. But it was as if he had said, "I am a Jew. You are a Gentile. And you know the Jews are a holy people unto the Lord, while you are considered *unclean.* You know, too, how they pride themselves on being the exclusive favorites of heaven, while they call you dogs. Allowing, then, that it is proper to do you a favor, still will you submit to receive one at the hands of the Jews? Are you willing to acknowledge your dependance on a people, who so vilify and abuse you?"

But, if the poor Canaanitish woman had not been truly a humble believer, she would not have borne the hundredth part of all this. She would have taken great offence at this invidious distinction. She would have altered her opinion of Christ for treating her respectful application in a manner so contrary to her expectations. "What! is this the humane, the tender, the benevolent Jesus, of whose works of mercy I have heard so much?" she would say. "I was never so uncourteously and harshly treated by any person before in all my life. He might have done as much for me, as he has done for others, if he had wished to do it. And, if he did not choose to do me a kindness, surely he needed not reproach me. I might as well

have staid at home, as come here to be reproached on account of my descent, and be called a *dog*. I am as good as the Jews are, any time. Or, if I am not, still am I to blame for being by birth a Gentile, when it did not depend on my own choice?"

But the woman's heart was humble and contrite. She was conscious of personal unworthiness. She had a low opinion of herself, and a high opinion of Christ. She was ready to speak as meanly of herself, as Christ had spoken of her. "Accuse me as thou wilt, I plead guilty to all thine accusations," was her frame of mind. It seemed as though she felt that she could not have too humble an opinion of herself, or too exalted an opinion of the mercy and faithfulness of Christ. She recollected her Gentile extraction; and she submitted patiently and meekly to the mortifying distinction made by our Lord. And, what is even still more, by a peculiar ingenuity she turned it into a cogent argument in support of her petition. Instead of denying the aptness of the similitude, or caviling about it; instead of being filled with madness, as the Pharisees and all the proud unhumbled ones of the earth would have been,—she even made it serve to strengthen her cause in urging her plea. "And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." "It is true, Lord, that I am a vile sinner of the Gentiles, and am not worthy to be called a child. It is true, that I am as a *beast* before thee, and have no claim to the privileges of thy people. It is true, that the bread should not be taken away from the children to feed the dogs, but—do not the *crumbs belong* to them? Are they not allowed a place under the table on purpose, that they may have the crumbs? I do not ask for a *loaf*,—for a *whole loaf;* I beg for a *crumb only* —a *mere crumb*. The dogs eat the crumbs that fall from a plentiful table, without the children being at all losers; and thy power and mercy are so large, that thou canst heal my daughter, without in the least deducting from the blessings intended for thine own Israel. Be it so, then, that the *best* food is to be given to the children,—that the *Jews* are to enjoy the principal blessings of the Messiah's ministry. Be it so, that I am a dog, a Gentile, a heathen, and unworthy of the blessings of Messiah's kingdom. Yet let me lie under the table, and re-

ceive a mere crumb; and the despised daughter of a despised heathen mother shall live and bless Messiah's name."

My brethren, we do not know what the disciples, who stood by at this time, thought of all this; but, as for ourselves, we may truly lift up our hands and exclaim, "What depth of humility and what strength of faith are here manifested!" Here is a woman, that walked by *faith*, and not by *sight*. She made use of the most discouraging circumstances to gain her point. She got nearer to Christ by laying hold of that, which seemed stretched out on purpose to keep her away. She breaks her way through every obstacle to the throne of grace; she comes; she falls down; she lays hold on everlasting strength, and says, "*I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.*"

And what did our blessed Lord say to her now? I will repeat what he said; that you may remember it for your encouragement forever. "And Jesus answered and said unto her, O WOMAN, GREAT IS THY FAITH; BE IT UNTO THEE EVEN AS THOU WILT."—"I can deny thee *nothing*. Ask what thou *wilt*, and it shall be done unto thee. I hid my face from thee for a little moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee."

Thus in all things was the Syro-Phenician a "conqueror, and more than a conqueror." Our Lord's purpose in trying her was fully answered. He commended her strong faith. He granted her the desire of her heart. "Her daughter was made whole from that very hour." And, in company with her little daughter, she will perhaps be pointed out to us in heaven, as the poor Gentile woman, who AS A PRINCESS, HAD POWER WITH GOD, AND PREVAILED.

Many interesting topics of reflection are suggested by the subject; but, dismissing all others, we have time only to attend to the following one, viz.

It is an unspeakable blessing to Children to have a PRAYING MOTHER.

This child, this "young daughter," was delivered from Satan's power in consequence of having a *praying mother*. Nor is this a *solitary* instance of the blessed influence of maternal piety.

Samuel, who became a Prophet and a Judge in Israel, was

early brought to the Sanctuary, and dedicated to the special service of God, by a *Praying Mother*.

Timothy, who was an eminent minister of the New Testament, and exceedingly dear to Paul, and who from a child had known the holy Scriptures; was blest with both a *Praying Mother* and *Praying Grandmother*.

John the Baptist, who was filled with the Holy Ghost even from his very birth, and a greater than whom had never been born of woman, was the son of a *Praying Mother*.

The pious and excellent *Doddridge* had, long before he could read, enduring impressions made upon his heart by means of some scripture prints on the tiles in the chimney, which were pointed out and explained to him by a *Praying Mother*.

The *Rev. John Newton*, who, besides all the other good he accomplished, was instrumental in the conversion of those eminently useful men, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, and the Rev. Thomas Scott, was himself brought to Christ by means of truth, which had been taught him in early life by a *Praying Mother*.

I recently read of a *whole family of Children* in America, who were all in remarkable manner brought under the influence of the Gospel and of the Holy Spirit. But these children had received the caresses, and been brought up under the care and instruction, of a *Praying Mother*.

A few years ago, the Students of a Theological Seminary felt interested in the inquiry, what proportion of their number had been favoured with godly parents. And it was ascertained, that out of one hundred and twenty students, who were preparing for the sacred ministry, more than a hundred were the offspring of *Praying Mothers*.

And—to mention but one instance more—*St. Augustine*, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, was till his 28th year only "a bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience, broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amidst scenes of baseness and corruption. But, in

all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a *Weeping Praying Mother*. Her tears on his account watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. "It is not *possible*,"—said a certain Bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavor to reclaim her son,—"Good woman, it is not *possible*, that a child of such tears should perish." And at length the son himself carried to his *Praying Mother* the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—Not long after, as they were journeying together, she said, "My Son, what have I to do here any longer? The only object for which I wished to live, was your conversion; and this the Lord has now granted me in an abundant manner."—Five days after, she was seized with a fever; and on the ninth her tears were forever wiped away. And wherever the name and writings of *Augustine, the gifted Bishop of Hippo*, have been know, there also has been "told for a memorial of her" the story of the *Praying Mother*.

A word, then, to you, who are *mothers*.

It is not likely, that you will leave your children large estates, or great titles; but it is in your power to leave them what is infinitely more to be desired, viz. *The rich legacy of a mother's prayers*. Your children are born under the curse of a broken covenant; and they must be born again, or they can never belong to Christ's blessed kingdom. You cannot bear the thought, that one of those little ones, whom you so tenderly love, should be "the hold of every foul spirit," and never become the "habitation of God through the Spirit"—the *Holy Spirit*. Go, then, to the Messiah, that Almighty Redeemer, and tell him of their state. Go, like the woman of Canaan; and like her, plead in humility and faith, and with an importunity which can take no denial. Go, and you will find, as she did, that *the Lord "is rich unto all, that call upon him."* Though, like her, ye be poor, and feeble, and obscure; yet, like her, ye may exert an influence, which shall "spoil principalities and powers," and save the soul of your child.

The tie, which binds mothers to their children, is inexpressibly tender; and compared with it most others are feeble. There

is something, too, in the relation you sustain with them, which is more interesting and solemn, than words can adequately express; for it is something, which takes fast hold on *eternity itself*. From *you* they receive their first impressions; and, by *you*, are their first thoughts, desires, actions, and motions, regulated. Ordinarily, *you* are the first, to whom they learn to make known their wants; *you* are the first, towards whom they stretch forth their little hands; *your* name is the first they learn to speak; *your* countenance and voice the first they learn to recognize; and *your* smiles and frowns, *your* feelings and passions, the first, in which they feel a sympathy. It is to *you*, that their first inquiries are generally directed, it is from *your* lips, that their first ideas of God and Christ and Heaven are generally gained; and it is in *your* ear, as you bend over their lovely forms, and smooth their little pillows for the night, that they lisp their first accents of prayer to "*Our Father who art in Heaven.*" *Your* lessons are, or should be, the first that they ever learn; *your* cradle hymns the first, that rock them to sleep; *your* spirit the first, that they imbibe; *your* influence the first, that they feel; and *your* image the first, that is stamped upon them. Indeed it is not too much to say, that to *your* hands, more than to those of any other human being, is committed the momentous work of moulding their intellect and heart in the *very earliest stage of rational existence;* and that it is from *you, pre-eminently*, they receive the *first and grand outlines of their future character.*

O what spot is there on earth, which, for training up little children for heaven, is to be at all compared to the home—the "*Sweet Home*"—of the *Praying Mother!* Where in the whole universe does piety begin to burn so early and so brightly in little children, as it does around the altar, where they have worshipped with their *Praying Mother!* Who, like her, has the power of fixing a grasp upon them, which neither the wiles of infidelity, nor the headstrong passions of youth may ever be able to throw off! Who, like her, can entwine about their spirits such fine cords of truth and affection, as God's blessed Spirit can make use of in binding them to Messiah's throne and kingdom forever!

To *your* hands, then, ye mothers, is the everlasting happiness of your precious babes confided, as it is confided to no other hands on earth. When you would give them to feel the refreshings of cleanliness, you can (like the good mother of that family of children in America just mentioned) raise your heart to God for those effusions of the Spirit, which shall cleanse and gladden their souls forever. When you put on their clothes in the morning, you can ask your Heavenly Father to grant unto them to "be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white," which "is the righteousness of Saints." When you prepare their daily food, you can pray, that they may have a heart to come to that feast, to which they are specially invited; and may gladly avail themselves of those abundant provisions, which Heaven has made for their everlasting felicity. As you lead them to the Sanctuary, you can lift up a prayer, that they may so go to the Upper Sanctuary, and "dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Should they leave you to go to school, you can still follow their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life may be like that of the "just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And, as you lay them down on their little couch, you can kneel down before Him, who seeth in secret, and let the silent breathings of your heart go up to heaven for a blessing on your sleeping babes. Your infant daughter may be "a mother in Israel," when you are dead. Your little son, who now prattles on your knee, and begins to ask about his soul and about his Saviour, may tell the story of redeeming love amidst the frosts of Lapland, or on the burning sands of Africa. Ten thousand hearts may welcome the glad tidings; and twice ten thousand blessings be poured upon the head of your son. Amen.

We are born at home, we live at home, and we must die at home; so that the comfort and economy of home, are of more deep, heart-felt, and personal interest to us. than the public affairs of all the nations of the world.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EFFECTS OF PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

BY C. A. GOODRICH.

(Concluded from page 14.)

We left David, at the moment the victory of his forces over Absalom and his insurgent band was announced, pouring forth his sorrows, at the fall of that misguided and miserable prince, in strains, most plaintive and affecting. In the excess of his parental yearnings, he lost sight of the victory itself, and of his sure and speedy restoration to the throne.

Who can feel in his heart to censure these outpourings of parental sorrow? There was reason for all that sorrow, aside from the weak fondness which he had borne towards this son. Absalom was a wicked, rebellious, and ungrateful child; and, now, as a climax in his guilty career, he had dared to raise his hand against the life of a father, and the throne of the Lord's anointed. By his own indulgence of the prince, David had himself contributed to this rash and insurrectionary movement. Did he know it?—Did he now feel it? And did his self-condemnation add bitterness to the cup, which he was called to drink? It may be impossible to decide these questions with certainty; but charity bids us to attribute no small part of his mental anguish, to reflections upon his own misjudged tenderness towards his son.

We have already alluded to the piety of David. That piety may not be questioned; on the contrary, it was of a deep and most fervent character. But David, notwithstanding the high and distinguished rank which he held as a Christian, was an imperfect man. In this connexion, however, we are concerned only with his censurable neglect to warn, restrain, and discipline his children. That authority, which he held from God, as a parent, and a sovereign, was not exerted at the critical juncture—at a time, when it would have told upon the destinies of his sons.

But of Christian parents, who thus fail, David is not the only instance. How many such parents exist in Christendom! Let such parents, and indeed all parents, gather wisdom from an example, which led to results so distressing. Let them remember, that that is not true love, which, to save present dissatisfaction, would jeopardize the future character and salvation of children. Let the goad press in time;—let moral discipline be applied in season;—let restraints be imposed, while they may effect the object desired. Let it be remembered as a cardinal doctrine in family government, and also a truth most consolatory and encouraging: *That there is no danger of losing the love, or the confidence, or, in the sequel, of abridging the happiness of children, by an efficient moral regimen and restraint.*

But Christian parents are often delinquent in respect to their children, in another important particular. They pray for them, doubtless, and often most importunately; but at this point, their efforts, in a great measure, end. They depend upon God's *grace* to accomplish all the rest. Whether this was David's fault, in any degree, I shall not attempt to decide; but is it not a prevalent evil at the present day? Parents are, indeed, authorized to expect the co-operation of God—for at no time does he withhold his aid from those who faithfully discharge their duty—but, then, parents have something more to do than pray for their children. Prayer must be accompanied by instruction; faith by works. God performs no miracles for the children of parents, on the ground of the piety of the latter. They have a guarantee of assistance—of co-operation—but not of exclusive and independent influence. Does the parent expect his own salvation without labor, watchfulness, unremitted effort? no more should he anticipate the virtuous conduct, the religious tendency, the final welfare of his child, unless he *train* up that child in the way he should go.

This brief history of Absalom may further serve to show what a source of sorrow and trouble children may become to parents.

As I have sometimes pondered upon the eventful story of this prince, and dwelt upon the anguish caused his father, by his unfilial conduct—as I have listened to the loud and plain-

tive expressions of parental sorrow—I have said to myself, what cup of earthly bitterness could be drunk so distressing as this? O had Absalom known the deep—the poignant grief poured into a father's bosom—would he not have paused?—would he not, even in the final hour of success and exultation, —when his standard was erected on the battlements of Jerusalem—when his banners were waving in proud triumph over the imperial city—would he not have dashed to the ground the crown which he was wearing?—would he not have silenced the plaudits of surrounding admirers? O could he have seen the dishevelled locks of an aged father, as he sat in sackcloth between the gates—the tear tracing the furrows on his cheek—the heart desolate, as the withered verdure on the heath—would he not have abandoned all; and, hastening to a father's bosom, there wept—there sought forgiving love? No—Absalom would have done no such thing. The melting tendencies of his heart were gone forever. The generous feelings of his bosom, the filial affections of his soul, had expired. The last ray of light —the last beam of hope, were blotted out.

David knew it. Well did he know, that if that son fell in that day's battle, there was no hope of his salvation. And it was this thought—of a child lost—finally and forever lost, which carried rottenness to his bones. How valueless seemed the jewels of his royal diadem! how insignificant the honors of his regal state! Could he at the moment, in which the messenger from the battle ground told him the melancholy tidings, have brought back Absalom to life—could he have placed him once more within the atmosphere of mercy, he would have been willing, doubtless, to have laid aside the ensigns of royalty, and to have retired to the recesses of some cave of Engaddi, or to the solitude of some boundless forest. But wishes, prayers, vows, agonies, were now no longer of any avail, and, it was this thought of a son gone to judgment, and with such a load of unrepentant guilt upon him, that made him exclaim, "O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Should this story of a son's guilty career—of a father's untold sorrow, meet the eye of children, I would ask, will you not take warning?—will you not save your parents from a sorrow

so keen—from a cup so bitter? Shall it ever be, that a father shall regret the hour in which you were born? Shall it ever be, that a mother shall mourn that you lay upon her bosom?

Finally, the sudden and tragical end of Absalom shows that the triumphs of the wicked are often short.

Bright was that day, perhaps, when this prince, and his exulting legions, left the walls of Hebron, and turned their prancing and impetuous steeds towards Jerusalem.

Brighter still, perhaps, the day, as he led forth his army to the field of battle—flushed with the possession of the Holy City, and the accumulated treasures of the royal palace.

How proudly wheeled off their chariots! how gaily passed on their cohorts! The day of victory had come—a few hours only, and in triumph, they would return, and reap the golden rewards of a leader, as generous, as he was beautiful and brave.

But, mark the result. That same night, Absalom, the cause of this rebellion, which shook the throne of David to its foundation—Absalom, who bore himself with such lofty port in the morning—the admiration and the song of thousands—was a pallid and a neglected corpse, reposing in sullen silence, in a retired cave. Not a standard stood, where it had stood in the morning—not a single banner waved. There was, indeed, as the sun went down, a trumpet heard—responded to by thousands, which carried the sound to the borders of Judah, "To your tents." Truly, the triumph of the wicked is short.

Parents! are you chargeable with partiality? Among the family group, is there some one, which by its fairer form, its greater beauty, or superior intelligence, has stolen upon your affections; and, by reason of your fondness, are you treating that child with more favour and indulgence, than your other children? Do you single it out, as an object of greater kindness? Is it exempted from its proper share in the domestic tasks of the day? Has it more rides, walks, better clothes, more finery, &c.? Parent! beware. You are making an idol of that child to your own sorrow, and may be laying the foundation for its present and eternal ruin. Better for that child, probably, that you were in your grave, than that you should have

the management of it. It might then fall into the hands of some one, through whose instrumentality it might escape the ruin to which it is fast verging under your misjudged tenderness.

Children, and youth! the wrath of heaven, which came down upon Absalom, comes with its warning note to you. Guilty as was the father in respect to his son, in neglecting to warn, instruct, and restrain him, the latter *chose* the career, which he run; and merited the signal and sudden overthrow, which he met. That overthrow conveys a solemn and impressive lesson to you. From his awful fate, learn what you may look for, should you ultimately be found among the incorrigible workers of iniquity.

For the Mother's Magazine.

APPEAL TO FEMALES.

"We are verily guilty concerning, our brother."—*Genesis* xlii. 21.

When to expunge a foul blot from national character, the great, and wise, and benevolent, combine their energies, it becomes not those of humble name, or obscure station, to remain indifferent. The weaker sex, who depend for safety and protection on others, have immense interests at stake, in the morality and purity of the community. Their plea of want of power, can scarcely be admitted as a fair release from responsibility, since the moralists, and even the politicians, of our own day, have asserted, that no evil can obtain great predominance in the community, without the permission of females.

The cause of Temperance, which has already wrought such wonders, and has still a giant's work to perform, claims their earnest co-operation. Surely they, whose duties and felicities are involved in the domestic and maternal relations, should be peculiarly and painfully watchful against every approach of a sin which desecrates home's hallowed sanctuary.

We do not, of course, address those who have given their

hand to the Destroyer,—who, in the strong language of inspiration, have "made a covenant with the grave, and with hell are at agreement." We are sensible that scarcely any agent, save the voice of Him who raiseth the dead, is available to break their bondage. But they, who, with regard to this insidious poison, literally obey the precept, "touch not, taste not, handle not," and suppose themselves absolved from all other effort:—*are they therefore absolved.*

My sisters, if we assent to the proposition, that not to prevent sin, when in our power to do so, is as blameable as to have aided in its perpetration, are we justified in supineness, while such multitudes are going down to the grave, with this leprosy in their skirts, and in their soul? Do we, to the teaching of example, add the whole weight of that influence, which the courtesy of an enlightened age, and the condescension of the religion of Jesus, have in these latter days accorded us? If we are conscious of remissness, let the words of the poet admonish us—

"Lo! our not doing, is set down
Among our darkest deeds"—

Let the word of inspiration counsel us, to avoid the anguish with which the erring sons of Jacob exclaimed, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

Intemperance is by the fireside—at the household board—in the nursery,—*have we nothing to do?* We whose affections have taken root by that fireside,—whose province it is to make that household board subservient to health and heavenly gratitude,—to whom that nursery is the garner of the fondest hopes for time and for eternity:—shall we perceive, amid those sacred haunts, the footstep of the enemy, and *slumber?*

Wife!—who by a solemn vow before men and angels, hast entered into a union which death alone can sever, has it been your fate to see the vice of intemperance casting a deadly shadow over a heart in which, next to heaven, was your confidence? And day by day, and hour after hour, as you watched its fearful ravage, have you been vigilant, not to upbraid, not to argue reproachfully, but to repress your own sorrows, to render home desirable, to re-awaken those affections which are the guardians

of purity and peace? Above all, were your supplications unceasing to Him who "turneth the heart of man, as the rivers of waters are turned?" If so, though the harvest of your labours may have perished—though the disruption of your hopes, nothing earthly can supply—still you will have escaped that deeper torture of reflecting, that you are "verily guilty concerning" him who was once "your more than brother,—and your next to God."

Mother!—whose duties are laid deeper than any vow of the lips, even in the immutable strength of a love that cannot swerve,—have you counselled your offspring in this matter, "rising up early, and late taking rest?" Among those habits which modify character, did you inculcate the control of the animal appetites,—the superiority of happiness derived from intellect and virtue, to the fleeting pleasures of sense,—the nobleness of subjugating the flesh to the spirit? Did you oppose with your frown, with the force of your authority, the first aberration from these principles? Did you fully set before them the infirmity of their nature, the dangers that surround them, the necessity that they should seek help from God? At dawn, and at noon-day, and in the hush of midnight, was there a lifting up of your heart, that they might be "temperate in all things?" Yet, should it be your lot to behold *one* whom you had nurtured, blot the inheritance of his ancestors, and sink into the drunkard's grave,—God forbid that you stand before His tribunal, and say, "I am verily guilty, concerning"——whom?——not the brother whose habits you might not have been able to influence,—not the husband, whom it was not your province to control,—but the child, whom you brought into life, and loved more than life,—the child, for the first pencilled lines upon whose soul you are accountable,—because it was intrusted to you as soft and unsullied wax, that you might stamp it with the seal of heaven. L. H. S.

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery than a thousand crosses.

Virtue is the first quality to be considered in the choice of a friend.

For the Mother's Magazine.

DIVINE INFLUENCE ON CHILDREN.

"I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." *Isaiah* 44. 3—"In the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy." *Acts.* 2. 17.

"Dear Mother, I wish to talk with you," said my little daughter, as she took my hand, and led me into her father's study—"And what do you wish to talk about, Mary?—"Will you tell me one thing," said she earnestly, as the tears filled her eyes; "How shall I stand before God? How shall I appear before him? I have often thought that I had given him my heart, and hoped I was his dear child, but I fear I am not ready to go and stand before him!" A momentous question truly, and one which has often agitated the bosom of this little girl. As I have frequently contemplated with admiration and gratitude, the effects of the Divine influence on her heart and character, I have been led to inquire, "Do we sufficiently appreciate the inestimable blessing?—and after all, do we take the natural steps to secure it for our children?—"I will send the Comforter, and he shall take up his abode with you," said the ascending Saviour—The Comforter—celestial, infinite, and omnipotent Helper—kind and tender companion of our way, to soothe our sorrows and sustain us under the pressure of earthly care and toil—daily with us in the closet to bear up the unuttered petition to the throne,—nearer than the nearest friend—faithful till the dying hour!—What a promise! What a friend amid the dangers and temptations and trials of life, ever at hand to "hide us in the secret of his pavilion." Fainting and weary in the laborious ascent of life, what could we do, unsustained by this Great "Helper."—And then to think of the rich clusters of heavenly fruit where He resides; the "love" which never faileth; the "joy" which lights the countenance, the "peace" which passeth understanding, seated upon the brow; the "gentleness" which dwelt in the Lamb—the "goodness" unwearied in diffusing happiness, the "faith" which fastens on invisible things, giving to the follies of this vain world their just insignificancy.—I

ask, do we appreciate such a friend, and not ardently desire his intimate friendship and constant presence, in our hearts and in our houses?—Does He receive that affectionate gratitude and confidence which He has a right to expect? And do we take to Him our little ones, with the assurance that He loves to dwell in the heart of a child? Do we endeavor to impress upon their young minds the most agreeable and attractive conceptions of his character,—teaching them to pray for his aid and guidance along the path of childhood, as the greatest blessing God can give? Do we watch the emotions of their spirits, ready to welcome the first approach of this benignant Friend? And are we exceedingly anxious, lest, in their childish folly, they grieve his tenderness and weary his patience? If the writer has been led, of late years, to lament the wounds and neglects she has inflicted on such an exalted Intercessor, and if she esteems it her highest honor to teach her children to admire, and love, and seek his favor, "more than the finest gold," to Him be the glory,—to Him be praise for every kind suggestion! But the results are most happy. In the infant soul his voice has been heard. Along the gay steps of childhood, He has been a welcome Friend; and in the more sober years of youth, his visits are esteemed the golden periods of existence. Yes, sooner than we expect, He comes, as if his favorite spot was the heart of a little child. What a Friend for our children, when "father and mother forsake them!"

"Mother, I can't tell you how happy I felt in prayer this morning! When I gave myself to God, it seemed as if there was a *sun in my soul*," said a little child, a few days since. Truly,

> "He is a Sun to guide our way,
> And turn our darkness into day."

Let us think more of the Comforter, the dying gift of our Lord,—seek for Him, not as a visiter, but companion,—open our hearts as a home for His dwelling-place. Let us instruct our infant children to love the name of the Holy Comforter, and seek His help in their first petitions. Let us beware of slighting Him—of *living without Him!* Let us take heed

lest we presume to train our children in the right way, without His daily assistance. And in our meetings for prayer and consultation, let there be united and fervent supplication for this best of God's gifts, for our beloved children. What a discovery will it be, should we find, as we enter the eternal world, that a thousand blessings were ready for ourselves and children, which could not be given, because in our earthly pilgrimage we thought so slightly of the Holy Spirit,—so faintly desired his abode, and were so willing to have Him depart from our houses. We "receive not, because we ask not."

UNHAPPY MATRIMONY.

Mrs. Sproat, in her "Family Lectures," justly remarks: A great portion of the wretchedness which has often imbittered a married life, I am persuaded, has originated in the neglect of trifles.

Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a plant that will not even bear the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with a shower of tender affection, expanded with a glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus nurtured, it will bloom in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.

Enemies have always been found the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself.

Covetousness knows no mercy; nor can a lover of money be a lover of his neighbor.

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THE

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THE MOTHER'S FACE.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

THE wonderful provision which the Former of our bodies has made, by means of a very curious and elaborate apparatus of nerves and muscles, to enable the soul *to give expression to the countenance*, furnishes additional evidence of the importance of our subject. I have lying before me a work of 218 pages, quarto, devoted to its illustration:—"Essays on the Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression," by the distinguished Charles Bell, of London. Did time permit, a brief analysis of this work would be laid before the reader. But the writer fears that should he attempt it, he would exceed the limits assigned him. He cannot refrain, however, from giving this very condensed view of the subject. The soul is connected with, and acts upon, the whole corporeal system. The heart sympathizes with this system. The heart and the lungs are united in the closest sympathy. They are acutely alive to the changes and exertions of the human frame, and to the various affections of the mind. *Intimately connected with the heart and the lungs, and also with each other, are the organs of speech and of expression,—the voice and the countenance,—through which the soul manifests its thoughts and feelings.*

All this shows the wonderful contrivance of that Being who formed us,—what skill he employed in thus establishing the union between mind and body in relation to this subject,—and

what strong claims it has upon our attention. Has he done so much to give expression to the human countenance, and to make it both *the index and agent of the soul*, and must it not in its power, and character, and habits of expression, have an influence of immense weight? Would God have provided such an admirable piece of mechanism, to furnish an intercourse between mind and mind, if the most important uses were not to be made of it? In appreciating and employing the various means of influence with which the God of nature and of grace has furnished her, for the training up of her children, can the prayerful and conscientious mother discharge her duty, without regarding these uses, and deriving from them their practical results?

Can *all* mothers employ this peculiar means of influence to advantage? Are not the habits of expression of some faces so fixed, that no change in them can be effected? Can very plain and homely countenances command the wished for results? Other inquiries of a similar kind might be made, and tend, perhaps, to produce discouragement. But, although *young mothers* will undoubtedly possess some peculiar facilities in the accomplishment of the object, older ones need by no means despair. And so far from mere symmetrical beauty of countenance affording the best adapted apparatus for the highest order of intellectual and moral expression, it is often the case that it is *too tame and uniform* for this; and that plainer features have more striking and decidedly interesting manifestations of the intelligence and benevolence of the soul. How often does it happen, that what is called *a very handsome face*, after a familiar acquaintance, loses its charm, and fades away in the estimation of the beholder into downright insignificance; while plain, and sometimes almost ugly features, seem, as they are observed day after day, to be acquiring a singular and increasing loveliness. It is the *soul* that makes this difference. The character and movements of that soul, give intellectual and moral expression to the countenance; and *this expression, when it is what it should be, constitutes the highest order of beauty.*

She who is not too old to cultivate more and more of *the spirit of Christ*, is not too old to improve in all the heaven-

like expressions of countenance; and she who has received from nature the plainest set of features, has a noble triumph to gain, in causing *the beauty of mind* to be so shed over them, as to lead others to wonder how such homeliness can be so lovely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 3.

ON EDUCATION.

FEMALE education, even with all the improvements it has undergone in this enlightened age, is still very defective. The causes are few, and easily removed by the hands that move the springs of society. May I hint at some of those causes?

1. In the education of females, the place they are to occupy, and the duties they are required to perform, are too much disregarded. In the first creation, Eve was made because it was not good that man should be alone. Possessed of a social principle, Adam needed society. God, therefore, formed a companion for him, and gave her to the man. Thus plainly are her place and duties indicated in her original creation.

That education, therefore, is manifestly defective, which fails to regulate, strengthen, and elevate the female mind. You must be taught to think, to think seriously; to investigate truth; to go down into the well where it is said to be hid, and bring it up; to meditate, reflect, review your decisions, and act from rational conviction, intelligently, and from principle.

Look at that thoughtless girl. What security is there to her moral principles? She may have formed no deliberate consent to sin. But she is thoughtless. She is a child of mere feeling. Innocent, perhaps, in her folly, yet what a subject for deception! How easily might the destroyer take her in his toils! She has always leaned on indulgent parents, or others, and has never thought of self-protection. She can hardly be said to

have character. That is still to be formed. And what if she is exposed to form it amid temptations thick and strong! Who would guarantee her integrity? But give her knowledge,—that is power. Let her mind be strengthened by the conflicts of opinion, by the excitement of study, by the quickening influence of argumentation; let great principles be thus established, and her intellectual character formed and elevated by an education, which puts her on her own resources, and develops them. Can such a lady be imposed upon? No. Place her in any community, alone and friendless. She has mind, she has knowledge,—that is power. She can do something. That commands respect. She *will be* respected. She will receive attention. She is worth something to the world. She acts her part in the great business of life, and her actions tell on the great interests of man.

As intelligent and just views of truth are the best means of giving strength to the intellect, and firmness to purpose, it is plain, that *the education of the mind* forms the proper subject of female instruction. Yet how widely different from this is the practice of many parents, and the notions of many young ladies. Some seem never to have entertained the thought that the ordinary modes of education belong to them. I have seen some ladies, and mothers too, who seemed to think it vulgar for ladies *to study*. The idea of taking a part in the active duties of life hardly enters their minds. To rise before the sun, belongs, in their view, to poor people, hirelings, slaves. To be usefully employed in company, to be found with a book, or at work, would mortify them exceedingly. They live for—they know not what. They will die—they know not when. They will go—they seem to care not where.

2. A second mistake in female education is the neglect or misdirection of the social principle. This principle may be regarded as one of the distinctive characteristics of man. It implies something more than brute instinct, and is elevated above mere animal pleasures. It involves the exercise of the highest qualities of the head and the heart, and originates a class of refined pleasures connected with the immortality itself of the soul. Education, then, should be employed to develop, exercise, and

give direction to this principle, to distinguish it from mere animal feeling, to make it subserve a moral effect, and connect it with another and a nobler life.

In social intercourse, the prescribed rules of etiquette are often an affectation of refinement at the expense of all comfort, improvement, business, and even truth itself. Whenever truth is sacrificed at the door, sacrilege and profanation will be deemed no crime in the temple itself. It is far better to turn your bolt on the whole world, and be solitary, than vulgarly familiar, or associated with unworthy companions. Even suitable associations are often unprofitably conducted. Time is trifled away, and the door of improvement closed by a visiter, to whose usurpations your civility yields. Against such, is there no law? There certainly is. Introduce a profitable book. O, that will be very impolite. In whose judgment? By none, except those whose company you can well spare. *They* impose on you their authorship, and may *you* not in turn select yours, and introduce, if you please, another visiter? Change the conversation, that has become unprofitable. Insist on it. The premises are yours. If not, retire. Make your social intercourse profitable, at least not injurious.

But there are dangers and temptations in every house, not chargeable to visiters. With those who are always together, there is a strong temptation to seek after something new, to excite admiration or change the scene. Hence, slanders, exaggerations of truth, or glaring falsehoods, are often brought to the aid of a vacant mind.

Avoid the habit of ceaseless conversation on living characters. It cherishes a superficial manner of thinking, as well as a censorious disposition. Conversation, to be made profitable, must be mainly employed upon principles and facts; persons should be referred to incidentally, and with strict regard not only to truth, but candor and propriety. Some seem to think of little else than their neighbors. They are always in a state of excitement at the ordinary events of life. A pruriency of thought, which requires restraint, is thereby sometimes betrayed even by young ladies, little calculated to recommend them to those whom they seek to please. As a remedy for these evils,

which will be encountered more or less in every family, I advise you,—in the first place, *learn to be silent.* This is a lesson which costs nothing, and, early taken, may be easily learnt, but rarely attained, when an opposite habit has become inveterate. As a second means of defence against the evils of an ungoverned tongue, have always some sober, profitable subject of thought, which you may call up at pleasure. Ground preoccupied, is not so easily entered upon.

3. A third cause for the defective education of females may be found in their imperfect apprehension of their own responsibilities. They too often entertain the notion, that as intellectual beings, it was not the design of Providence that they should associate with the lords of this lower world; and as to being helps to their lords, they think they were made only to be helped and waited upon. Fatal misapprehension! Let their protector, by one of a thousand casualties constantly impending, fail in business,—must they not share his adversity? Let him die, and his estate be represented insolvent,—must they not beg their bread, or work for it? Do they not contribute their full share to success where it comes, and by their assiduous services, crown the blessing? And can these responsibilities be discharged by a mere puppet, a plaything? No. It requires a rational being, elevated in moral feeling, towering in intellect, rising with godlike man in his improvements. It requires a companion to do this. Is he not an intellectual being, and shall he be satisfied with the companionship of a mere animal? Is *he*, by causes constantly operating in his sphere of duty, rising in the scale of intellectual being, and shall *she* not proceed *pari passu* as his companion? Can she otherwise hold his respect, or be worthy of his companionship? She cannot. Be assured, when their plays and days of falseness are over, the other sex will seek ladies of cultivated minds and thought, on whom to bestow their confidence, and receive to their companionship.

4. A fourth bar to female improvement is the slavish control of fashion. Some notions of what belongs to the claims of society, are set on foot often by the thoughtless, or those least worthy of regard. They are practised on by a few, re-

ported by the loquacious, and finally required as necessary forms in society. These rules often come in conflict with every plan of intellectual improvement, and make mental dwarfs of our children. These children are thus early placed in the hand of intellectual nurses, who withhold all wholesome nutriment, and feed their immortal souls with the serpent's food.

5. Parental indulgence is another serious detriment to female education. Instead of directing their children in their education, children often direct their parents. When a child is put to school, and the lessons become hard, she flinches. Then is the time for salutary discipline. But instead of commanding her to persevere, the parent announces to the teacher that the dear creature is dissatisfied, and she must be withdrawn. Thus, before she has time to prove the pleasures of acquisition, she is taken from her studies with the remembrance only that they are bitter.

6. The indiscreet flatteries of friends oppose another obstacle. As soon as a young lady can calculate the disbursement of her pin-money, write a billet intelligibly, and finger the piano a little better than her grandmother, she is set up as a prodigy, and finishes her education.

7. Self-conceit, which is cherished by every influence of this kind exerted on her at home, unnerves the spirit of enterprise, and is the end of effort. She is then past improvement, because she is her own paragon.

8. Prematurity is another bar to progress, which is often met even before the course is fairly commenced. Little girls too soon become young ladies, and are then too old to go to school. Here improvement stops. You will never be too old to learn whatever you have not learnt before.

These causes combined, still operate to hold female education in practice far behind our theory. Young ladies stop short in their literary course, and put out their own light. Instead of taking the lead, they become subjected to foreign influences, and a consequent mental imbecility that prepares the unhappy subjects for any deceptions, which the designing and wicked may seek to practise on them. It is affecting to see how many

of the sex are *degraded* even in Christian countries. But deceptions are not often practised on well-educated ladies. . It is the ignorant, and those whose education has been *misdirected*, who are deceived to their ruin. We say again, knowledge is power. It is, therefore, a defence, and where its munitions are stored, nothing is wanting to render the citadel impregnable, but true moral courage, which may be called the courage of TRUE MORALITY.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS ON THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

BY C. A. GOODRICH.

AFTER an anxious interval of some years, the Holy Spirit appears again to be extensively abroad in the land, reviving the churches, and bringing sinners to the obedience of the gospel. In nearly every religious newspaper, which now issues from the press, is to be found the grateful intelligence, that a revival has recently commenced in some city, town, or village. And while the work appears to be progressing with great power, it is characterized by unusual stillness, and deep solemnity. This is gratifying. It is an evidence that it is peculiarly *God's* work, and, therefore, one in which those who become converted may be expected to prove, to an unusual extent, the sincere, persevering, and efficient disciples of Jesus.

Judging from what is taking place in this vicinity, I am led to believe, that a great number of *children* are subjects of the work. It is therefore a season of peculiar interest and anxiety with parents. Many parents are not prepared for such scenes as they are witnessing within their own habitations. They scarcely know what credit to give to such early convictions and conversions; and they feel quite incapable of imparting appropriate instruction to such young and tender minds; or of guiding them safely through the anxious period of thoughtlessness and spiritual concern. Recent circumstances having led

the writer of this article to some reflections on the subject, he takes the liberty of forwarding a few brief suggestions for the Magazine for the coming month, with the hope that they may contribute to the comfort and assistance of such parents, as, without much experience, find their children spiritually anxious, and looking to them for instruction and guidance.

1. No good reason can be assigned, why children even of tender years may not be converted.

Instances of such conversions are recorded, in all periods of the church. The Scriptures make mention of some—Samuel, Josiah, Jeremiah, Timothy, &c.—in whose hearts divine love sprung up early. Thousands of others, in the progress of time, have doubtless been born into the kingdom of God early. But there is reason to believe, that the number is far less than might have been. Why? Evidently from the prevalence of an opinion, that children are incapable of understanding the gospel system. Hence, they have been neglected; and this neglect has resulted, as might have been expected, in the conversion of comparatively few. But, as more correct views have prevailed, and children have received greater attention, more have been converted. The Sabbath school, religious books adapted to the youthful mind, the distribution of plain, simple tracts, and maternal associations, have wrought, and are working moral wonders. A foundation has been laying for a wide spread moral and religious influence, and we are beginning to see its legitimate effects. God is evidently honoring these efforts. It is now certain that truth can tell on the hearts of children, as well as on the hearts of older persons; provided it be adapted to their understandings. And as the adaptation of means is still better understood—as time rolls on, and we approach nearer to the day of Millenial light and glory—we shall doubtless see a far greater number converted in the very morning of their being. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God will ordain and bring forth praise.

2. Parents have great encouragement to pray, and labor, for the immediate as well as early conversion of their children.

This encouragement they have always had; but they seem not to have appreciated it. They have prayed for it, as a bless-

ing to be expected by and by; they have instructed their children, with the hope, that it would not indeed be labor lost; but they have felt that the seed sown must lie in the soil, perhaps *for years*, and *then* spring up. They have sung and believed—

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

But they have not prayed and labored, as expectants of an *immediate* harvest. Parents are bound, indeed, to pray for, and instruct, their children, although no immediate results are seen; and in many instances none are perceived. Such efforts, however, will not be lost—their instructions may be expected ultimately to exert an important influence—their prayers will be remembered by a God of faithfulness. But the conviction is gathering strength, that parents may expect a more immediate answer to their prayers—a more speedy effect of their labors and instructions, in the conversion of their children, at an earlier period of life, than they have been wont to do.

3. Parents should not expect their children ordinarily to be exercised with as deep, or as protracted distress, as persons of maturer age.

In point of *fact*, children need a change of heart as truly as the sinner of threescore and ten. But the circumstances of children are widely different from those of sinners of riper years. They are far more susceptible to the truth—they are more ingenuous—their consciences are more tender—their fears more easily excited—they have not sinned as flagrantly, nor as long. Sin has not taken so deep a root in their hearts. Although guilty, their stains are by no means of so crimson a die—the habits of sin have not become so confirmed and inveterate. Why, then, expect the same appearances in them as in hardened offenders? Why the same degree of alarm? Or the same poignant distress? Or the continuance of these ordinarily for the same length of time? In the natural world, the tender shoot bends and breaks more readily than the thick set and consolidated oak. Why may it not be so in the moral world, in

respect to the heart of a child, compared with that of the obdurate and obstinate sinner? A rill of water is more easily turned than the channel of the deep and majestic river. The incipient flame more easily extinguished than the wide-spread and devouring fire. It may be so in respect to the affections of the soul. They may be more easily turned towards God in the morning of life, than in after years. It may be true, that the distress of a child for sin a single day, may ordinarily prepare that child to yield up its heart to God more cheerfully—more entirely, than the distress of a sinner a whole month, who has attained to the age of fifty years. True, God is able to effect the subjugation of any sinner, however inveterate his habits of sin may have become, in a single moment;—but if analogy—if the reasonableness of the case—if observation and experience are worth any thing, children should not be expected to be distressed as deeply, or as long, as sinners of maturer age, and in whose hearts the vicious principle has acquired corresponding strength.

Hence, parents should not hastily decide, for the foregoing reasons, that their children are not converted. On the contrary, let them indulge the hope that they are so. Let them presume it, until they see satisfactory evidence to the contrary. If it be not a real work of grace upon the heart, they will be likely ere long to discover it; whereas, if it be, by too great distrust, they will throw the little disciple of Jesus into the dark; and though the light which has dawned there may still glimmer under the incumbent cloud, and may one day burst forth; still the struggle may be long and difficult—the glory of God in the conversion of that child may be procrastinated, the good which it might accomplish, even into tender years, be prevented, and its progress in grace long be impeded.

In one respect, parents are often inconsistent, and, I fear, chargeable with unbelief and ingratitude. They pray and labor for the conversion of their children—hail the incipient thoughtfulness with joy, and watch the progress of anxiety and distress with alternate hope and fear; and when, at length, the countenance of the little immortal brightens into joy—when it expresses its love for Jesus—immediately the parents, filled with

apprehension and distrust, exclaim, "This is impossible! This is too much to expect!" Now, it is far wiser to admit the evidence which exists, and to cherish the hopes which their children indulge—cautiously, prudently, indeed, but with just so much assurance as not to repress the joy, confidence, and zeal of their child. If spiritual life has not been begun there, the seeming evidence of it will soon fade away—if it has, smile upon it, foster it, that it may spring up, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God's grace.

4. Parents must not ordinarily look for the same amount of evidence, in respect to the conversion of their children, which they often see in persons of maturer years.

Although children are generally more ingenuous and undisguised than older persons, their sympathies are more easily touched—their fears more easily excited; at the same time, they are more ignorant of the feelings and workings of a wicked nature, and have less understanding of the gospel as a system, and find it more difficult to give expression, in appropriate language, to their feelings and exercises. These, and other considerations, viewed in combination, lead us to doubt, whether children generally may be expected to present the same evidence of their conversion as others do. There are instances, doubtless, in which the evidence is full and satisfactory. Some such cases have fallen under my own observation; but I think there is a general feeling of distrust, in respect to the conversion of children of tender years. This distrust probably arises, in part, from the considerations already suggested. And to these may be added, that truly converted children are found to be children still. The life and buoyancy incidental, and even appropriate, to their age, will manifest themselves, and sometimes in a form and to a degree which may appear to the more advanced Christian inconsistent with grace in the heart. But due allowance should be made for their age, ignorance, and excitability. "When I was a child," says Paul, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." This should be expected, in respect to children who have been born into the kingdom. They will not unfrequently appear destitute of the seriousness, consideration, and consistency, which would seem

to be the necessary result of piety; yet, it will be found, that they have their seasons of tenderness, and self-reproach, and repentance. Such states of the mind often occur, without any apparent cause. Thus they may pass on for some years, the evidence of their piety, upon the whole, increasing; yet not so clear and satisfactory, at any time, as to leave parents and friends no reason to doubt respecting them. At length, may be a revival occurs. During this, their hopes are swept away, and passing through a season of conviction and distress, they come forth as the decided, and henceforth established, friends of Christ and his cause. Often, in such cases, the friends of the child, and the child himself, dates his conversion from this latter period; whereas, the change was effected years before, and the evidence of it would have continued to brighten, through all that period, had parents and friends been more faithful in the cultivation of its piety.

It was the intention of the writer to embrace some other, and perhaps more important, topics in the present article; but limited as to the space which he is permitted to occupy in the Magazine, he is obliged, though reluctantly, to append to this article

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTERS ON INDIA.—BY A LADY.

No. VII.

MY DEAR NIECE—

Temples are more numerous in India than houses for Christian worship are in this country. There is seldom a village or a hamlet so small, that it has not a temple. And where there is no temple, there is one place or more of worship, where the idol is set up under a tree, or by the wayside, or in the open field. There is no such thing in India as being without god, and without hope. Every man has a god, and all indulge

a hope that it will be well with them after death. Though they are not so sanguine in their expectations of happiness, but they will admit that the *chances* may be against them. And their consolation is, "who knows." The heathen are quite unable to understand the distinction we make between a *nominal* and a real Christian. They cannot comprehend how one man, born in a Christian land, is a Christian, and another is not. And how a man should be named after Christ, and not receive him as a guide and teacher, is to them unintelligible.

Heathen temples are not built by communities, or associations, but by individuals. A rich man, as a matter of merit, builds a temple, consecrates it to some god, whose image he places in it, and then provides priests, servants, lights, and whatever of furniture is requisite for burning incense, making offerings, sacrifices, &c. Whether he sets up a well known and universally acknowledged god, or whether he introduce to the pantheon a new deity, is of little consequence. If the temple be a splendid one, and there be a good array of servants and gods' wives, there will be no want of priests, and offerings, and worshippers. In one instance, during my residence in India, a rich native built a temple and put a god in it, to which he gave *his own name*. And another, the murderer of his mother, was deified and worshipped, till prohibited by the interference of the English government.

Immense sums of money are expended in temples. They are usually built of stone, which has been hewn and sculptured at great expense. And many spacious and beautiful places of worship have been excavated from the solid rock.

The temples of the Hindoos are not, as many suppose, the places of public concourse, where the people assemble for the purpose of receiving religious instruction, or for social worship. No service of this kind takes place at the temple. Individuals come at their option, worship in solitude, and retire. The morning is the more general time for worship. Many come also in the evening. The ordinary mode of worship is this: the worshipper having left his turban and upper garment at home, repairs to the temple of *his* god, (for every man becomes the votary of whatever god he chooses,) bringing a vessel of

water, or a handful of rice, for an offering, or a little incense, or a garland of flowers. He enters the temple, presents himself before the god, joins his hands, and makes a low salam; then bathes the image, by pouring the water that he brought in his vessel over his head; puts the garland of flowers about his neck, burns incense, and prostrates himself several times before the idol. It is seldom, however, that an individual is found so devotional as to go through with these several mummeries. Circumambulating the image, is a common mode of worship. Repeating over the names of different deities, carrying them about in solemn procession, and honoring them by making presents to Brahmuns, are all ways of doing homage to their gods, and "making righteousness."

Besides the gods of the temples which are for public worship, every family have their household deities for private worship; and as the people seem to be left at their own fancy, as to what god they shall worship, they select one who is famed for cures of diseases, or for conferring riches, or the removal of difficulties, or protection in the hour of danger. Thus these imaginary deities become rivals in their pretensions to benefit their votaries. If a man is not prospered under the auspices of one god, he will, on the recommendation of a friend, select another one, who has the reputation of being particularly propitious in the thing desired by the worshipper.

Religion with this wretched people is a mere matter of ceremony. It has no application to the heart. A man may sustain a high religious character, and still be very immoral. If he has performed some tedious pilgrimage, and visited some holy place, or endured severe penance, by these means he has accumulated righteousness which he may dispose of to another, or make it a source of livelihood to himself. He becomes a mendicant the remainder of his life, and fares more sumptuously on the hard-earned labors of the people, than those who labor. There are a great number of religious beggars, and they are the most impudent, disgusting, and outrageously indecent men, of any caste in India. Yet they are deemed the most devoted and holy. Such are the fruits of one of the most refined and learned systems of idolatry on the face of the earth.

But I will detain you no longer on the character and condition of the Hindoos. Our correspondence must here close. Allow me, however, a word in conclusion. You have a faint picture of a heathen nation before you. You see their condition, and you know how to contrast this with your own. Nothing but a bad moral character, the direct and necessary result of paganism, makes them to differ from us. In many respects, they possess natural advantages over the people of our own country. They have a productive soil, and to them a pleasant, salubrious climate. Their country is full of romance and interest. And there we find all the materials for rearing up a most interesting and lovely church. Nothing but Christianity, operating in all its benign influences, is wanted to render the Hindoos a rich, prosperous, and virtuous people. Christianity is an infallible remedy for all their woes—a fountain from which alone can flow the streams of living waters, making rich in this world, and crowning with infinite riches in the world that is to come.

In view of these things, what ought American women to do? God has done much for them, and great is their responsibility —and correspondingly great is their duty.

And now, my dear niece, in taking my final leave of you, permit me to ask, do you feel your own personal responsibility in this momentous work of foreign missions? We may not hope the work will be accomplished till there is a deeper feeling of individual responsibility. While this is left to the church, or to the Christian world, it will never be done. But when every individual Christian shall feel and act right, and thus bear his and her own responsibilities, we may expect the desires of our hearts to be accomplished. Let us then *do our* part, and pray God to quicken his people to the discharge of their duty in reference to a dying world. Then shall the kingdom, and the dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom, under the whole heaven, be given to the people of the saints of the most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him.

Yours, &c.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LECTURES TO MOTHERS.

DEAR MADAM,

As your Magazine is nearly the only publication in the whole Christian world, devoted to the great class of persons —Mothers—I send you a few hints upon what I think ministers might do. God places pastors in his family—the church—on purpose to improve every member. Christ compares his people to sheep; and his command, "*Feed my sheep*," never can have a more beautiful application than to mothers. And as I go around among the families of my congregation, it often occurs to me, that "*she who rocks the cradle, rocks the world.*" How much more the church! And is it not strange, that so few pastors take any special care to feed their flock with appropriate food.

About three years since, having previously had some solemn reflections on this subject, I called all the mothers of my congregation together, and gave them a familiar lecture. This was so well attended, and so well received, that I have continued the same practice since. And the Maternal Association have inserted an article in their constitution, by which they agree to request such a lecture once a quarter. This is a public lecture; and at the last, I invited all the ladies, old and young, to attend. More than two hundred accepted the invitation; and I believe this service will be of much permanent benefit. I find much satisfaction in it myself. It keeps the subject before my own mind, and allows me an opportunity to discuss certain things, which I should not otherwise name once in ten years, if I did not wholly overlook them.

I wish to request all the ministers of Christ in our land, and world, to make this trial, at least for one year. I am sure many dear mothers would bless them with many prayers and tears, and much affection. Nay, the effort itself would prove a blessing to each minister, ten thousand times worth its expense. Brethren, let us "try." Yours, &c.

A PASTOR.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE DEVOUT CHILD.

EVERY child that has read the Bible attentively, will remember what is there said about the prophet Samuel. But perhaps very few children have thought much about his childhood, and his early piety, by what means Samuel came to grow up to be such an eminent and useful servant of the Lord. It is for this reason that I wish to call the attention of children to a few striking facts in the early history, character, and experience of young Samuel.

His mother, whose name was Hannah, or Anna, which signifies *grace*, was a very good woman. She exercised great faith, as will be seen from the fact, that she asked God to give her a son, and that she dedicated him to God, even before his birth.

It cannot be doubted but that Hannah often prayed with her infant son, and taught him much about the great and good God who made heaven and earth. Hannah did not intrust her little child to the care of a nurse, but she nursed him, and took care of him, and instructed him *herself*.

When she went up to Shiloh to worship in the tempie, she took her young son with her, and there she and her husband publicly dedicated him to God, and they offered sacrifices and burnt offerings to the Lord, as was customary at the dedication of infant children.

We must suppose that Samuel was at this time a very amiable and intelligent child, for it appears from the history that Hannah left him with Eli, to wait upon him, and to minister in the temple. If he had not been thus amiable and intelligent, he would not have been so willing to be left with a stranger, and probably Eli would not otherwise have been so willing to receive him under his immediate care. He was probably a pious child at this time. His mother must have instructed him how to pray for himself, for it is said of Samuel, that he worshipped the Lord there. There is something very beautiful and

touching in the language of this pious mother, as she departed from the temple; probably laying her hand on the head of her son, she exclaims, "I have lent him to the Lord. As long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord."

Not long after Samuel went to live with Eli, he received what seems to us a very wonderful message from God. It was, to be sure, somewhat different as to manner from what God speaks to children now, but no more wonderful, or more kind, if we consider the benevolence and power of God. This message which God gave to Samuel was very short and explicit, and easily understood, and easily complied with. Those are the best teachers who first gain the attention of their young pupils, and then give them short, explicit, and easy lessons.

Young Samuel was early distinguished for a few things, which it would be well if every child would strive to imitate. I do not see why every child who is religiously instructed, may not be distinguished for the same qualities of heart, and the same upright conduct.

He was an *obedient child*—he was a *lover* of *truth*—he was *honest*—and he manifested great *moral courage*. Oh, that every child who may read this simple story, would strive to practise these noble virtues.

It is very natural for children to inquire, "in what way did God speak to Samuel?" It is probable that there was an audible voice, and that there was a visible appearance. For it is said, "And the Lord came *and stood*, and called as at other times, Samuel! Samuel!"

When Eli perceived that God had spoken to Samuel by night in a vision, he asked him in the morning, what message God had delivered to him. Samuel, though he feared to tell Eli, lest it should displease him, yet he did not dare to dissemble. No, he did not in the smallest particular attempt to disguise the truth. He frankly told Eli all that God had revealed to him about Eli's family, and the severe and awful punishments he would inflict upon his house, and upon his two ungodly sons. Though Samuel must have known that it would exceedingly grieve Eli to hear such painful tidings, yet Samuel did not dare to tell a lie.

If a child will begin thus early to obey his parents and teachers, to speak the truth, and to pray to God, and to worship him, and to obey his commands, and will be careful not to grieve the Holy Spirit, then God will as assuredly speak again and again to the heart and the conscience of that child, as he did to Samuel.

If a child ever feels solemn, or sad, at the recollection of his sins, or at the thought of dying, or if his heart feels grateful to God for giving him pious parents, or a faithful Sabbath school teacher, or food, or raiment, or any other good thing, or if he feels sorry that he has done wrong, and has displeased God, or his parents, or a brother, sister, or teacher—he may be sure that it is God who thus speaks to his heart and conscience. It is the silent, but persuasive voice of the Holy Spirit, speaking to him in gentle whispers. A child in such a case should never refuse or neglect to go by himself immediately, and tell God all that is in his heart; and if he does, then he may be sure that God will, by his Spirit, speak to him again and again, and tell him something else. Whenever a child feels a secret desire to pray to God to give him a new heart, or to bless his parents, or his brothers and sisters, or when one has done him an injury, and grieved him, and he wishes that God would make them sensible of this wrong, and soften their hearts, and forgive them, he should tell God all that is in his heart, and ask God, for Christ's sake, to hear his prayers, and to grant his requests. When a child does this, and does not harden his heart against God, he may be certain that God's spirit, the "revealer of secrets," "the comforter," will speak to him again and again, and tell him something more still.

It was just in this way young Samuel was trained up to be a minister and a prophet of the Lord. He hearkened, when young, to the counsels of his mother, and to the counsels of Eli, and this prepared the way for him to obey the voice of the Lord.

It was because Samuel was so obedient when young, that God so signally blessed him, and made him happy, when he became a man. This was the reason, too, why he became so useful, and did so much good as a judge in Israel.

Perhaps some child, who shall read this account of young Samuel, may feel inclined to think, if not to say, Oh, if God should speak to me, as he did to Samuel, in a loud voice, and called me by name, I should not dare to disobey his voice.

Let such a child remember, that when God first spoke to Samuel, Samuel did not know it was the Lord who called him. He thought it was Eli, and yet he strictly obeyed, though it was in the darkness of the night; and the voice came at three different times, yet Samuel did not think it a hardship, or complain that it was an unseasonable hour, or that it was dark, and he was afraid, or that it was disagreeable to leave his warm and comfortable bed. How ready Samuel was to take counsel of Eli! It was Eli that instructed Samuel whose voice it was that called him, and what he must answer, if the voice should be again repeated. Children should remember, that spiritual blessings not only came to Samuel through his attention and obedience to the pious counsels and advice given by his parents, and by Eli, but that God has ordained that it shall be the same with all children to the end of time.

Samuel implicitly believed what his parents told him—what Eli told him—and to the monitions of the spirit of God; and he was cheerful and prompt to obey their pious commands. In conclusion, I would say to every child, whether young or old, if they are disobedient to their earthly parents or guardians, despise and reject their counsels, they would not listen, or be persuaded, though one arose from the dead;—remaining disobedient, they cannot expect the blessing of God upon themselves, or to be useful to others, or to enter heaven when they die.

For the Mother's Magazine.

FAMILY SCENES.—PARENTS SHOULD HEAR BOTH SIDES.

"Ma', can't I have two apples this evening? Charles had four to-day, and would not give me one."

"I did not think Charles could be so selfish. Where did he get them?"

"One of the boys at school gave them to him. He had four; can't I have two?"

Presently Charles entered.

"Charles, how could you be so selfish and ungenerous, as not to give your brother a part of your apples, when you had so many?"

"I did offer him as much as I had, Ma, and he would not take it."

"Yes, you offered me the half of one out of four."

"I should certainly think, Charles, you might have given your brother a whole apple at least. You may go without any this evening, and he shall have yours."

"Now, Ma, I'll just tell you how it was. You know our teacher took us to walk. One of the boys bought some apples, and gave me four. I gave one to our teacher; one to a boy who had given me a piece of cake; I could do no less than give one to the boy who walked with me, and I offered Frederic the half of the one I had left. Now, do you think that I ought to have given him any more?"

"Frederic, is this so?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Have you any reason to doubt it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did not Charles offer you half of the only apple he had left?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I think he might have given me a whole one."

"I do not. I think he acted very properly in the distribution of the apples, and very generous in offering you the half of what he had reserved for himself. Your partial representation was most unjust, and made me judge Charles wrongfully. I regret having condemned him unheard, and for your unfair representation, I shall insist that you forfeit your apple, so that instead of getting two, you will have none; and I hope this little circumstance may teach you ever after, that even in this world, 'honesty is the best policy.'"

For my own part, I laid the lesson to heart, and regarded it as one more illustration of the obligation we are under to "hear both sides."

B. Y.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

Middletown, Conn., Jan. 2, 1838.

MY DEAR MRS. W.,

Our last maternal meeting embraced an unusual number of mothers, and an increased interest was apparent. After the usual exercises, I brought forward the October Number of the Magazine, containing Mrs. Coan's letter from the Sandwich Islands, and spread her anxieties and solicitude before the ladies, which is indeed a searching appeal to every band of Christian mothers in this highly favored land.

Their destitution of books, &c., is enough to make our multiplied publications cry out against us; for it is to be feared that many of them are laid aside without even a perusal. When these self-denying sisters, who are bearing the heat and burden of the day, express themselves willing to give up a part of their necessary food, can they but obtain each a copy of the Mother's Magazine, surely we cannot turn a deaf ear to their call; and I am happy to add, that we did not. Four ladies placed in my hands a dollar each, to be applied in securing four volumes of the Magazine, to be sent to Mrs. Coan, and applied by her. E. M. R.

Wilmington, Delaware, Feb. 9, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At a recent meeting of our Maternal Association, Mrs. Coan's letter from the Sandwich Islands was read, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, that our Secretary be requested to forward five dollars to the publisher of the Mother's Magazine, with a request that five volumes of that publication be sent to the following missionary stations, viz., Mrs. Cochran Forbes, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands; Mrs. Schneider, Broosa, Asia Minor; Mrs. Wilson, Cape Palmas, Africa; Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, Madura, Southern Asia; and Mrs. Newton, Lodiana, Northern India." A. M. J.

Danbury, Jan. 23, 1838.

DEAR MRS. W.,

I send you thirteen dollars to aid in furnishing the bound volumes of the Mother's Magazine to our missionary sisters at the Sandwich Islands, agreeably to Mrs. Coan's request. I hope the effort to send an entire set to each of the fourteen stations will be successful. M. E. K.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

O Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy behold us,—
The lambs of the flock need the Shepherd's kind care;
In the arms of thy love condescend to infold us,
For there we'll rest safely,—O there, only there.

From evil protect us,—thy spirit imparting,—
And lead us, repenting, our sins to deplore;
From the fold of thy pasture in folly departing,
To wander from Jesus, the Shepherd, no more.

O guide us, and keep us, till meeting above,
The joys of thy presence in heaven we share;
Still encircled secure in the arms of thy love,
Forever to rest there,—O there, sweetly there. G.

ERRATA.

In the January No., page 17th, the 8th line from the bottom, instead of "asserting," read *assenting*. On page 18, the 12th line from the top, instead of "contrast," read *constant;* and on the 14th line of the same page, instead of "and the mind and heart," read, *on the mind and heart*. In the February No., page 30th, second line from the bottom, instead of "does not scoff," read, *dares not scoff*.

Stereotyped by F. F. Ripley, New York.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. MAY, 1838. NO. V.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS ON THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.—Concluded from p. 85.

BY C. A. GOODRICH.

THE principal topics discussed under the above title, in the preceding number of the Magazine, were the following :—

1. No good reason can be assigned, why children, even of tender years, may not be converted.

2. Parents have great encouragement to labor for the immediate, as well as early, conversion of their children.

3. They should not expect their children, ordinarily, to have as deep, or protracted distress and conviction, as older persons.

4. They must not look for the same amount of evidence in respect to the conversion of children, as they often see in persons of maturer years.

I will now add, 5.—Children need, anterior to their being awakened, and during the progress of their thoughtfulness and concern, a simple course of instruction.

One reason why children are not converted earlier, is, it is believed, that the instruction imparted to them is not adapted to their capacity. The style of preaching at the present day is, perhaps, better fitted for this purpose than formerly; but it is still, to a great extent, above their comprehension. Indeed, it is often above the easy comprehension of a majority of hearers. Ministers, who are themselves at home in the field of theological learning, are, perhaps, not sufficiently aware of the ignorance of hundreds, to whom they minister in word and doctrine. With greater simplicity of style, and with plainer

illustrations, they would probably effect more than they do. Be this, however, as it may, the discourses ordinarily delivered from the American pulpit, are not within the comprehension of youth and children. It is not claimed that they should be; but ministers should learn sometimes to be simple, as well as profound—to feed the lambs of the flock with "milk," as well as the older portion with "meat."

Select a child of the age of twelve years, who is under religious anxiety, and who attends at the sanctuary for religious instruction. Suppose the subject of discourse to be Repentance, or Faith, or Love.—As these subjects are ordinarily discussed in the pulpit, what can he comprehend? He is told, perhaps, that repentance consists in sorrow for sin—hatred of it—confession of it—and a determination to forsake it. These general representations are all true; and the remarks in illustration of the topics are all true; but he will often return, with no distinct ideas respecting it. But suppose I descend in my illustrations to the level of that child's understanding. I say to him, I will teach you what repentance is. Suppose, then, my child, you should go to your father's money-drawer, or pocket-book, and take thence a dollar, without his knowledge or consent. This would be wrong—an act most unfilial, and wicked. It would be stealing, which is a violation of the command of God. That money is not yours, but your father's; and you have no right to take it, without his knowledge and consent.

After a time, you yourself begin to think you have done wrong. Your conscience troubles you. You feel guilty. You feel so, whether your father knows your wicked act or not. If he knew it, he would be offended with you, and very justly. Perhaps you begin to be *sorry* for what you have done, and the more you ponder upon it, the more you regret it. At length, you feel so distressed in view of your guilt, that you resolve to go, and confess to your father, what you have done. May be, for a time, you are kept back, by the fear that he may not be willing to forgive you. Still, you feel that whether he is willing to forgive, or not, it is your *duty* to regret and confess what you have done. You resolve to go—

you do go—you enter his presence, and with a broken heart, and flowing tears, you tell him all. "Father!" you say, "I have done wrong—I know it—I feel it—I will never do so again. Father! will you forgive me?" This, my child, is *repentance.* This is a feeling, which you should exercise toward God—your Father, who is in heaven—for all the wrong that you have done him; for all that you have done contrary to his commands; for loving this world better than you love him; for playing on his holy day; for disobeying your parents; for taking his name in vain; for all that you have done wrong, or thought wrong, or desired wrong, in all your life. All these you should regret—all these you should confess to God—all these you should promise never to repeat again. This, child, is *repentance towards God.* This is what Jesus Christ meant, when he commanded all to repent. This *you* must do, or you cannot be saved.

Again: suppose a child is under religious anxiety, and you wish to give him a clear and distinct notion of *faith.* From a common pulpit discourse, on this subject, he would not be likely to obtain it. He needs something better adapted to his understanding. The manner in which Mr. Cecil taught his little daughter what is meant by faith, is the simple kind of illustration which a child will understand, and which will present a clearer view to his mind, than, perhaps, a long treatise on faith, in the common style.

Cecil's daughter "was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said,

"'My dear, you have some pretty beads there.'

"'Yes, papa.'

'"And you seem to be vastly pleased with them.'

"'Yes, papa.'

"'Well, now, throw them behind the fire.'

"The tears started in her eyes, she looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice.

"'Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you.'

"She looked at me a few moments longer, and then—summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire.

"'Well,' said I; 'there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time, but say no more about them now.'

"Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her; she burst into tears of ecstacy. 'Those, my child,' said I, 'are yours; because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good."

Another simple illustration of Faith, which a child will easily understand, is given by Mr. Abbot, in his "Corner Stone."

"A father was once amusing a number of children with an electric machine; and after one or two had touched the knob, and received the shock, they drew back from the apparatus, and looked upon it with evident dread. The father presently held out to them the jar, uncharged, and consequently harmless, and said distinctly, but without emphasis, 'If you touch it now, you will feel nothing. Who will try?' The children drew back with their hands behind them.

"'You do not believe me.'

"'Yes, sir,' said they with one voice; and several hands were held out to prove their faith; but they were quickly withdrawn, before reaching the dangerous knob. One alone, a timid little girl, had *that kind* of confidence in her father, which led her really to trust him. The rest believed his word, but had not *heart-felt* faith in it. Even the little believer's faith was not unwavering. You could see on her face, when the little knuckle approached the harmless brass ball, a slight expression of anxiety, showing that she had some doubts and fears after all; and there was an evident feeling of relief, when she

touched the knob, and found, from actual trial, that her father's word was true, and that there was really nothing there."

Having thus given the child an idea of what faith is, even although it be towards a father, a foundation is laid to show him what faith is towards God. Faith towards a father is confidence in that father—in his veracity, kindness, &c. Faith in God, is confidence in his truth, mercy, benevolence, wisdom, &c.

Children are often told that they should *love the Lord Jesus Christ;* but I have sometimes found a difficulty in a child's mind, how it can love an object so distant, as it imagines Jesus Christ to be. Christ is represented as in heaven—he has never seen him; and being so far off, the little heart finds it difficult to love an object under such circumstances. A case of this kind recently came under my observation. I sat down, and talked after this manner:—

"Now, C——, suppose your father was at Boston; you could not see him—but could you not think of him?—could you not think of him as your father?—and could you not love him just as affectionately as if he were here present?"

"Yes, I could."

"Well, then, it is not necessary to see a person, in order to love him?"

"No."

"Suppose, then, that you should hear of some good person, whom you yet never saw, and whom you may never see; yet, you have heard of him—of his kindness, his excellence, his benevolence, and other good traits of character; now, could you not love such a person?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, cannot you love the Lord Jesus Christ? You do not see him—but you can think of him—how good and glorious he is—the chief among ten thousands, and the one altogether lovely. You do not need to see your father in order to love him, and now you perceive you do not need to see Jesus Christ in order to love him."

To this she assented. It was all quite plain that how dis-

tant soever Christ seemed to be from her, it was as easy to love him as if he were present.

Children are often exhorted in another form to love Christ—i. e., *to give their hearts to him.* In many cases, they know not what is meant by this language, nor what they must do. A short time since I found a child, who had been anxious some days, and was still weeping over her sins. Among other things, I told her she must give her heart to Christ; but upon inquiring whether she understood what was meant by this language, she hesitated. I then addressed her as follows:—

"Suppose you had something in this room, which you valued greatly—more than any thing else in the whole world; and suppose the Lord Jesus Christ should come to you, and say, 'I want you to give me that. I know that you love it—you love it better than any thing else, and better than all other things—but I want you to give it to me.' Now, M——, what would you do? would you give it to him?"

The tears flowed faster still; and while her little heart seemed to be almost bursting, and, from the excess of her feelings, she could scarcely articulate, she replied, "Yes, I would give it to him."

"Would you give it to him freely—at once—now?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, M——," said I, "you love yourself better than any thing else—and better than all things in the wide world—and now Christ wants you to give yourself to him—he wants your heart. He says, Give me thine heart; he wants its love, its confidence, &c. Now, will you give yourself to him?—will you give yourself now?"

"I will," she said—"I do."

These pages may meet that child's eye, and I will add no more respecting the scene. Time will tell, whether that heart then surrendered to the Lord Jesus—whether, at that moment, began the workings of a faith, which, in its progress, will, through grace, bring home to glory.

Admonished that it is time to draw these remarks to a close, I will only add, that children are able to comprehend doctrines which are difficult and abstruse, if unfolded to them by simple

and easy illustrations. Such illustrations they need. And it cannot be doubted, that often times little minds have been under the influence of the Spirit of God—they have been awakened—distressed for sin, and might have entered into the kingdom of God, in the very morning of life, and then continued to grow stronger and stronger—to shine with increasing brightness to the close of life;—but have been prevented, either because they were entirely neglected, at this critical period, or because religious instruction was imparted to them in a manner which they could not comprehend.

Let parents, then, in imparting religious instruction to their children, especially during a season of thoughtfulness, study to adapt themselves to their childish understandings;—let ministers of the gospel not be afraid that they shall be charged with weakness, if they sometimes speak to children in children's language; especially, if by that means they may bring them early into the kingdom of Jesus. Paul, who, in the order of his intellect—in deep erudition—in logical acumen—in bold and lofty elocution, was never excelled;—who, by the force of truth, could draw "from a startled monarch a free avowal of his partial convictions"—who could so vividly spread out before another monarch the terrors of a coming judgment as to make him tremble—who could enter the schools of Athens, and dispute with her philosophers, arraying against them, to their confusion, the recorded sayings of their own authors;—Paul, who combined the loftiness of Isaiah, the sublime conceptions of John, the noble energies and burning zeal of Peter;—Paul could come down on every befitting occasion. He taught others to do so—he so practised himself. "If the trumpet," says he, "gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken?"

Let this one example suffice. Not a rush did Paul care in what estimation he might be held by the proud philosopher, if by inculcating the simple, and to him foolish "doctrines of the cross"—and that in "words easy to be understood"—he might win some. In a single word, let ministers remember—that the

simple sling of David is sometimes more appropriate than the cumbersome armor of Saul.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S FACE.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

IN the preceding numbers we have considered the influence which the human countenance possesses in forming the character of children—the obligations which rest upon mothers to give this subject vastly more of their attention—and the practicability of their carrying into effect, in their daily intercourse with those around them, the suggestions which have been made. To aid them in doing this, by a few simple directions, is the object of the present number.

If, as we have seen, the countenance is fitted to be *the index and agent of the soul*, then the first and fundamental direction for attaining uniform habits of intelligent, cheerful, and benevolent expressions of the features, is to enlarge the mind with *useful knowledge*, and to cultivate ardent and diffusive *piety in the heart*. And by the latter I mean, that love to God and to our fellow-men which will bring under its sway not only the general principles of conduct, but the thoughts, the feelings, the temper, and the habits, as continually developing themselves in the domestic circle, and the various, daily intercourse of life. I mean *a Christ-like disposition*, formed and acting under the influence of the Holy Spirit; flowing out in good will to others; seeking constantly to do the will of God, and to glorify him by an active and self-denying benevolence. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and *out of the abundance of the heart the face looketh*. Let the heart be right—that perennial fountain of feeling—and the countenance will show forth its internal affections, and be *the portraiture* of what is excellent and lovely within.

It will usually do this, so far as to give a general and abiding expression of winning benevolence to the features; but that this expression may be the more striking and efficient in its influence, some further directions are necessary for its attainment.

If the heart is right, let all the kindly and happy movements of the soul show themselves through the countenance, without reserve or constraint—spontaneously, freely, uniformly. In infancy and childhood, the law of our mental and bodily union leads us to do this; and how delightful is the result in the ever-varying, transparent expressions of the face, letting us see without concealment or obscurity the cheerful workings of the thoughts and feelings. But, as we grow older, diffidence, false modesty, caution, or some other constraining motive, operates to check the easy and natural movements of the countenance; and not a few carry about with them faces in which it would seem as if all the muscles of expression had lost their power—cold and heartless as the chiselled marble. What a pity thus to render useless for the very important purposes for which the Author of our being designed it, the human countenance, so curiously and wonderfully made, and to deprive the soul, in harmony with its Maker, and full of pious and benevolent feeling, of this efficient instrument of action and influence.

What did Christ mean when he said, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father?" Was there not, in addition to the other manifestations of his divinity, a heavenly, *a God-like expression* pervading his general air and manner, and *especially his features*, which enters into the true import of this his emphatic declaration? God has furnished the followers of Christ with the skilfully-wrought and elaborate machinery of expression in their countenances, *that they may imitate him in this respect;* that they may do good in this way, as he did; that they may, by their *very looks*, diffuse a moral influence of great power, and *let their light thus shine before men, and glorify their Father who is in heaven.* The devout heart is drawn to God in the contemplation of the beautiful and magnificent objects with which the works of nature abound. It sees God in them. It admires and wonders, and is filled with grateful adoration towards the Creator and Governor of all things. But

where, amid all his works, is God so distinctly to be seen as in the human soul, when his *own image*, once lost, but restored again by the influence of his own spirit, is impressed upon it? And where, and how, does this renovated, God-like human soul, show itself so clearly, as when it beams forth in the features of the face, responding to its holiest and most heavenly affections? Is it not the duty of Christians *thus* to manifest their divine parentage to each other and to the world? What is it but the languid and inactive state of *the Christ-like disposition within*, and the want of an ingenuous, frank, and cordial temper—a readiness to commune easily, naturally, and freely, with their fellow-Christians—which destroys, or greatly diminishes, in so many cases, the influence which a countenance happily formed by nature for doing much good, might otherwise exert?

I repeat it, enlighten the mind; cherish with devout prayer, and under the blessing of the spirit of grace, a pious and benevolent heart and happy and cheerful feelings; lay aside a false modesty, and an ill-judged reserve; and let the countenance respond to and obey all the right and kind principles and movements within. Let the features, in this respect, have full play. Throw the soul into them. Set this whole machinery of expression in motion. Its ease of motion will daily increase. Its language will grow more and more various, inviting, and impressive. Under the blessing of God, children will understand its import, and yield to its power; and mothers will find in it a *more efficacious auxiliary* than many of them may have yet been aware of, in the training up of their children *in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 4.

HABITS OF STUDY.

If mental education belongs to the female sex, we are not to conclude there is any suspension, in their favor, of the ordinary laws which govern mind in general—*they must study.*

Habits of study are formed during the period of education. Whatever those habits may be, they usually follow us unchanged through life. They commence in the nursery under the mother's eye, receive a strong direction in childhood, are matured at the school, and become settled forms in character and practice.

These habits are not, therefore, the growth of a day, nor limited to the school-room, nor even to the period of pupilage: they are interwoven with the character we form, and lie deeply at the foundation of it. They belong to the entire period of this life, and determine, to a great extent, the surpassing interests of the life to come.

I say, then, make your education *a business*. If you consider what the mind is, in its immortal nature, its large capacities, its deep and quick sensibility, living here in its minority, and embracing endless years in its maturity; if you consider that it is here placed at school in preparation for eternal life, the matter of education may well be termed a *business* worthy of all attention, and claiming your most vigorous efforts.

We are here in an intermediate state. Why? Because we are neither angels nor devils. We are under a course of education which will prepare us to associate with the one or the other, and this is the object of our existence here. Surely, then, education must be considered the business of life, and until this is distinctly admitted, there is no hope that life will ever be conducted in any manner appropriate to its ends.

What is worthy of your immortal powers? What is a work and employment suited to a being thus constituted, the "dim miniature of greatness absolute?" What, if not the exercise and improvement of his understanding faculties? What, if not advancement in the knowledge, love, and service of God? We cannot love what we do not know. Had Adam never known sin, he never could have loved it. It was his privilege to know only good; he came to know evil by transgression. A knowledge of God furnishes us with an object, and with right affections—we love him: this makes us happy. So a knowledge of his works excites emotions of pleasure in the exercise of gratitude and love, of admiration of the wisdom, power and

goodness of God in the plan of grace. On the knowledge of God, therefore, is founded all Christian character, grace, and enjoyment. "This," said an apostle, "is life eternal—to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." And the difference between the present and heavenly state is, that here we know only in part, but there we shall know even as we are known. But knowledge is not given by intuition. Here, and probably there, its different heights are successively attended by labor, by thought, reasoning, comparing, reflection. We rise in the scale of intellectual being by study. We are made more like God by knowledge, sanctified knowledge—with the affections, concurrent and controlling all. Our habits of study, therefore, measure our capacity for happiness, and, to a great degree, our happiness itself.

Seek to know yourselves in your mental constitution, capabilities, and responsibility. This is necessary to the formation of right habits, not less in our intellectual, than in our moral natures. Whatever distinctions may be made in the powers and operations of the soul, it is the mental state of *thinking*, which commences moral action, and is employed to effect every improvement, both moral and intellectual. Intellectual philosophy, how difficult soever as a science, is yet a practical subject, and so far belongs to the studies of an early period. The power of abstraction, for example, is that by which we are enabled to excel in any study. It should, therefore, be formed into a habit. It increases our mental power on the principle of a combination of forces. How far it may be made subservient, too, to a moral effect, it is very easy to see. The frequent complaints we hear, even among good people, of wandering thoughts in devotion, sometimes on the most solemn subjects, and the most solemn occasions, arise from the want of this habit. The mind thoroughly disciplined and accustomed to self-control, would easily shut out the world and its vanities, either for the purposes of study or devotion. I cannot, therefore, too earnestly recommend to you the diligent cultivation of this habit.

That we have the power to give direction to our thoughts is true in the experience of all. The exercise and cultivation of

this power is the thing to be aimed at. It not only increases the amount of acquisition—it strengthens the mind. When you have read page after page with a wandering mind, you have not only lost your time, and failed to add to your stores of knowledge; you have weakened the mind, and render it, by every successive relaxation, less capable of application and effort.

Have your appropriate hours of study, and extend the arrangement through life. Never permit yourselves to feel that there can be any period when your intellectual or moral improvement may stop. You are immortal. What will you do in the other world, but rise and advance in knowledge and holiness? The same progress belongs to time. You must not think to lay aside study when you leave your school. When *your* improvement stops, you take others with you. Society will conform to your habits. Keep up with the literature of the age, and your intelligence will be the best excitement to your brothers and contemporary young men. Let your centre table ever indicate, in the furniture of new works and periodicals, an elevated taste. If your severer studies are interrupted by a call, which you would not reject, take up a book, discuss a review, or criticise a poem. This may be rendered profitable, and *you* can make it acceptable.

Your most important studies should be the subjects of regular review through life. When you have finished your Chemistry, Philosophy, or Geometry, at school, you have then only laid the foundation of a train of thought, experiment, and investigation, which should be interrupted only by death. You will find the attention, thus bestowed, an amusement, vastly more pleasant as well as more profitable than those frivolous amusements, which dissipate the thoughts as well as the time.

Seek opportunities, and improve them. We cannot always do a thing with equal ease. Sometimes circumstances, and sometimes a favorable state of mind, may aid our progress. These advantages should be embraced. This is one reason why some persons accomplish so much more than others. They watch opportunities, and do it while they can.

The mind is sometimes in a peculiarly felicitous state. Then direct its energies, and bring them to bear with the best effect on your object. Never lose a good thought. Place it in your scrap-book, to be pursued and carried out at your leisure. Although rules are valuable and important, let not your system cramp the mind, and detain it from a suitable accommodation to the change of circumstances. Direct the happy moment to its peculiar adaptations.

Fill up fragments of time with profitable thought. You will often be surprised on examination to see how much time you lose in the aggregate by trifling with moments. If any thing is to be deferred, remember you cannot defer time itself. That cannot be made to wait upon you. Wait, therefore, upon that. Employ every moment. Bring it to good account, and then "let it speed its flight." Why do some persons accomplish so much more than others? Not because they have more time, but because they make more of it, by the best use of all its parts. The day, the month, the year, is made up of minutes, and he who can trifle with a minute is in danger of losing a year. A habit of improving every minute is the way to lengthen life by accomplishing its great ends. "My kingdom for an hour of time," once said a dying Queen. If that hour is now years, do not trifle with it. It is worth more than a crown. A kingdom cannot purchase it. Yet a right improvement of it may secure to you a kingdom that is everlasting, and a crown that fadeth not away.

To accomplish these important ends, you must cultivate a thorough habit of classification, which shall refer every thing to its appropriate place. Your time as well as your objects of study must be subjected to this systematic arrangement. Classification is the great secret of success in study. The undisciplined mind acquires isolated items in detail. The methodical student is a wholesale dealer, who buys and sells by parcels. He can use a single piece as well as if he were limited to it. At the same time, he can supply a large demand.

Seek to make your studies a pleasure. The great art of happiness, is to make that a pleasure, which is our duty. Our happiness will then be in our common path; it will live with

us, and we shall not be obliged to go abroad for it. Business is always our duty, and study is our business. And can you doubt that those who are diligent in duty are more happy than others, who are idle? Occupation is favorable to mental quiet, peace, and self-respect. In order to be happy, we must have our own approbation. Can we have that approbation in a life of unprofitableness? We cannot; and therefore we cannot be happy in such a life. We must be laborious in our duties, and effective in our labors. That secures self-approbation, and also the divine approbation.

Let nothing interfere with your habits of study. While in a course of education, the steady and unchanged exercise of these habits is essential to your success. In all future life too, you will find it necessary to have some system, or you will have but little improvement. That which we love, we practice; and what we practice, we commonly love. We find time for what is important. If study is felt to be important, it will find a time and place. Habits, once formed, are stubborn things. Let them be good, and no matter how stubborn they may become. But remember, that *bad* habits, once formed, will be equally unyielding. First actions are well compared to the twig, which is easily bent; habits, to the tree itself, deep-rooted and unbending. Time strengthens its fibre, and enlarges the stock. Thus, habits confirmed are like the oak of an hundred years. It can never be bent nor made to yield to the application of ordinary force. Let, then, your habits of study, which are to give entire character to your future course, be carefully formed. Let them be good. Direct the stream at the fountain. The finger may trace a line in the sand on the top of a mountain, which shall direct a mighty river in its course.

A child may bend the cion which, then neglected, he will not be able, when a *man*, to move a hair's breadth. Be thoughtful then, while you stand at the fountain. Take heed how you direct the streams, which are to become in their progress broad and mighty rivers, irresistible in their course. Give direction to the vines, and straighten, prune, and cherish those twigs, now under your control, by whose shade you will wish

to repose in the noon-day of life, and in the lassitude of age. Begin with right habits, and you will end with right feelings.

For the Mother's Magazine.

NEWARK MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Report of the First Maternal Association of Newark, presented February 6, 1838.

THE First Maternal Association of Newark was formed in 1819. This is its nineteenth anniversary. It commenced with a band of twelve, four of whom have been called away from the toils and sorrows of earth, to join, as we trust, the general assembly of the redeemed in heaven. These were Mrs. T., Mrs. H., Mrs. C., and Mrs. M. The first were removed in 1824; the latter in 1833. These deceased sisters left ten children, over whom the surviving mothers are *by covenant* bound to watch; and whom they are pledged to bear before the mercy-seat each day, while they have hearts and lips to pray for their own children. To those who were associated with these departed mothers, and who have for years watched over their bereaved children, it must be affecting to know, that five of these ten have, since the death of their mothers, publicly avouched the Lord Jehovah to be their God, and have had their names enrolled among his visible people. Mrs. T. left three children, all of whom are of this number. Her youngest son, after having passed with honor through his collegiate course, commenced a preparation for the sacred ministry in the Theological Seminary at Auburn. But a Providence to us inscrutable, suddenly checked his course of earthly usefulness, and removed him, we hope, to a higher school, and to a holier sphere. He, with three of his fellow-students, was drowned by the upsetting of a boat, in June last. But God, who brings good out of evil, has made this sudden bereavement the apparent means of spiritual good to his older brother, who on the last Sabbath united with the First Church.

Mrs. C. left two daughters and a son. The daughters are both professors of religion, and married. One of them is the wife of a clergyman.

It may be added, that each of these families is blest with a second mother, judicious, prayerful, and kind.

No record was kept by this society previous to the commencement of 1834. Since that time, minutes have been regularly taken.

We now number sixteen mothers, and, including the nine children of deceased sisters, 78 children. Twenty-three of our children have already passed away into the eternal world; four during the year that has just expired. Eighteen are professors of religion; four have become such during the past year.

Our regular meetings are on the Tuesday succeeding the monthly concert for prayer. We had ten during the last year. In May we united with the Second Maternal Association, and were addressed by Rev. A. D. Eddy. In January, June, and August, it was our privilege to be addressed by that venerable and now departed saint, Rev. Dr. Griffin; and as we shall no more be permitted to listen to his instructions, it may be well to collect the records then made, and henceforth carry them in our hearts as the memento of a departed friend.

January 1.—"He spoke of the duties of mothers under three divisions: PRAYER, which should be believing, and agonising, and constant; INSTRUCTION, which should be addressed to the understanding and conscience, and should be frequent, growing out of the common incidents of life, or the more peculiar providences of God; and EXAMPLE, which should be such as to make the children feel each day *that their mother is a Christian.* They should *govern* with urbanity, and yet with a firmness that will secure obedience. These remarks were followed by a fervent prayer for a blessing on the Association, and for the early conversion of our children.

June 6.—He again addressed us. His remarks enforced the duty of *securing implicit obedience; of setting a holy example; of watching over our children, especially on the Sabbath;* and of urging our petitions with a firm reliance in the blessed assurance presented in the 13th verse of the 11th chapter of

Luke: "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, HOW MUCH MORE shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

August 8.—He met us for the last time. He made a short address upon the *influence of a mother; declaring it to be, in his opinion, the most important human agency usually employed in training children for heaven.* He closed with prayer, in which he alluded affectionately to what, under God, *some of us* owed to mothers now in heaven."

The average number at our meetings during the past year has been only six.

The pieces read have been principally from the Mother's Magazine, a work which should, and we trust will receive, the contributions of the wisest and best minds in our land, and which is commended to the perusal and prayers of each member of this Association, eleven of whom are subscribers.

And now, beloved sisters, from this necessarily imperfect account of the proceedings of this society and of God's dealings towards it, what can we gather to stimulate and to encourage us, in the great work to which, as mothers, we have been called? *To stimulate?* Let the new made graves of four of our beloved children; the stricken hearts and the affecting appeals of these beloved mothers; the admonitory voice, to which we have listened *for the last time:* LET THESE ANSWER. Is there any thing *to encourage?* That five of these bereaved children have been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and that in all eighteen of our number have been hopefully rewarded, is surely cause for grateful praise. Let us thank God, and take courage. Here let us erect our Ebenezer, for hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

And now, what can be done to render this Association the means of greater good to our own souls, and to the souls of our children?

What *is to become* of these sixty-one immortal beings, who are as yet, we fear, without God and without hope? We know that unless help comes from above, they are *lost forever.* And are we seeking this help, in the diligent use of all the appointed means? Why, then, is not this *union in prayer* productive of

more glorious results? Is it indeed a *daily* union? And do we pray as though we were addressing a prayer-hearing and covenant-keeping God? What is the *meaning* of that promise, "If any two of your agree as touching any thing, it shall be done for you of my Father?" And why should we not plead this promise in faith, and rejoice in its fulfilment? Ah, we pray too little, and with far too little faith and desire. If a child is approaching the crisis of a dangerous disease, our hearts are constantly lifted to the Great Physician. Ah, we know not how near our children may be to the crisis of that malady which *kills the soul!*

The prominent object of this Association is UNION IN PRAYER. Let us so consider it, and prize it accordingly. I have read of an aged clergyman, who, after remarking that God was wont to give spiritual blessings to his children *according to their expectation*, added with tears, "For my part, I never expected much, and *God never gave me much.*"

A Saturday evening Concert is extensively observed by Mothers, each in her own closet. Shall we not resolve to observe it?

And may He who has appointed prayer, as his own chosen medium through which blessings are to descend upon his children, unite our hearts, increase our faith and desires, and speedily bestow an answer of peace!

The time is at hand when our last prayer will have been offered, our last warning given, and our work left, done or undone. It is a remarkable fact, that for more than four years no breaches have been made upon our little circle; *more wonderful*, perhaps, than it would be, if a tour next Anniversary, the seat of one of us should be found vacant, and her children motherless. Let us then adopt the sentiment of Him who said, "I must work the works of Him who sent me while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

In behalf of the Association,

F. L. SMITH, Sec'y.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"HAVE HIM BRING HIS PAIL OF WATER IN THE MORNING."

THIS was an injunction frequently used by an old lady of my acquaintance, when urging the importance of prompt obedience in children. It was founded on the following fact: A lad whose friends wished to train him to some habits of self-denial, required him to bring a single pail of water each day, but without specifying any particular time. Nothing else in the way of business was required of him, and of course, the whole day was at his disposal. He, however, postponed his task as late as possible, and often till in the evening. His strength began to decline, and he was at length confined to his bed. A physician was applied to, and after examining his patient, declared him free from bodily disease; though in a state of exhaustion, as if in consequence of too much exertion. "What has been his employment?" inquired the physician. He was informed that no manual labor had been required of him, except to bring a single pail of water every day. And at what time did he bring it? "In the evening," was the reply. "Oh! that is the cause of his decline." "Have him bring his pail of water *in the morning*."

This anecdote illustrates some of the evils of indolence; a subject, but imperfectly understood, and very ineffectually guarded against in children. But, without entering into a detail of its evils in general, which all acknowledge, I shall confine my remarks to a few particulars, and to that stage of children, at which time, mothers are supposed to have almost the entire control. The mother who tacitly encourages a tardy obedience to her commands, little suspects the serious consequences which may follow. The first evil I would name, is its physical bad effects. And who has not witnessed the protracted distress occasioned in sickness, by delaying the proper remedies; for instance, in case of a toothache. How often is this evil endured, till nature is nearly exhausted, through dread of an operation, that would last but a few moments. Taking unpleasant medicine, which might have speedily restored the

invalid to health, has been delayed till recovery was hopeless. And even the feeling of dread, that accompanies these delays, is itself, (as related in the above anecdote,) destructive to health. But the influence of this tardy habit is still more fatal to the mental powers. Imbecility and irresolution are among the characteristics of a mind habitually permitted to delay the performance of duty. The early delinquent is generally, through life, distinguished by indecision of character. These evils, though greatly to be deprecated, are, however, not confined to the present life, and bear no comparison to the baneful effects of this tardy spirit, on the moral character, and prospects of our children. In christian communities, probably no single cause occasions the final perdition of such multitudes, as this habit of procrastination.

Let mothers then awake to this subject, and nip this ruinous propensity in the very bud. Let them not in a single instance allow in their little ones a tardy obedience to their commands. They will, in this way, not only do much towards preparing them for a useful and happy life, but will thereby most effectually prepare them for early submission to the authority of their heavenly Father. SYLVIA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

Honolulu, Sandwich, Dec. 4th, 1837.

DEAR MRS. WHITTELSEY,

If it should not be deemed altogether superfluous, I would offer a hint to parents on the duty and privilege of calling "the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable." While you are assiduously employing your talents to promote and facilitate the judicious efforts of mothers in training their precious offspring to the due performance of their filial, social, and religious duties, and in fitting them for those great and important services, which the exigencies of a world to be reformed, will unquestionably require of them, it is exceedingly desirable, that you and they should endeavor to secure every advantage which the Sabbath can afford, for giving a right

direction to the youthful mind, and a proper tone to the juvenile temper, and for the imploring and nourishing of those evangelical sentiments and principles in children, which in riper years will yield to them and to the world, a precious harvest of abundant and delightful fruits. To accomplish this, the anxious parent will feel it necessary to attend with care to very many particulars, varied materially by time and place. I select a *single* point as deserving special attention, for if it is overlooked in christian education, the main work will be likely to move heavily, or be finally unaccomplished. It is the *importance* of *calling the Sabbath a delight*, and making its anticipated return always welcome.

Children should be induced, if possible, very early, to venerate and love the Sabbath. Its appropriate duties are indeed delightful; and no reasonable efforts to make them *appear* so to children, should be willingly spared. Begin very early with children from 2 to 4 years old. It would be easy for a parent on Saturday evening, to say to a little group, in their joyful sports, "to-morrow is the Sabbath day, when you must not play at all," and to do this in such a way as to cast a gloom over the Sabbath, and produce aversion needlessly. Would it not be as easy, and far more happy, in the same circumstances, to say, "Children, I have been much occupied during the week with needful labor, and you have had many hours to amuse yourselves, while I could not so well attend to your instruction. To-morrow is a precious day of rest, from work and play, a delightful day which God gives us for more pleasant services, and delightful duties. I hope to be able to devote more time to your instruction, that you may be wise and good." Pursue this strain on the Sabbath morning. "Good children love the Sabbath day the best of all the seven. It is a holy day on which those who wish to go to Heaven, rejoice heartily to sing praise to God, and read and hear his word, and call upon his name. How kind the Lord is to them! He hears them, and blesses them, and makes them happy, and fits them to dwell with the blessed Saviour." Then let their attention be occupied with books, Sabbath schools, private, social and public devotional exercises as they advance in years, and as circumstances allow,

and so arranged as not to weary, or allow their energies to stagnate.

With a similar view, psalmody should be cultivated in families and in churches, not as a *primary* object, but a subordinate, yet an important one, to win the young, and secure their love to the Sabbath, and to assist them in the culture and expression of right feelings towards God. Christian families, if they do not sing at other times, should by all means sing at the domestic altar, Sabbath morning and evening. Should the father fail to lead his children to the throne of grace, the Christian mother must in some way supply this deficiency. Children should early be taught to sing, and to take a part in the family circle, the mother's closet, and the sanctuary. Parents who aim at the religious education of their children, should not be slow to encourage *good teachers of sacred music*, nor fail to give their children a comfortable seat in the house of God as soon as they can relish at all the songs of the sanctuary.

When I was a very little boy, and was carried three miles to church by my kind parents, and seated by their side, the singing at the house of God was delightful to me, while the other services were uninteresting, though conducted by one of the most able and esteemed ministers of Vermont, the Rev. Job Swift. When religion assumed an importance, and I could take a part in the singing in the family of my father, whose twelve children were singers, and could carry four parts with the freedom of ordinary choirs, the Sabbath morning psalm, "Sweet is the work, my God, my King," was very pleasant to my heart, and its effect not easily erased. From that domestic altar, I have been absent some twenty-five years, for seventeen of which I have been 10,000 miles off; yet those Sabbath morning labors seem present with me still.

From my childhood I have thought I could perceive a peculiar charm in the Sabbath morning, inviting to grateful praise. The light of the sun, the azure of the sky, and the face of nature, have not unfrequently appeared different from other days. And I think children may be taught to welcome the peaceful Sabbath, even before their hearts are interested in the service of God. And if this pause in the toils, the bustling avocations

and amusements of the week, is met with pleasure, then is the *seed time*, and if improved wisely, the reaper may overtake the sower, and the happy family "shall delight themselves in the Lord."

For twelve years past, I have been pretty uniformly gratified with the pleasing and peculiar stillness of the Sabbath mornings at the Sandwich Islands. Ordinary business and amusements are, for some reason, very generally suspended. The sound of the church-going bell breaks sweetly on this stillness, and the people who obey its call come chiefly on foot to the house of God, in a very quiet manner. And though I live in a city or village, of 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, there is, on the sacred day, little, among the natives, of that noisy pursuit of business, travelling, or pleasure, which is common in many places of equal population in more enlightened Christian countries. Interruptions from the movements of seamen on liberty, are later in the day, when they do occur. Our Sabbath mornings are pleasant seasons. I think my little children esteem them so, as do numbers of the natives. I have a desire that all my children should love and hail the Sabbath, and welcome it with a song. And though there are many psalms and hymns appropriate to the Sabbath morning already in general use, I have recently composed a hymn directly commending the Sabbath and its duties, which I wish all my children to learn, and occasionally sing, as the means of cherishing and expressing the feelings suitable to the delightful sacredness of the day, and to the important objects for which divine goodness has wisely consecrated it for the benefit of man. Should you think it adapted to promote such an object in a larger circle of your readers than my little scattered family, or to aid mothers in the important duty of teaching their children to *call the Sabbath a delight*, I shall take pleasure in subjoining it,* as a small mite offered to the treasures of the "Mother's Magazine," and subscribe myself your sincere and obliged friend,

H. BINGHAM.

* The hymn referred to may be expected in a future number of the Magazine.

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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S FACE.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

In addition to the directions given in the preceding number, for cultivating those expressions of countenance, on the part of the mother, which will have a happy influence in the education of children, some other considerations are worthy of notice:—

Habit will be constantly making the accomplishment of the object to be attained, more and more easy. The feelings will flow spontaneously to the face, and find the muscles of expression ready to respond to them. A new source of enjoyment to the individual will begin to develop itself. The free play of the features will react upon the soul; the very movements of which will thus have fresh life and elasticity imparted to them. The countenances of the children, catching the spirit of the maternal influence, will beam with brighter and fairer looks, and mind meet mind, and heart sympathize with heart, more intelligibly and closely.

In this way, too, the parent will find greater facility in the government of the children. For *their countenances* being early trained to a frank and full expression of the internal workings of their souls, their peculiarities of thought and of feeling will be the more readily discovered, and *the beginnings* of what is wrong within them be more easily checked. Their happy dispositions, their kind and amiable tendencies, their ingenuous and docile traits of character, will more clearly, also, be shown in their earliest and faintest buddings, and receive

the prompt and fostering care which they need. The children will soon see the reproof, or the approbation, of the parent, as they merit the one or the other, in the very expression of the features. *This expression, if it is only a plain and decided one, will, in most cases, control them.* To govern, therefore, by *the eye, and the auxiliary movements of the countenance,* is what every parent should aim to effect. Let there be genuine affection to the child in the heart of the parent,—a true regard to its best good,—an abiding sense of accountability to God,—a constant reliance on his aid,—self-possession, firmness and decision,—and, under the influence of such a spirit, *let the resolute determination to be obeyed, and to enforce authority, show itself in the eye, and countenance, and general air,*—and it is astonishing to witness the prompt and unresisting submission which the child yields to it. On the contrary, how very early, even in infancy, does the little subject of the domestic dominion scrutinize the parental look, when authority is assumed, and take advantage, if it discovers it, of the half-averted, the unmeaning, the irresolute and wavering expression.

Let no mother, then, who hopes to govern her children well, neglect to cultivate these means of doing it, which the God of Nature has placed within her reach. If she has not the power and the habit of throwing promptly a commanding and decided expression into her countenance, when it is needed in the discipline of the family, let her begin immediately to acquire them. The muscles of expression are so constituted as to obey her will. Let the effort be made. Let it be repeated and persevered in. Success is practicable, and no great length of time will be needed to secure it.

In the further prosecution of our subject, did the writer not fear the trespassing on the patience of his readers, it would tend to show its great practical importance, to trace out the intimate connexion between *an intelligent and expressive countenance,* on the part of the mother, or teacher, of young children, and their quick and correct understanding of not a small portion of *the words of their mother tongue.* It is *the occasion* on which words are first used, and *the visible circumstances* attending

that occasion, and not any magical power in the mere sounds of the words themselves, which aid the child in the discovery of their meaning. *The countenance* comes in for its full share of these visible circumstances; and the more intelligent and expressive it is, and *suited to the occasion*, the greater facility will be afforded in the acquisition of oral language. Our limits will not allow of any thing more than a mere hint on this topic, and a single allusion to the well-known fact of the eagerness with which an intelligent child will watch and study the countenance of one who is addressing to it, for the first time, words with the import of which it is as yet unacquainted.

Before bringing his suggestions to a close, the writer cannot refrain from urging a review of his whole subject, and of its various practical tendencies, not only upon mothers, but upon all parents, and teachers of children and youth. He has been aware of *the philosophical cast* of many of the ideas which have been advanced. But Philosophy and Truth are one. The ore which we need for the most common purposes of life, is often found deep beneath the surface. Education can never be thoroughly understood as a science, or practised as an art, without a knowledge of the laws and movements of the mind. This Mind acts *through and on matter* before it can reach and influence other minds. A prominent part of this action is by the aid of *the machinery of expression in the countenance*, formed by the hand of Infinite Wisdom for this very purpose. How can we neglect the study and use of this instrumentality, and hope to succeed effectually in the training up of the young and tender mind, with the divine blessing, and on the best model?

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 5.

HABITS OF THINKING.

HABITS of thinking indicate moral as well as intellectual character. As they help at first to form character, they are

the testimonies of it. It is truly said, "as a man thinketh, so is he."

You will distinguish between the habit and the attribute. Thought is an attribute of the mind. The *manner* in which its thoughts are directed, disciplined, and accustomed to proceed, forms its habit. The mind is almost as powerless to change these habits, when once formed, as the mighty river to roll back its waters. The laws of mind and of matter, although essentially different, are often similar in their operation. The finger that traces in the sand the little furrow, which gives direction at its source to a mighty river, is controlled by an intelligent agent. That agent may start and direct, by a similar volition, a little thought. But in the onward progress and maturity of that thought, the mind may become as powerless to control or turn it back as to stay the waters of a flood.

The mind may be regarded as one of nature's laboratories, possessing in itself the principle of perpetual motion, and constantly operative to the production of thought. This well-adjusted machinery moves steadily on. We can neither stop its motions, nor destroy the machine; yet we may contribute to retard or facilitate its operations, furnish it with material, direct its energies, and control the order of its thoughts.

The mind, then, should be much directed to the consideration of itself. Here is a world of wonders. How subtle its essence, yet how strong and vigorous its motions! How weak, frail, and bending under every infirmity of its clay tenement, yet how it reaches after eternal realities, and seeks to lay hold on immortality! How susceptible! How capacious of thought, and able to improve! What master-springs of power, reason, and expedient, does its history develop! Though often depressed and participant of physical infirmities, it often, too, shows its superiority and independent life by its vigorous and increasing energy, exerted amid bodily weakness and decay Sometimes it rises even on the ruins of the body, and we seem to see it treading on "its earthly house" as it takes its upward flight.

The motions of the soul cannot be stopped. Who can cease to think by willing not to think? That very effort will give

energy to the mind. Destroy the body, and you but demolish its clay tenement. It leaps from the ruin, and fastens on the skies. As, then, physical changes cannot annihilate the soul, so there are no moral appliances by which we can stay the onward march of concatenated and eternal thought. The chain is unbroken; the first link riveted in eternal decree, the last link identified with eternal duration. We may as easily strike the sun from his orbit, or blot out the stars, as to annihilate a thought.

We cannot, then, stop the motions of the mind. There it is immortal—held to life by its own nature, and by the decree of God binding all things to an unalterable harmony of parts. The present is but a single modification of its being. It is in a prison-house, and sees through a glass darkly;—or rather, we may say, it fills a palace, fearfully and wonderfully made—a structure of divine skill and munificence. Its architecture, how wonderful! Its symmetry, how exact! It mocks human art; it proclaims a God. The temple that stood on Mount Moriah, with its beautiful gates,—its stately and thousand columns,—its marble pavements,—its multiplied colonnades,—its brazen altar, golden walls, and sublime towers, glittering in the sunbeams, and reflecting a dazzling glory on the holy city below—that temple, which employed 80,000 workmen, and the extent of human art, and forty-and-eight years in building, with its inner courts, and priestly service, and ark of the covenant, and cherubim and shekinah,—what was it all to this temple of the human body, built on creation's last day, by nature's architect, and constructed of elemental principles, indestructible, with more than materials of stone, and cedar, and gold, and costly labor? *That* was only a faint type of the temple where we shall worship on high, and has long since passed away; *this* contains its own principles of indestructible being, and shall be raised a spiritual body immortal. *That* smoked with the blood of beasts, and sacrifices of meaner name; *this* stands perpetually by the priesthood of Christ, consecrated by the sacrifice of his own body once for all. From *that*, the architectural proportions have been defaced,—its walls have crumbled,—the plough-share has passed over its beautiful gates and spacious

courts,—its cherubim have flown,—its shekinah has departed,—the sun rises where it stood on a desolate spot, neglected or profaned. That temple shall never be rebuilt. But on the temple of the human soul, on man walking erect, the glory of God is inextinguishable. The shekinah beams on his godlike face, reflecting the image of his maker from within. Time may moulder this temple too, but God will rebuild it. A mercenary soldier may apply the torch that shall consume it, martyred to just and holy principles. But its elements are indestructible. The fire shall but purify it. It shall receive its tenant again—eternal thought.

Influenced by such considerations, let that thought be turned inward. Let the mind contemplate itself, become acquainted with its own laws, capacities, original structure, ability, propensities, habits, and destination,—then the importance of this subject will secure attention; the superiority of mind to matter, and of that portion of matter which has a share in the resurrection, will present man to himself as the proper subject of study, time and effort will be directed to his education, and the power of thought be made a blessing.

I have said that we may facilitate or retard the operations of the mind. It is subject to our education. Not to refer to physical cause, or trace the philosophy of the fact, it is enough that we can treat and educate the mind, to some extent, as we do a child. We may subject it to laws, we may tell busy thought to be still, and enforce obedience. If we may not silence it, we may allay asperities, and quicken or retard its pace. By a strict and salutary discipline, the mind may, from a disposition to slothfulness, be rendered prompt, active, energetic, and efficient.

The mind also is greatly influenced by the materials of thought with which it is furnished. Its intellectual digestion is always active, and its health and vigor will depend very much on the nutriment with which it is furnished. If left to itself, there are the promptings of a moral depravity,—of vile affections,—of depraved appetites,—of sordid lust,—of burning passions, which will urge their offices with importunity, and lead the mind captive. Mental vacuity is not merely mental famine—

it is worse. The mind, left to itself, will reach after its object under the influence of all those causes which lost us Eden, and which have perpetuated the curse. It will find something on which to rest and expatiate. Its passions will pander for it in the kennels of low thought and ill-directed desire. Docile at first, it will receive what is offered. But once educated, its habits are fixed, stubborn, and unyielding. Furnish the mind, then, with wholesome aliment. Do this early, that a taste may be formed for that class of objects which may contribute to its growth, strength, and moral improvement.

The mind cannot be left with safety to depend for its materials of thought on any external casualties. No taste can be formed which will furnish an intuitive sense of what is wholesome. Leave the mind to rove in the field of nature, and the old serpent will be there. He will present, as in Eden, powerful but deceptive motives to sin. And can the daughters expect to resist what proved too strong for the mother? You will be eminently exposed, if you trust to mere mental speculation for your choice of books, pleasures, companions, or employments. You must be accustomed to a stern habit of abstract thought. The eternal principles of right must form your principles of action. You must be acquainted with them by much study and reflection. These, in their moral beauty and harmonious action, must constitute your rich mines of thought and reflection. They are always accessible, and will readily furnish you with safe tests in the selection of other subjects for your intellectual society, whether books or plays, work or pleasure. Seek, therefore, a familiar conversation with abstract principles of moral and religious truth. They can employ the mind in itself, alone, separate from all the objects of time and of sense. They are the material which employs the thoughts of heaven, and, therefore, will discipline the mind to dwell there.

The mind should have constant occupation. By no means suffer it to remain idle and vacant. Industry is necessary to vigor of constitution, to wealth and happiness, whether of body or mind. It must be employed. Let it be usefully occupied, and then, when proper subjects are not at hand, it will shrink from vacuity of thought. What more effectual resistance to

the devil can it oppose? The little couplet is as applicable to the mind as the body—

> "For Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

When such a habit of thinking is formed that a sense of painfulness at vacuity of thought is felt, the mind will be safe in its accustomed train. Kept at home, it will avoid many temptations, and well disciplined, it may go abroad with less danger. Thus occupied, its habits will be its security: it will become vigorous in virtue, energetic, and efficient.

Right habits of thinking require also that the thoughts should receive a right direction. Good and evil are set before us. The whole field of thought is open. When rightly directed, and deeply imbued with right exercises, the mind soon acquires decision and energy to resist the approaches of the most subtle temptations. It is strengthened by conflict, and goes onward and upward, appears godlike in character, and answers the chief end of man, to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

God is the proper centre of our thoughts and meditations. From this point they should go forth as radiations from the source of light and love. We are tending to Him, and hope to live with Him and in Him. Let all your thoughts begin with God, and lighted forth from that bright throne; go where thy path is bright, and often return that thou mayst hear His voice for correction, reproof, and instruction in righteousness. Thus conversant with the mercy seat, and warmed by that love which glows in heaven, thy habits of thought shall prepare thee to dwell there. Thus disciplined, thy spirit, when it takes its flight, shall find its accustomed track. Conversant with God, it shall seek God, it shall rest in His embrace, and be made perfect in His glorious image.

For the Mother's Magazine.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF MRS. HARRIET JENKINS.

"And I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."

To the humble believer *all* the promises of God are as so many well-established facts. Independent of the oath and promise of Jehovah, events are continually occurring in his providence, not to establish, but to illustrate the truths of his word. There is no promise of God more consoling to the heart of a pious parent, and probably none more frequently and happily illustrated in his providence, than the one at the head of this article. The mind of the writer has been particularly called to the contemplation of this truth, by witnessing the "death scene" of a pious mother. Thinking that a slight sketch of the life and death of a "sister beloved," illustrating, as it strikingly does, the *connexion between the divine promise and human instrumentality*, might interest and profit the readers of the "Magazine," the following notice has been prepared.

Died, at Falmouth, Mass., March 14th, Mrs. Harriet, wife of John Jenkins, Esq., and daughter of the Hon. E. Swift, aged 36.

The subject of this notice was by death deprived of that invaluable blessing—a praying mother—at the early age of two years. Her mother, for a long time an invalid, had not the privilege of taking her babe to the baptismal font, and, in the presence of the great congregation, to make a public offering of her child to God. It was, however, the richest of earthly blessings to see the "Man of God" at her bed side, and to hear him pronounce over her babe, soon to be motherless, the sacred name of the Trinity. At the same time that she thus dedicated her child to God, being too weak to write, she dictated a most affecting letter to her husband, then absent in a far distant part of the country, of which the following is an extract:—"Our dear little children, I have dedicated in baptism to their suffering Saviour, hoping that he will purify their precious souls, and graciously receive them under his protection, and thus ac-

cept, and sanctify to them, the willing offering of their dying mother." How keen would have been the anguish of the dying mother, without the solace of the precious promise, "to be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee."

Having possessed those advantages of education and society, which lead to the advancement of mind and manners, added to a naturally attractive person and vivacity of manners, with a most benevolent and affectionate heart, Mrs. J., at the age of twenty, might well be the pride of those, "the boundary of whose vision extendeth not beyond the present life." It was not her fortune in early life to be brought particularly within the influence of pious friends or associates. In contemplating the pious consecration of her departed mother, together with the history of the subject of it up to the period just alluded to, one might be tempted to exclaim, "Who is the Lord, that we should serve him, and what profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" But the event will show that the prayers of the pious dead are not forgotten. It was in the spring of 1828, after Mrs. J. had known what were a mother's feelings, that she became herself interested in that subject so dear to her departed mother's heart. In looking over some family letters, it was apparently an incidental circumstance that her eye met her dying mother's letter, which she perused with deep emotions. She subsequently said to a confidential friend, that "amid all my worldly enjoyments, my dying mother's prayer and consecration follow me as a voice from the eternal world, and there is no getting free from a dying mother's prayer." And the reflection that herself was a party interested, imposed an obligation from which she could feel no release, until she hopefully submitted herself to God. Thus was the last act of a dying mother made directly instrumental in the conversion of her child, after a lapse of twenty-five years. Soon after this, Mrs. J. made a public profession of her faith in Christ; and setting a *high* value, as indeed she must, on the ordinance of baptism, she dedicated her offspring to God. In her character (as it was developed by an intimate and endearing connexion with the writer of this sketch) it was evident that energy and perseverance were conspicuous traits. Yet she did not seem to entertain those views of female

responsibility which lead so many of our sex, at the present day, to take the position of public reformers. She seemed to be governed by the principle, "that a woman's true greatness consists in rendering *others useful*, rather than being seen and known herself." Her own views of duty and responsibility seemed to centre chiefly in her family; and few, it is believed, ever more faithfully performed the appropriate duties of wife, mother, and friend. As a mother, her character was particularly attractive. Parental responsibility bore with great weight on her mind, and the result was consistent and efficient action for the improvement of her children. Her decision and energy, blended with a most benevolent and affectionate disposition, fitted her eminently as a disciplinarian. With her it was not enough that the mind was enlightened—the *heart*, the seat of the affections, was the point to which her efforts were directed. The Sabbath School and the Maternal Association enlisted her sympathies, and to them, she felt largely indebted for very essential aid which they rendered her in the discharge of her maternal duties. The last time she went abroad, she attended the quarterly meeting of the Maternal Association, with her two children; and it required, in her enfeebled state of health, an effort that few would have thought of making. At the close of the meeting, she remarked to a female friend, that the enjoyment the meeting had afforded her far exceeded the effort it had cost her. She was particularly interested in the "Mother's Magazine," and had been a subscriber to it from its commencement. Just before her illness, she arranged with care the numbers of the several volumes, and directed to have them bound in a more durable form. It is an interesting thought that this was almost the last act of her hands on earth. Four weeks previous to her death, she gave birth to a son. For a week or two previous to her exit, her illness was considered alarming, yet neither she or her friends had relinquished their hopes of an ultimate restoration to health, until the day on which she died. At that time, the developments of her disease were quick to catch the eye of her attendant physician, and he informed her, he could do no more. It was then apparent that the angel of death had been commissioned, and earthly friends could not

save her. With her characteristic self-possession, she remarked, "I am not at all alarmed or agitated, my Saviour is with me." Laying silent for a few moments, in which she seemed to be summoning her energies for the last conflict, she literally "set her house in order." Having called for her babe, the wife and mother's last interview with her husband and children presented a scene, morally sublime, which might be one of profitable instruction were we permitted to withdraw the veil. One after another of the endeared circle of friends, were now invited to her bed side to receive her dying injunctions, and from whom she took a most affectionate and affecting farewell, exhorting all to remember her dear children, and endeavor to induce them to seek, first of all, the kingdom of heaven. Addressing one of her sisters, she says—"that dear Maternal Association has been a blessing to me; at your next meeting, forget not my dear children." She left messages to her absent friends, and desired that they might all remember her precious Saviour.

To one she said—"tell him to make Christ his friend." She assured those around her, that the "Comforter" was present to go with her through the "dark valley;" and, while she deplored the defectiveness of her past life, asserted that her whole reliance was on Christ as her Saviour. While in the agonies of death, she seemed to forget her own sufferings, "so sweet was her enjoyment." Her beloved husband, overwhelmed with sorrows, she strove to console by pointing him to his *heavenly Father*—who would be better to him than any earthly friend. It was at this time, the words of the poet, so true to nature, seemed literally to be fulfilled.

"The Angel of the covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffus'd
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning-star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscur'd among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

For the Mother's Magazine.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

THE Author of Peter Parley's Tales, has in course of publication, a work on family Education, from which we are permitted to make the subjoined extract. The object of the writer is, in the first place, to show that man is designed by his Creator to be the subject of Education, and that he is to receive a decisive bias for life, from the fireside seminary. He hence deduces the responsibility and obligations of parents, in respect to the education of their children. He then proceeds to offer practical suggestions as to physical training—moral culture, and intellectual instruction.

"THE FIRESIDE.—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to sooth its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if in pain, she relieves it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or wo, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven. The mother is the DEITY OF INFANCY!

"Now reflect a moment upon the impressible, the susceptible character of this little being, and consider the power of this mother in shaping the fine clay that is entrusted to her hands. Consider with what authority, with what effect, one so loved, so reverenced, so adored, may speak!

"Thus, in the budding spring of life, infancy is the special charge, and subject to the special influence, of the mother. But it soon advances to childhood. Hitherto, it has been a creature of feeling; it now becomes a being of thought. The intellectual eye opens upon the world. It looks abroad, and imagination spreads its fairy wing. Every thing is beautiful, every thing is wonderful. Curiosity is perpetually alive, and ques-

tions come thick and fast to the lisping lips. What is this? Who made it? How? When? Wherefore? These are the eager interrogations of childhood. At this period, the child usually becomes fond of the society of his father. He can answer his questions. He can unfold the mysteries which excite the wonder of the childish intellect. He can tell him tales of what he has seen, and lead the child forth in the path of knowledge. The great characteristic of this period of life is an eager desire to obtain new ideas. New ideas to a child are bright as gold to the miser or gems to a fair lady. The mind of childhood is constantly beset with hunger and thirst for knowledge. It appeals to the father, for he can gratify these burning desires.

"How naturally does such a relation beget in the child both affection and reverence! He sees love in the eyes of the father, he hears it in the tones of his voice; and the echo of the young heart gives back love for love. He discovers, too, that his father has knowledge, which to him is wonderful. He can tell why the candle goes out; and though he may not be able to satisfy the child where the beautiful flame is gone, he can at least explain why it has vanished, and how it may be recalled. He can tell why the fire burns, why the stream flows, why the trees wave in the breeze. He can tell where the rain comes from, and unfold the mysteries of the clouds. He can explain the forked lightning and the rolling thunder. He can unravel the mighty mystery of the sun, the moon, and the stars. He can point beyond to that Omnipotent Being who in goodness and wisdom has made them all.

"What a sentiment, compounded of love and reverence towards the father, is thus engendered in the bosom of the child! What a power to instruct, to cultivate, to mould that gentle being, is thus put into the hands of this parent! How powerful is admonition from his lips, how authoritative his example! The father is the DEITY OF CHILDHOOD. The feeling of the child towards the father is the beginning of that sentiment, which expands with the expanding intellect, and, rising to heaven on the wings of faith, bows in love and reverence before the Great Parent of the universe.

"Let us go forward to the period of youth. The mother holds the reins of the soul; the father sways the dominion of the intellect. I do not affirm that there is an exact or complete division of empire between the parents. Both exert a powerful influence over the mind and heart. I mean only to state generally, that the natural power of the mother is exercised rather over the affections, and that of the father over the mind. It is a blended sway, and if exerted in unison it has the force of destiny. There may be cases in which children may seem to set parental authority at defiance; but these instances, if they actually occur, are rare, and may be regarded as exceptions, which are said to prove the rule. Remember the impressible character of youth, and consider its relation to the parent. Is not the one like the fused metal, and has not the other the power to impress upon it an image ineffaceable as the die upon steel? Nay, is it not matter of fact, attested by familiar observation, that children come forth from the hands of their parents stamped with a character that seldom deserts them in after life? Are they not impressed with manners, tastes, habits and opinions, which circumstances may modify, but never efface? If the countenance of the child often bears the semblance of the father or mother, do we not still more frequently discover in the offspring the moral impress of the parent?

"Is it not true, then, that parents are the lawgivers of their children? Does not a mother's counsel, does not a father's example, cling to the memory, and haunt us through life? Do we not often find ourselves subject to habitual trains of thought; and if we seek to discover the origin of these, are we not insensibly led back, by some beaten and familiar track, to the paternal threshold? Do we not often discover some home-chiseled grooves in our minds, into which the intellectual machinery seems to slide as by a sort of necessity? Is it not, in short, a proverbial truth, that the controlling lessons of life are given beneath the parental roof? I know, indeed, that wayward passions spring up in early life, and, urging us to set authority at defiance, seek to obtain the mastery of the heart. But, though struggling for liberty and license, the child is shaped and

moulded by the parent. The stream that bursts from the fountain, and seems to rush forward headlong and self-willed, still turns hither and thither, according to the shape of its mother earth over which it flows. If an obstacle is thrown across its path, it gathers strength, breaks away the barrier, and again bounds forward. It turns, and winds, and proceeds on its course, till it reaches its destiny in the sea. But in all this, it has shaped its course and followed out its career, from bubbling infancy at the fountain to its termination in the great reservoir of waters, according to the channel which its parent earth has provided. Such is the influence of a parent over his child. It has within itself a will; and at its bidding it goes forward; but the parent marks out its track. He may not stop its progress, but he may guide its course. He may not throw a dam across its path, and say to it, hitherto mayest thou go, and no farther; but he may turn it through safe, and gentle, and useful courses, or he may leave it to plunge over wild cataracts, or lose itself in some sandy desert, or collect its strength into a torrent, but to spread ruin and desolation along its borders.

"The fireside, then, is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enammelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though

it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

"Such is the fireside—the great institution provided by Providence for the education of man. Having ordained that man should receive his character from education, it was also ordained that early instruction should exert a decisive influence on character; and that, during this important period of existence, children should be subject to the charge of their parents. The sagacity and benevolence displayed in this design, afford a striking manifestation of that wisdom and goodness which we behold in all the works of God. It appears that, in every stage of society, parental education adjusts itself to the wants of children. In the savage state, where there is no division of property, no complicated system of laws and relations, no religion, save the naked idea of a God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked, education has a narrow scope; but such as is needed is supplied. As society advances in civilization, duties multiply and responsibilities increase; there is then a demand for higher moral and intellectual culture. Providence has foreseen and provided for this necessity; for with the advance of refinement and knowledge, the family circle is drawn closer together, and the solicitude of parents for their children, and their influence over them, are proportionably increased. Thus, while in a rude age children are left, almost like the untutored animals, to make their own way, when knowledge is diffused, and the light of religion spread abroad, then it is that enlightened education becomes necessary,—then it is that parental education becomes vigilant, and then it is that children are most completely subjected to the influence of parents.

"In a state of society like ours, it involves a fearful responsibility, but we cannot shrink from the fact—parents usually decide the character of their offspring. It is so ordained by Heaven; children will obey the lessons given them at the fireside. As the stone hurled from the sling takes its direction, and finds its resting-place, at the bidding of the arm that wields it, so the child goes forward, and finds its grave in peace or sorrow, according to the impulse given at the fireside."

For the Mother's Magazine.

AN EXPERIMENT TO BENEFIT CHILDREN.

HAVING been engaged, for two or three years, in trying various plans for the benefit of the children in the place of my residence, I have a few facts to state for the information of the friends of the young, particularly the readers of this magazine. I have experienced most gratifying success in many experiments, and am persuaded that as much and more may be done in every town and village in the country. Such things are feasible, and may be carried on every where. My readers, however, will probably be slow to believe, until they know some of the details. I therefore cannot expect to find co-operators rising in other places, until some particulars have been published.

About two years and a half ago, I began to teach vocal music gratuitously in a school containing about one hundred and twenty boys, who being poor, and with only one teacher over them, offered one of the worst possible fields for such an enterprise. It was my first experiment, as well as theirs. For about five minutes, there was nothing but a confused noise of laughter and shouting; and nothing but my resolution to persevere prevented me from abandoning my plan at the threshold. All who were induced to try to sing, however, soon began to be pleased with it, and many of them had reason to like the sound of their own voices. They were soon made to perceive that order and prompt obedience were necessary to enable them to hear with advantage; and in two lessons the choir was in a manner formed, and the house silent in the intervals.

I continued to teach about half an hour or an hour in a week; and afterwards pursued the same course occasionally in four or five other of the public schools, of both sexes. The same means everywhere produced similar results. The children made evident improvement in music and good order, and were generally ready to receive with respect such moral and religious reflections as I often introduce among the exercises.

I had heard great complaints made of the rude and vicious manners of children here, and had seen enough to justify them. I soon found, however, that many children, some of whom I did not recollect to have seen, smiled at me in the streets, and often made me better bows than some others who had been at a dancing school. From that time to the present I have received innumerable marks of respect and affection, from the hundreds of children with whom I have associated.

On the fourth of July last, in concert with several of the teachers of the public schools, I assembled about two hundred and fifty children, and spent two or three hours in the morning and afternoon in singing over their songs, and hymns, and other exercises. They were invited to bring flowers, which were displayed; while some of their older friends attended, and several gentlemen assisted in the music with their instruments. The success of this experiment suggested, that a meeting of a somewhat similar kind might be held often, and ever since, I have met with them on Friday afternoons. Most of the time is spent in singing; but as I have always regarded that as not my ultimate object, I mingle familiar instructions on occurrences of the day, natural history, the human frame, health, drawing, manners, morals, &c. The girls often bring specimens of needle and fancy work, painting, maps, &c., which are conspicuously hung up for the day. Questions on interesting subjects, I sometimes refer to them for their opinions, which are often expressed with great unanimity and decision. They are also invited to ask questions.

Finding that some larger boys had not the power of singing well, I formed a class for gratuitous instruction on flutes, about four months ago, the instruments being purchased for their use, and loaned to them in turn. There is still a weekly attendance of about thirty, though the number of flutes, (excepting a few since purchased by some of the parents for their children,) is only six or seven. Sometimes five or six boys have shared one flute between them in a week. Though the instruments are objects of great interest and value in their eyes, only one has yet been lost, and that was burnt one night in a large fire, from which the boy, his family, and neighbors, happily escaped with their lives.

Several members of the flute class attend at the weekly singing meetings, and afford an accompaniment with their instruments; so that a band no doubt will by-and-by be formed. But this is not the ultimate object. The flute class, as well as the singing school and its different branches, offer strong attractions to the young; and I have, in repeated instances, succeeded, by proper means, in diverting children from an apparent road to ruin, to associate with good company, and to enlist in harmless and useful exercises. Sometimes, when I have seen an outcast, dangerous youth, enter the hall, I have given such a turn to the exercises, and to my remarks, as to produce an evident effect upon him; and I can safely say, that some of my most ardent friends and obedient scholars, are found among that class. A kind hint from me will sometimes convince one that he has an influence among his companions, especially the younger; and his language or manners begin to improve, or the segar is dashed upon the ground. He did not think of it before; but instead of wasting pennies on segars, he might by-and-by possess a flute.

Such a spirit as these operations cultivate is exceedingly contagious. Children from several private schools attend our meetings with punctuality, learn our songs, and delight to repeat them in our various forms of solos, catches, responsives, and choruses. About eighty children, last summer, marched in two miles to take part in our exercises; and some girls have repeatedly attended from farms two or three miles off, and staid as late as I would allow them. We have had visits from New-York also; and in a distant country town I found many children who longed to enjoy similar meetings, and to have some intercourse with a place where they were established.

It is the details of such operations, however, which are most interesting and encouraging; and these cannot be given unless at great length. The display of characters,—the means of influencing families,—the spirit of study,—familiar ways of teaching some of the principles of the sciences and the arts,—these and many other topics I might enlarge upon, illustrating with various anecdotes. I wish, however, that some of the readers of this magazine would begin to regard their own neighborhoods as

missionary stations, to inquire into the circumstances of the young, and to try some simple measures to gain their love and confidence. They will then find ample opportunities to do them good, and to fill up their leisure with most gratifying recreations. If two or more such "children's friends" would occasionly interchange visits, or correspond, they would find it to produce mutual benefit.

We ought not to content ourselves with admiring the examples of foreign philanthropists, but should imitate them, and hope to surpass them in success, as far as our own advantages, in a free and protestant country, surpass theirs.

THEODORE DWIGHT, Jr.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1838.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY.

IN presenting this, our first annual report, we feel a degree of diffidence in regard to ourselves, which leads us to desire to humble ourselves before God, in review of our great unfaithfulness, while we admire the faithfulness of our covenant God in sparing so many of our mercies clustering around us.

This association was formed at the house of our pastor, Dec. 9th, 1833—ten mothers present; since which, we have registered forty-five mothers and sixty-one children. Four of our members have removed from the city, but desire still to have their names registered with ours; desiring to be remembered in our supplications, when we bend around the mercy seat, to beg aid and assistance for the duties and responsibilities that rest upon us, as mothers, to train our children for usefulness on earth, and eternal happiness in heaven.

It is now five years since our society has had its existence: for the first four years, we were spared, in almost unbroken numbers, with the exception of two beloved sisters, whose names were on our list, but who, previous to their meeting us, were called to their eternal rest. Oh, how do the painful recollections of the past year press upon our hearts, while we record the painful bereavement our society has sustained in the death of Mrs.

Sprague, its first directress; when we remember the meek and humble spirit with which she presided at these meetings,—her fervent and decided piety,—the many happy seasons we have enjoyed, mingling our hearts and voices around the mercy seat, the place of prayer, where the holiest and purest affections of the human heart are called forth,—when we remember her earnest petitions for the early conversion of our children,—while we think of these things, it seems as though the spirit of the dear loved one were hovering over us, and we almost fancy we hear the sound of her sweet voice speaking to us in all its redeemed purity, telling us not to weep over her memory, but to be more engaged in duty, more active in our Master's service, pressing forward to the prize of eternal glory, looking for a reunion in heaven!

In the death of Mrs. Pemberton, we also mourn that a mother in Israel has fallen—one who through a long life has maintained a decided christian character—called to endure trials such as falls to the lot of few to encounter—loss of children and widowhood came upon her as it were in a day; but smitten as her heart was by these painful and successive bereavements, she found her support in him who hath said—"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten"—and clearly evinced the reality of her faith by her humble resignation to the will of God. Showing that experimental religion, and faith in the promises of a covenant God, are the best supporters in a season of sorrow and deep affliction. Her example, in the high value she set upon the public worship of God, and the ordinances of his house, her constant attendance at the place of prayer, where she was to us a loved and choice companion, will long be felt by us. Oh, it is truly an encouraging and delightful spectacle to see the aged disciple thus honoring Christ, and bringing forth spiritual fruit to the glory of God!

Two of our beloved sisters, within the past year, have been made to understand full well the sad import of the words, "a widowed heart." Under trying circumstances, one, while on a visit to her friends at the west, and expecting her husband soon to come and accompany her home, received the distressing intelligence, that in a moment of apparent health, in the midst of business, the companion of her youth had fallen a victim to the king of terrors. The other, whose husband left home a few

weeks since, in feeble health, to seek relief in a more genial clime, while anxiously watching for words that should whisper hope and tell of restored health, received the painful news that herself was widowed, and her children fatherless; that he whom she fondly desired to welcome home, had found a grave amidst strangers.

We mourn the loss of six of our children, mostly infants. One mother, who buried a child at the age of fifteen years, is comforted in view of the evidence she left that she sleeps in Jesus. From one mother, an only child has recently been taken; but we are comforted with the thought that the consolations of grace are all sufficient to support under the sorest bereavements; and the christian mother, when called to lay her choicest comforts in the grave, can say—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Four of our children have become hopefully pious. One having made a public profession of her faith; and we do most fondly hope that our united prayer for the early conversion of our children, may be owned and blessed of God, and that they may glorify his name, and advance the precious interests of the dear Redeemer's kingdom; that some of our dear children may be chosen of God to plant the glorious gospel amidst falling idols, and their polluted devotees; that they, washed in the blood of Christ, and elevated by moral and intellectual worth, may, through redeeming grace, adorn the society of prophets and apostles forever, in the kingdom of heaven.

The number who have attended our stated meetings, average from ten to twenty. Those of us who have met regularly have felt there is a blessing in it; our desires for the welfare of each other's families have been increased; our faith in God's promises strengthened. We meet as mutual helpers of each other. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. We believe in the efficacy of united prayer. God hath promised, and shall he not perform?

We would thankfully acknowledge the aid our pastor has rendered, by countenancing and attending our quarterly and annual meetings. Our contributions have been devoted to the cause of education. E. P. McClure, *Cor. Secretary.*

Albany, January 9, 1838.

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

"Forbid them Not," or the hinderances which prevent little children from coming to Christ. By S. E. Dwight. New-York: published by E. French, 146 Nassau street.

This little book was originally in the form of a sermon, and then was of about half its present size. We heard it delivered, in that form, from the desk, with the deepest interest. We urgently requested the author to allow us to publish it in the Mother's Magazine. We shall, therefore, be believed, when we say that we rejoice in its publication. We regard this little work as pointing out, most clearly, the true causes why so many children of pious parents are lost, and the only way in which the salvation of little children can be secured. We can conceive of no subject which can be more interesting *to parents*, and especially to mothers. We recommend it to our subscribers, and to all Maternal Associations, and cordially wish that a copy of it were already in the hand of every christian mother.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"THE SABBATH A DELIGHT."

Glorious is the Sabbath morn!
Charming smiles its skies adorn;
But a day more glorious far,
Smiles above the loftiest star.

Happy is this sacred day,
While the friends of Zion pray;
Happier still those glorious days,
When, in heaven, their song they raise.

Sweet the Sabbath songs below,
Where God's people meet and bow;
Sweeter far th' immortal strains,
Where the great Redeemer reigns.

Christ our Sun arose with power,
Blest the Sabbath's earliest hour;
Now, in heaven, with beams divine,
His eternal glories shine.

Mortals! hear your Saviour's word;
Heaven and Earth! adore your Lord;
Anthems sweet, and long, and loud,
Fill the paradise of God.

May we spend our Sabbath hours
Praising God with all our powers;
Then with strains, sweet, loud, and long,
Swell th' eternal Sabbath song!

Stereotyped by F. F. Ripley, New York.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

LOVE OF MONEY.

THE science of accumulation is becoming the science of the country. Yet, let us, who are mothers, be careful not to perplex the unfolding mind with its precepts and contradictions.

A child hears perpetual conversation about the dearness or cheapness of the articles, with which he is surrounded. Perhaps the associations which he forms, are not between his apparel, and its fitness or comfort; but between the quantity of money which they cost, or the adroitness with which the merchant was beaten down. He is interested by frequent remarks from lips that he reveres—about how much such and such a person is worth; and hears the gradations gravely settled between neighbor and neighbor. "Does *worth* mean *goodness?*" inquires the child. "No—it means money." "*Worth makes the man*, and want of it the fellow," said the ethical poet. But the child coming with his privately amended dictionary, says, "*Money* makes the man." Of course, he whose purse is empty, is less than a man. Some person is spoken of, as possessing distinguished talents. The listening child is prepared to admire, till the clause "*he can never make a fortune*," changes his respect to pity or indifference. The piety of another is mentioned; his love of doing good; his efforts to make others better and happier. "But he is poor." Alas, that the forming mind should be left to undervalue those deeds and motives which in the sight of heaven, are the only true riches.

Possibly, in the freedom of domestic discourse, some lady is censured for vanity or ignorance, for ungrammatical language, or an ill-spelt epistle. "But she is rich," may be the reply, and he sees the extenuation accepted. If he is skillful at drawing inferences, or indisposed to study, he says "money is an excuse for ignorance; so if I have but a little knowledge, it is no matter, if I can only get rich." He hears a man spoken of as unkind, or intemperate, or irreligious. He listens for the sentence of blame, that such conduct deserves. "He is worth five hundred thousand dollars," is the reply; and there is silence. "Can money excuse sin?" asks the poor child in silent ruminations. It is unwarily remarked at the table, "such a young man will be very rich, when his father dies." Beware, lest that busy casuist arrive at the conclusion, that a parent's death is not a great affliction, if he leaves something behind; that if his possessions are very large, the event may be both contemplated and borne with indifference.

Now, tho' the long teaching of a selfish world may fasten this result on the minds of *men*, it should never enter the simple sanctuary of a *child's* heart, displacing the first holiest affections of nature.

A little girl once had some conversation in the family, about the hiring of a seamstress, and reported it to her sister.

"One is very poor, said she, and has an aged mother, and two little children to support. The other is not so poor. But she does not ask as much, by several cents a day. I heard it said that she does not work as well, but then she works cheaper, and dresses better. So, we have hired her. Yet, sister, I felt sorry for the widow, with the babes, for she looked sad and pale, and said she had no way to get bread for them, but her needle. I was afraid they would cry to be fed, and that the lame grandmother would suffer."

The sister, who had lived longer in this world of calculation, said, "it is perfectly right to hire her who asks the least, because it saves money."

Now, my dear friends, is it not both unkind and hazardous, thus to puzzle the moral sense of our children? to leave them to believe that wealth is both an excuse for ignorance, and a

shelter for vice? that it is but another name for virtue? that for the want of it, neither talent or piety can atone? that it is right to wish the death of a parent to obtain it? or to grind the face of the poor to save it?

How could the most inveterate enemy injure them so directly and permanently, as by making their earliest system of morals a contradiction, and a solecism? Yet this is done, by the conversation and example of parents, who love them as their own souls.

Of what effect is it, that we repeat to them, in grave lectures on Sundays, that they must "lay up for themselves, treasures in heaven," when they can see us for the other six days, toiling after, and coveting, only "treasures on earth?" When we tell them that they must not "value the gold that perisheth," neither "love the world, nor the things of the world," if they weigh these precepts with our illustration of them, will they not think that we mean to palm on them what we disregard ourselves, and despise our cunning? or else that we repeat what we do not believe; and so distrust our sincerity?

It is indeed necessary, that where the subsistence of a family is to be acquired, much attention and industry should be employed. Parents must often confer together on items of expense, and understand each other in every point of economy. But these consultations may surely be so managed, as not to absorb the thoughts of their offspring. It is not necessary that they monopolize all the discourse at the fireside, or that the domestic board be turned into an exchange-table, or that the child of a few summers, be made a sharper. Such little books in their library, as the one entitled "Knowledge better than house or lands;" or to listen to the parents, while they read the "Rich, poor man and the poor rich man;" or themselves to peruse, the "Three Experiments in Living, viz: Living *within* the means; *up* to the means; and *beyond* the means;" might possibly serve as some antidote to the spreading virus.

Mothers,—you surely need not be straitened for subjects of communion with the pupils whom you are to prepare for Eternity. You can teach them from history, and from obser-

vation, the possibility of being respectable without riches, or discontented with them. You can impress on them from a Book Divine, that to gain the whole world, would not balance one sigh of a lost soul.

Years, and intercourse with mankind, will soon enough impress the lesson of pecuniary acquisition. You need not post in advance of the world, with the world's lessons. It is not expected that you should erect the "tables of money-changers," and "seats for those who sell doves," in the temple of their hearts, which might at least, for a few of their tender years, be consecrated to "Nature's sweet affections, and to God."

L. H. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON THE EVIDENCE OF EARLY PIETY.

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

PECULIAR discrimination is necessary in order to form a correct estimate of the religious character of children. Parents and teachers are too apt, in attempting this delicate task, to overlook the important truth, that the features of early piety must be *child like*, and that the native temperament, whether more sedate or cheerful, is not eradicated, but only moulded into purer and lovelier forms by the power of divine grace. Especially is there, often, too strong an expectation that the mind of the child, who, it is hoped, has become the subject of this grace will, in a great degree, withdraw its interest from the sensible objects that have heretofore attracted its regard, and almost abandon its play things and sports. It is now to think, feel, and converse like an adult, and the more it can do this *in a religious manner*, the higher and the more satisfactory are the evidences of its piety. Such an expectation may often produce fatal mistakes, and a very wrong course of conduct towards the child. Instructions may be imparted, and restraints imposed on the one hand, or, on the other, commendations be-

stowed, which will lead the little being so pliant and imitative, to aspire after the stature of manhood, and to deceive both himself and others, by the affectation of feelings which are not genuine, and the use of language which, if at all, is but very imperfectly understood. The object of the writer, in this article, is to guard against such errors, by assigning several reasons why children,—those who are hopefully pious, as well as others,—should not only be permitted, but encouraged *to keep alive their interest in sensible objects, and in the innocent recreations that are proper for that period of life.* By having correct views on this subject, we shall be the better able to appreciate the true evidences of early piety, and to use the appropriate means for its promotion. We shall look for it in the right place, and if actually existing, discover its fruits in *the child-like character and employments.*

The deep interest which children usually take in sensible objects, is one of the ways, and a very important one, that the Author of their being uses, to develop the powers and capacities of their minds. It is admirably suited to the early stage of their existence. Their souls inhabit material bodies, and they are to move and act, if life is continued, in a material world. How necessary it is, that *their organs of sense*, which connect their souls with material objects, should be early trained to an easy and accurate exercise of their functions. Besides, constituted as we are, the foundation of the very language which we use with regard to *spiritual objects*, and the comparisons and analogies which we are obliged to employ in understanding them, is laid in our familiar acquaintance with the objects of sense. The play things of the child, the pictures in his books, the innumerable attractions which his eye, his ear, his hand, and often his taste and his smell, find in what surrounds him, constitute *the school* in which he is receiving *the first lessons* of his Heavenly Father, who knows best what these lessons should be.

It is the interest, also, which the child takes in sensible things that perpetually furnishes the occasions of his *happy bodily activity.* He directs his gaze to the alluring object, he stretches out his hand to obtain it, and, as he grows older, he walks or

eagerly runs towards it. What incentives to motion would he otherwise have? What would his little sports enjoy of alacrity and cheerfulness? In what other way would the foundation be laid of future health and vigor, and of that buoyancy of feeling which is so desirable not only in youth, but which we delight to witness in manhood, and the declining years of age? What a sad deprivation it is, in all these respects, for a human being to commence and keep on the course of life, deprived of the power of sight.

In addition to this, it is by means of his intercourse with sensible objects that the child becomes *the subject of parental discipline*, and is placed in a condition to have the affections of his heart cultivated. The countenance of the mother, the expressive motions of her hand, the varied tones of her voice, while the import of words is as yet not understood, or if at all, imperfectly, these furnish the medium of her earliest moral influence over the little being whom God has entrusted to her care. The eye and the ear of the child must be actively, and it may be added, pleasantly in exercise, or this medium will fail to be fully furnished. Besides, it is the feelings and the will of the child directed to sensible objects; his being permitted to have or not to have these objects, and the various modes of his using them or treating them, which at first exhibit his disposition, and enable the parent to ascertain and to employ both the instruction and the discipline which are needed. As he grows older, and begins to have intercourse with the other children and inmates of the family, and especially to join in the plays of his brothers and sisters, this intercourse has relation principally to sensible objects, and it is with reference *to them*, therefore, that his *outward conduct*, the index of his internal feelings and purposes, is to be watched and so regulated as to act back again, with the truths inculcated and the government exercised, upon his mind and heart.

Nature, too, with its ten thousand objects that are fair and bright, beautiful and magnificent, curious and wonderful, speaking all the while to his inward senses, *through the outward;* nature must interest and charm his soul, that thus he may be led to the God of nature. Nay, would you discourse to him

of his own soul, by contemplating which he is to get the elements of his conceptions of the Infinite and Eternal mind, how are you to do this but by referring him to his own consciousness of the states and affections of his soul; and how is he thus to be referred to his consciousness, except through the instrumentality of analogies and illustrations derived from *the objects of sense* with which he is conversant.

In every child, therefore, developing its intellectual and moral powers as the Author of its being intended they should be developed,—in a salutary and improving manner,—we must expect to find a lively interest in sensible objects, and incessant happy familiarity with them. The want of this in early life implies some sad defect in the mental or bodily constitution, or in the training of the child on the part of the parent, and so far from being entitled to the admiration which is often bestowed upon it, ought to be regarded as a great misfortune, and no pains spared to remedy it. It may seem to mark precocity of intellect in some one or two imposing particulars, but always shows that the true harmony of the intellectual, and moral, and physical powers is disturbed, while it is very far from being the precursor of a well-balanced, vigorous and useful character.

The innocent sports of the young; their interest in the objects of nature; and art, which surround them; their playfulness; their hilarity; their merriment if not carried to an undue excess, so far from being restrained or frowned upon, are to be encouraged and cherished, if we would not thwart the plans of that Being who best knows the exigencies of childhood, and who in the very gambols of the young of other animals, has taught us that we, too, should gambol in the morning of life, because we too have an animal nature, and, still more, because *our spiritual nature can be cultivated in its first developments, only through the medium of the animal.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 6.

HABITS OF FEELING.

OUR habits of feeling will make us a blessing or a curse to the society where we live, and make that society a source of happiness or unhappiness to us. The feelings we cherish make us what we are.

The first thing I would say on this subject is: Remember always that others have feelings as well as yourselves. Whatever indulgences, therefore, you ask, be careful to render.

There is an expressive, though homely phrase, "it takes all sorts of people to make the world." We should never forget that we each form one of the varieties. If other people differ from us, we should always consider that we differ just as much from them, and may, therefore, appear as singular and offensive to them as they do to us. The rules of etiquette are, to a great extent, conventional, and are often to be regarded only in respect to the public opinion where we are called to practice them. The traveller must change his manners every few days, or be counted singular, perhaps vulgar.

One, who indulges feelings of disrespect, or contempt towards those who differ from her in the forms, fashions, or manners of ordinary social life, can never consistently respect herself; for she is now what she once despised, and very soon may be again what she now despises.

A censorious spirit spoils the peace of its possessor, and soon separates "veriest friends;" while that amiable temper, which is ever ready to excuse the faults of others, soon disarms its enemies, and is freed from the bitterness of self-reproach.

What we are in our feelings, we very soon become in our actions; for action has its seat in the heart. What is there entertained and matured in sentiment soon controls the whole man, and moves him on to the fulfilment of his desires.

Nothing can be more arrogant than to require others to adopt our manners and habits in matters of mere form. They have the same rights that we have, and are as right in their own eyes, as we are in ours, and perhaps as conscientious too. Look upon their peculiarities with the liberality you ask from them. Let no unessential forms arouse your prejudices, and freeze up the current of your love. Let the East Indian shave his hair, and the American Indian cherish his; let the Jew wear his beard and the mussulman his mustatios, the Turk his turban and the Savage his beads, while we seek to convert all to a common and saving faith. They can love God and serve their neighbor in any costume, and every where, and in all positions. It is the hidden man of the heart, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, "in the sight of God, of great price." This may glow in the breast of a Savage in his rude, fantastic attire, as well as in a monarch enthroned; in frozen Lapland, burning India, or, in more temperate and genial climes; at the Equator, the tropics, or the poles. It may rise as incense from a standing, sitting, or kneeling posture; be regarded by Him, who looketh on the heart, through a white, a swarthy, or an ebon face, in the Circassian, the African or Mongol. It unites in one, all the nations of the earth, and prepares them in one spirit to sing in heaven that song, which celebrates the divine harmony of redeeming love.

To this end, then, enlightened benevolence will direct its efforts more than to external forms or circumstances. It will seek to cleanse the fountain that the streams may be pure, to strike the axe at the root of the tree, which bears the grapes of wisdom, and the clusters of Gomorrah." Let men retain their peculiarities, which are neither sinful nor justly offensive. Let not a brother be offended at thy meat; nor thou at his. In unessential matters, conform, change, make sacrifices, "become all things to all men." This is, indeed, the true way to concentrate all your energies for the contest of principle, one great soul engaging conflict. This it is, which shall make the citadel of truth impregnable.

Let this habit of feeling posses your entire souls, and regulate all you actions. It is as necessary to firmness of character,

as to success. The mind, that is engaged with trifles, places all it contends for on a level with trifles. While you are engaged in persuading a heathen to change his manners, or a nominal christian, perhaps, to abandon a prejudice, you might have stormed the citadel of falsehood, and subdued the heart. Bring the Gospel to bear directly on him. Aim at the heart. Otherwise you may maim and exasperate deadly foes, but will never conquer them. They will grow strong under your ill-directed labors, and be prepared for a deadlier conflict.

The same habits of feeling should enter into your self-denials and self-sacrifices. Depraved nature prompts us to feel that we are made for ourselves; the Gospel teaches us that we are made for others. It, therefore, bids us respect the rights of others as our own, taught by that golden rule, that we should do to others, as we would they should do to us. The social principle is deep, wrought in that law of love which the Gospel inculcates. It is not like most other rules, an abstraction. It is practically set forth in the love of God, as seen in the works of creation and providence. It was embodied and dwelt among us in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was kindled into an undying flame in the hearts of men, when he "breathed upon his disciples, and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost."

This benevolence, thus expansive, belongs now to the human heart. To implant, and give it immortality there, was the great end of Christ's suffering. The spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice, therefore, which prompted the work of our redemption, is identical with christanity, and all, who are created anew in Christ Jesus, feel its power. Under its influence, you live not for yourselves alone. You open your hearts to the strong impulses of your social nature. You go forth to noble and self-sacrificing enterprise for the improvement of your race, and for the glory of God. Coincident in your desires and efforts with the great plans of divine benevolence, you become co-workers with God in carrying those plans into execution. Thus dignified by the service you render, you are blessed in its duties, and when you "rest from your labors, your work follows you."

The strong current of feelings, then, to which the channels

of the soul should be thrown open, is that of universal benevolence. Cherished and living, this will pervade every action, and nothing like it will ensure determination of purpose, and energy of action. Its object once taken, the entire emotions of the soul are absorbed. It first consents to self-sacrifice; every other surrender is readily made. This is a spirit fully adequate to the greatest enterprises, for it throws itself entirely into its object, and both risks and pledges every thing for its accomplishment. When we have consented to give *ourselves*, whatever else we can contribute, comes of source. Such is the world, which pure religion would form, and such is a life of christian benevolence.

Contrast it for one moment with that selfishness, which can see nothing, except with final and principal reference to itself, selfish in its preferences, and ready to sacrifise the food, both of mind and soul to its appetite; vain and pleased with borrowed decorations, which are but badges of our shame, and were never intended to add to the beauty of God's most perfect work. Contrast this spirit of benevolence with that envy, which ever looks with jealousy on rival claims; which would trample on the rights, or prejudice the proper claims of another to advance itself; which can never award merited praise to a superior. Measure it with that unholy ambition, which aspires to place and power by unholy means, which would "rather rule in hell than serve in heaven." Can you hesitate which to choose, or where to direct your habits of feeling?

Not only your usefulness, but your happiness is involved in the habits of feeling you cultivate. Which of you can be happy with the spirit of envy rankling in her bosom? Who can harbor unholy ambition, jealously, or revenge, and be happy? These are the feelings cherished by devils, and which make the devils what they are. Could love obtain dominion in their hearts, hell would be changed to a heaven. As well, therefore, could you be happy in hell as in the exercise of hellish passions. Only let a young lady indulge a spirit of envy towards another, and seek to raise herself by detraction or deceit, she cherishes and fans in her bosom a fire, which is kindled in the lowest pit, which is from beneath, and which will

surely destroy her own peace, while it continues to burn. There is self-conviction, self-reproach, self-arraignment, trial, condemnation. If there can be supremely an object of pity, she is one, withering and withered under the burning fires of disappointed ambition and bitter hatred.

Beware how you look with a covetous desire on the fair fame of others; how amiable is that virtue, which represents a man employed in returning good for evil, blessing for cursing, and love for hatred! Who on the other hand can respect one, who will wantonly or through envy, despoil the good name, even of a rival?

But few are personally handsome. Of these few, the greater part are spoiled by the knowledge, which they soon acquire of their own beauty. The small remnant soon fade, and lose all the advantages they may have enjoyed in the color of the cheek, in every peculiar arrangement of muscular proportion and personal grace. But mind endures. The heart, in its moral constitution and habit, endures. These, well educated, will kindle in the eye, and awaken an expression that has power to move. It is persuasive, controling, divine. There is moral power in moral worth. It lays hold on our nature, controls our judgment, and influences our life.

Let your attention, then, be early awakened to your habits of feeling. They are the grand artery, through which a healthful moral action must be thrown into all the extremities. On this current are borne the principles of life, the riches of intellect, and the elements of moral power. If the physical energies are not here replenished and sustained, yet they are directed to their proper objects, and thereby made most efficient. Repel, therefore, as the tempter that invaded Eden, every unworthy feeling. Draw out in your life, the law of love. "Be kindly affectionate one to another, in honor preferring one another. Let each esteem others better than himself. Return not railing for railing, but contrary wise blessing. Let the same mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Be holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." What morality is here! How pure, elevated, sub-

lime! It reproves every bad passion, and unites, harmonizes, and blesses all. It came from heaven, and its practice prepares for heaven.

For the Mother's Magazine.

I HAD A MOTHER.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay,
Your locks beneath the blasts of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

NEWTON.

"I had a mother!" Who can utter such language without awakening the tenderest emotions. It is pleasant to recal to mind the kind and unwearied attentions of an affectionate mother; but it is painful in the extreme, to feel that we have not made her any suitable returns of gratitude and affection, for her undying love to us. O, if children have any regard for their own happiness, even in the present world, setting aside all other considerations, let them take heed how they treat this tenderest and best of earthly friends.

I had a mother once. She was not a christian when I lived with her. Her health was feeble, and she had many cares, and consequently her temper was often irritable, so that at times, "she spake unadvisedly with her lips;" yet she loved her children, I may say, even to a fault. I was her youngest child, and to me she was peculiarly indulgent. I was heedless, loved my own gratification, and thought but little of returning her kindness. As I grew older I knew my duty, but often neglected to perform it. I can never forget one instance of this kind, after I had arrived at an age to be engaged in domestic employments.

I had a duty assigned me, which called me, for several days,

some distance from home. I rose at an early hour, ate a hasty meal, and taking some refreshment with me, I did not return till evening. Thus I continued to do for some days in succession, leaving home before my parents were up. My mother quick to feel, and prompt to do every thing for my comfort and happiness, began to fear that I was fairing too hardly. One morning, on visiting the breakfast room, I found she had arisen very early, in order to prepare me a warm breakfast. Every one knows, in such a case, what should have been my feelings. I ought to have said, "my dear mother, you are very kind, thus to deprive yourself of rest for my sake, I thank you, for your kind attention to my wants, but really mother, it is not necessary that you should do this." I felt that it was not, and I did not wish her to do it, and had I expressed my real feelings, in a pleasant and kind manner she would have been made most happy. But shall I say it, or shall I forbear? Alas! instead of doing so, I felt peevish and fretful, and I manifested to her, these wicked feelings both in words and actions. But Oh! the bitter regret my repented unkindness, and especially the conduct of that morning, has occasioned me. I can never express what I have felt and do still feel at the recollection of my ingratitude. I hope that I have sincerely repented of that, and all my other sins, that God has forgiven me. But I can never forgive myself. O! I hope I shall meet my dear, dear mother in heaven, that I may express to her, how truly grieved I am that I treated her so unkindly. Dear children and youth, I have related this painful circumstance as a warning to you. Let me say that if you wish to avoid the pain I have felt for my treatment of my mother, and shall continue to feel to the end of my life, then avoid the sin which caused me so much anguish. O! be kind to your parents, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, and God will reward you, for he has said in his word, "Honor thy father and mother, that it may be *well* with thee, and that thou mayest *live long* on the earth."

H. W.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER OF DR. GRANT.

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, Nov. 2d, 1837.

REV. S. WHITTELSEY AND LADY,

Dear Brother and Sister,—Your very kind note of December last, accompanying two bound volumes of the Mother's Magazine, was received in due time.

We highly prize the Magazine both for its intrinsic excellence, and as a token of your affectionate remembrance. You have a most important and interesting task, in your endeavors to guide *mothers, and fathers too*—for their duties are inseparable—in training the immortal spirits committed to their care, for usefulness and heaven. What momentous responsibilities are those of a parent! What deep, undying interests hang upon each look, and word, and action of those, to whom the temporal and eternal well being of a child is committed!

I trust, I realized in some measure, my obligations while endeavoring to discharge both paternal and maternal duties to my two little sons in my native land. But if these duties and responsibilities were arduous there, where so many religious privileges, and so much of pious example help to mould the character of a child, what must they be where every influence is most unhallowed and pernicious? As the impress of character is made in infancy and early childhood, I have only to point you to the lying, theft, profanity, intemperance and degrading ignorance of all classes of people around us, and you have the portrait of *mothers* in this dark land. It is a dark picture; but what else can it be? Look at her training, and see if she can be otherwise than ignorant and degraded. She is ushered into the world with a feeling of regret on the part of her parents, who always think it a misfortune to have a female infant. And as she grows up she is sent to labor in the field, and at other menial service, and not a thought is bestowed upon the cultivation of her mind. She is treated rather as

the slave, than as the companion of man, and is only valued for the work she performs, or the dowry she brings in marriage—being disposed of by her covetous parents to the highest bidder, and often against her will—if, indeed, she have a will of her own. While her heart is unadorned, and she knows nothing of "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," her affections are supremely set upon ornamenting her person. Her hair is plaited with several concentric rows, or circles of money; her neck is ornamented with every variety of beads; a string of metalic knobs or coins falls in a double row to her waist; her fingers, wrists, ears and nose, are loaded with rings, and the borders of her garments shine with tinsel. Many who are too poor to sustain the expense of all this tawdry display, still manifest there love of finery, and render their appearance still more grotesque by surmounting their tattered garments with ornaments of the cheapest material.

I speak particularly of those who have been baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, and who bear the name of *christians*. At twelve or fifteen years of age they are married, and without a thought of their responsibility enter upon the business of training up a family. We have just returned from one of their weddings, where the feasting and dissipation was rendered the more intolerable by a combination of all the discords of creation, in what was called music. When married, the bride may not eat with her husband, nor think herself his equal. A child with an immortal spirit is committed to their care. For two years it is bound hand and foot in its cradle, and in this state I have seen the limbs become helpless from inaction. As it grows older, its most capricious desires are gratified, and its worst passions grow in unsubdued luxuriance. I have seen a child three or four years of age beating its mother while its face was suffused with anger. When I have enjoined strict abstinence from unripe fruit, or other injurious articles, in case of sickness, the universal answer has been,—"What shall I do? it is a *child*, and it wants it"—and thus they destroy, or hazard its life, rather than exercise wholesome restraint. Indeed, such a thing as family

government is not known here. The people are quite astonished to see our little Henry Martyn, now 18 months old, obey immediately when spoken to; and we are encouraged to hope that *example* will do much to produce a reform here.

Lying, profanity, and theft are not uncommon vices among *females*, as well as all others about us. We have even had the buttons cut off from our clothes by them; and oaths are so common that they are uttered without a thought. No one is expected to trust anothers word when it is for their interest to deceive, and it is hardly considered a breach of etiquette to question anothers veracity.

Not a Nestorian girl or woman in this province could read a word when we came here; and we find the subject of female education a very different one. Ten or twelve girls are now under instruction in our village schools, which is a very encouraging fact. But our efforts to educate promising girls in our families, have as yet proved unsuccessful. The last effort which we made to effect this important object, was in the case of a bright little girl, whose parents were so poor, that she had been employed to beg bread for them to eat. The girl was about nine years old, and covered with old rags. I made a regular bargain with her parents, that she should stay with us six years, in consideration of which I was to feed, clothe and educate her, and pay them a stated sum, as an equivalent for what she would have earned at home. A writing was drawn and sealed by the bishop, and I thought we should then succeed in educating one female as a pattern for her sex. The girl soon became changed into a neat promising scholar, and was greatly improving in morals and intellect, when her father—thinking he might secure her new clothes, and caring nothing for her improvement—came and stole her away.

Perhaps he was afraid, as others have been, that we wished to carry off all that we educate to the "new world."

I have thus hastily endeavored to give you some facts in regard to females, and *mothers* in this country. If the picture is an affecting one to you, it is doubly so to us, who have it drawn out in more vivid colors than I can give. I have said thus much to enlist your sympathies and prayers on be-

half of *Nestorian Mothers.* Will you not remember them in your intercessions at the throne of grace, and ask the mothers in our beloved Zion at home to pray for them? They are beginning to feel that they are degraded and ignorant; and some of them say to our ladies, "You can read and write, and you know every thing. We know nothing, not even our prayers." They know not the age of their chidren, and often they have to stop and count before they can tell how many they have.

But, strange as it may seem, with all this ignorance, they have naturally bright intellects. They are naturally affectionate and kind, and are free from some of the dreadful vices of females in most heathen lands. They want but the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, and the light of education to make them blessings to this land and the world.

Mrs. Grant unites in affectionate regards, and best wishes for the success of your interesting labors. I trust she will ere long be able to tell you what efforts are in progress for the improvement of her sisters in Persia.

Very affectionately yours,

ASHAEL GRANT.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE CIRCULAR CHURCH, CHARLESTON. S. C.

MY DEAR SISTERS—

THE reading over of the minutes of the past year has brought to remembrance several interesting items, which I presume will not be unacceptable to you.

Our meetings have been uninterrupted, and the character of them solemn, and—may we not hope, sanctifying?—having a tendency to make us more holy in our domestic walk, more exemplary before our households, and more faithful to the souls of our children. And may we not hope that no small amount of prayer has been lodged in the great Intercessor's hands, who now lives to plead for his people, and who never pleads in vain?

Yes, if we may so interpret the dealings of our Heavenly Father towards some of our members, the prayers of this Association have been even answered; for has he not taken from us some of those cherished ones for whom we earnestly petitioned might be adopted into the family of God, and educated for his kingdom and glory? Bereaved mothers, God has done well by your children, and you may "bless him even for the severe;" and let gratitude to the dear Redeemer of your glorified babes stimulate you to more abundant maternal labors.

Our quarterly meetings have been highly edifying. Always have we been favored with our beloved pastor's attendance, and frequently has he been accompanied by his brethren. At our meeting in April, the Rev. Dr. Anderson visited us. Do you remember how he urged us to greater and increased effort to train up our children for the service of the Church—for the missionary field? And to accomplish this end, we must early introduce them to habits of benevolence and self-denial, and impart to them solid and thorough instruction in divine things. We felt then as if we could not soon forget that meeting; we were overwhelmed with a sense of the vastness of a mother's influence, and of a mother's responsibleness. And this was the last but one of our meetings at which our dear departed Mrs. Leavett was. Mothers of this Association, in view of past meetings, and of this one in particular, let it excite you to do whatsoever your hearts or hands design to do for your children, bound to eternity. You know not how short your time for working may be. Our friend just referred to, and her offspring, seemed as fair for life and usefulness when this year commenced, as yours do now; but ere the first quarter of it had rolled away, they were gone; and before a second quarter expired, five more dear little ones were gathered to the tomb. *Short, uncertain* life is your only seed time.

The children of the Association have, during the year, contributed $8 for the purchasing of eight copies of the Magazine, to be sent to those missionary mothers in heathen lands who have it not. This is good accomplished—and here permit me to request you to make your children understand distinctly the object they are thus aiding. I have thought it would encour-

age them to persevere in this effort of love, and interest them too, if you would point out to them, upon their maps, those green spots in heathen lands whither the Magazine is sent, and make them acquainted with the holy and lovely characters of the missionaries, and with their labors, and the character of those among whom they so patiently labor. Many of you take this work yourselves, and have found it a maternal help. It would be well to read it to them.

In conclusion, permit me, dear friends, to congratulate you, on the arrival of our second anniversary, that not many of you have been called to mourn over disappointed hopes, and to be written childless. "Your children are yet like olive plants about your table;" they are yet probationers. Oh! see to it, that you are faithful; and regard your monthly meetings as among the most precious of your religious duties and privileges.

S. L. G., Secretary.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

IN case a mother is bereaved of all her children, she is very apt to conclude that Providence designs to free her from further care and responsibility in the training and salvation of children; and she at once forsakes the maternal meeting. Such, however, was not the impression of Mrs. G., the worthy secretary, who penned the above Report. She did not feel or act thus, as will be perceived by the following extract from one of her letters to the Editor:—

"I was asked the other day why I continued a member of the Maternal Association, seeing the Lord had written me childless? Shall I tell you, my sister, what I said? I replied, 'I feel that the Lord has signally answered my prayers for my own dear children, though in a very mysterious way. It was my constant, fervent prayer, as soon as I was sensible of their existence, that he would make them his own dear children, and educate them for his kingdom and glory; and I fully believe that he has done so, and that they are enjoying the superior advantages of an angelic education. And if so, has he not done well by my beloved little ones? I feel that I cannot do

enough for the best interests of the children of others, who are exposed to all the temptations and baleful influences of a wicked world. What can I render to my Redeemer, and the Redeemer of my children, for all he has done to save them and their unworthy mother?' Yes, my friend, I do feel more interested than ever in this blessed cause, and I do desire to be more *abundant* in maternal labors than *you all.*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

FEELING IS NOT FAITH.

LOWER CANADA, June, 1838.

DEAR MRS. WHITTELSEY—

IT is matter of deep lamentation that there are so few children converted to God and following after holiness; and I think few will doubt that the *cause* exists in some form with the mother. There is, very manifestly, a great want of spiritual, powerful faith in the promises of the Abrahamic covenant. Mothers do not believe, I mean that this is true of mothers to a great extent, that the conversion of their children depends, under God, upon themselves; and this may account for that slothfulness of spirit, and a disposition to expect the conversion of the child by and by, which, in a greater or less degree is so universal among mothers. "Howbeit," as "this kind goeth not out but by *prayer and fasting*," she *may* find it difficult to get rid of it; for it requires an effort directly opposed to that sluggishness of spirit to which she has been in a habit of yielding.

I do not believe Hannah had this spirit when she promised, "Then will I give him unto the Lord all the days of his life" —neither when she said, "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." Nor do I believe that such a mother (continuing in that spirit) will ever see her child converted, in answer to her own prayers, or as the result of her own labors. Does not this very spirit operate more powerfully in "hindering the prayers" of mothers, and preventing the early conversion of children, than all other causes put together? The Lord God has said plainly, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and *he* has

never placed an obstacle in the mother's way. If she has done this herself, then she herself must remove it. This she *can* do, and this she *must* do, or abide the only alternative, and remain in awful doubt and uncertainty about the eternal destiny of those she so dearly loves. 'Tis a very easy thing to take the precious trust that God has carefully committed to our keeping, and, before the altar of God, listen to the name of the sacred Trinity as pronounced over it by his ambassadors, and promise with the lips to "train it up" for God, but it is quite another thing to have our own souls touched with the "fire" of the Holy Ghost, and deeply in our hearts to receive the precious promise, "*I will be thy God, and the God of thy child, for ever*"—to feel the witness of the Sacred Spirit in our souls, that our "vows" "to give him unto the Lord all the days of his life," are registered in heaven, and that God accepts the offering we have made.

Oh! when a mother does this, angels in heaven are not indifferent spectators to the scene; and if angels could weep, methinks there would be tears in heaven, when such a mother *forgets* her vows.

Now we believe there are many such mothers, and that they expect their children will "some time or other" be converted. Still, day after day, and in some instances year after year, rolls away, and they remain as they were—no, not as they *were*, for every day's continuance in sin but hardens the heart, and renders it less susceptible of receiving divine impressions. If such a mother has not forgotten her "vows," she must have forgotten the obligations they impose upon her, or else she must have greatly erred in her manner of communicating *truth* to the mind of her child—though so much has been said on this subject by those who learned "wisdom" by experience, that a mother's ignorance here is hardly excusable.

It may be the child has not been taught to pay due regard to *this* command—"Children, obey your parents in all things"—and without a *habitual, practical obedience* here, a mother need never expect to exert a very powerful, or a very salutary, influence over the mind of her child. Again, the mind of a little one soon wearies, and she may have been long and tedious,

when she should be short and explicit—thus making those daily exercises a task for the child, which should ever be its delight—or she may in some way lead the child to view its Maker as an austere being, rather than a God of love, but who must be strictly obeyed, because his commands are *always right*.

I do believe, that when the feelings and faith of a mother, as above described, are kept in lively exercise in the heart, and she searches for the promises of God in his word, as for "hid treasure," and seeks the blessing of God as earnestly and diligently upon her labors for her child, as the men of this world seek for gold and silver, that she will soon see the image of Jesus formed and living in his heart. It cannot be otherwise, for the Lord God is a faithful God, *keeping covenant and mercy* with them that love him, and that walk in the ways that he has commanded"—they are his own words. Before we can see more conversions amongst children, we must see mothers more holy. There must be a deeper and more thorough work of grace in her own heart; there must be holy and fervent outpourings of soul before God, and wrestlings with the "angel of the covenant." She must "travail in birth again" for her child, until Christ be formed in the soul. In proportion as this spirit prevails amongst mothers, in the same proportion do I believe we shall witness the conversion of *children*, and in no other.

If a mother has long prayed for, and expected, the conversion of her child, and yet this desire of her heart is not granted, she may perhaps learn the reason at the foot of the cross. If her eye of faith be strong enough to look "within the veil," she *perhaps* may discover that the honor and glory of him who sits upon the throne, has not been sufficiently prominent in her mind when seeking the conversion of her child; but the *happiness of the child* alone has filled her heart. She has had *less faith* than *feeling*.

I would that I could place you in the chamber of a dying child where once I stood, and you might see the mother with her *tearless* eyes raised towards heaven, crying, "Save, O! save my child." I knew that mother well. In her youth she chose the Lord for her portion, and she felt that God was her God. She had breathed fervently the "baptismal vow" over

her babe, before the altar of God, and since that period she had wept in secret places for her child, and prayed and longed for her conversion. Often, she says, when kneeling in my closet, my child, from the time she was a year and a half old, would come and kneel silently beside me, and there remain till I told her she might pray; and when teaching her infant lips to call upon God, O, how my heart has yearned over my child, and I longed for her conversion with an inexpressible intensity of feeling; "but," she continued, "*feeling* is not *faith*. The Lord has taught me that, and I *now* see that I did not with a living faith receive the covenant promise of God in my heart, and in the exercise of that faith plead at his footstool his own promise, and his own faithfulness." Now I see nothing peculiar in the experience of this mother, for I believe thousands learn when 'tis too late, that "feeling is not faith;" and though in this case the mother felt that mercy was extended to her child through the covenant faithfulness of an unchangeable God, yet I have often seen her walk the room in apparent anguish of spirit, when speaking of her want of intelligent spiritual faith in the promises of the Abrahamic covenant, and her consequent unfaithfulness both to God and to her child; and she once told me at such a time, that she was oftentimes obliged to walk while praying, for her distress was such that she could not kneel.

Oh, that mothers would be wise *now*—that they would "stir themselves up" *now* "to take hold upon God"—that they would *now* "bring the tithes into the store-house," and "prove God," and see if one "jot or tittle" fails of all he has promised. Let a mother but labor as diligently to have her child robed in Christ's righteousness as she does to have it dressed according to the fashion of *this* world, and see if her labors are not abundantly rewarded. Let the child SEE DAILY that the beauties and glories of the blessed Saviour have *fixed* the mother's heart in heaven, and that she "loves not this world, nor the things of this world," and think you he will be *satisfied* with this world? O no, no. Let her but *lead* the way, and the child *will* follow. She may *point*, and *point*, and *point* in vain; but let her own gaze be rivited on the Saviour, and the child too will "look and live." Mother, do you believe this? and *will you* make the trial *now*? S.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

ON THE EVIDENCE OF EARLY PIETY.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

In connection with the deep interest which children almost universally take in sensible objects, and their fondness for playthings and amusements, *the thoughtlessness and volatility* which are so common at that period of life, are to be well considered in forming a due estimate of their religious character. Where this is constitutional, we make great allowances for it even in adults, and how much more should we be ready to do so in the case of those happy, little beings, in the morning of their days, who are yet free from the cares and anxieties of riper years; whose animal spirits are full of spontaneous life and activity; and to whose unsated eye all that surrounds them is a constant panorama of what is fresh and bright, curious and wonderful. Objects the most common and stale to us, have to them, in their forms and colors, their construction and uses, something new and interesting. Is it at all strange that, amid such a variety, their attention should often be allured and distracted, and their minds, like the butterfly, be perpetually on the wing, roaming from one delight to another?

Religious objects, let it be recollected, are addressed to our faith. In contemplating them, even those of adult age, and who have made some progress in the divine life, are often harrassed with the intrusion of the things of this world, and have a great struggle to maintain against this intrusion. Something *seen*, or *heard*, breaks up the train of spiritual meditation and

feeling, and quickly calls back the soul to the objects of time and sense. In the case of children, then, we should not be surprised, or discouraged, to find this difficulty existing in a vastly greater degree, and we should treat it with proportional candor and indulgence.

The wants of children are all provided for. The *planning* for their comfort is done by the parent. It is only very gradually and imperfectly, and, at first, with reference to their own little concerns, that they are led to exercise foresight. We must not wonder at their thoughtlessness. Divine grace, it is true, will produce a temper of heart, a sense of duty, an obedience and docility of mind, most favorable to the cultivation of thoughtfulness and prudence. But we must allow time for the growth of these traits of character, and not set down to a want of right feelings, or to *intentional* misconduct, in this respect, what may often seem to conflict with genuine youthful piety.

Instances are continually occurring among the most carefully trained, and best disposed children, illustrative of these truths, especially where the constitutional tendency is to great playfulness, to volatility, and to a want of forecast.

A young child, whose mother dares to hope that the Spirit of God has sanctified his heart, has just been kneeling by her side, and uniting in her fervent supplications at the throne of grace. He has done this tenderly and reverently, with a sweet confidence in the Savior. He rises; he looks around him; some inviting object attracts his attention; his animal spirits are in full play;— he bounds forward with delight—he sports—he frolics—he gives vent to his joyful feelings in the vociferations of merriment. It would have been vastly better, doubtless, had he kept his mind sedate and serious a little longer. He ought to be checked and reminded of this. He should be led to see and feel the propriety of not thus passing so rapidly from an act of devotion to his pastimes. But his sportiveness was spontaneous, and probably irrepressible. There was in it no *intentional irreverence.* Do not frown severely upon it. Do not let it be regarded as casting any doubtfulness over the evidences of his youthful piety which you daily think you discover in *the general tone of his feelings and conduct.*

On the Sabbath, he is uneasy or drowsy in the house of God. In the Sunday-school his attention flags, or is arrested by the appearance of a new pupil or a stranger; or he smiles at something that strikes his eye, or his imagination, ludicrously. If there is no bad intention in all this—*no design*—but all is to be attributed to the state of his bodily system, or to volatility and thoughtlessness,—in administering the necessary admonition, be gentle and forbearing, and do not attribute to wrong feelings, or to the want of proper ones, what may fairly be accounted for in some other way.

Similar cases are continually happening in the intercourse which parents have with their children, and teachers with their pupils. The few that the writer has alluded to are sufficient to illustrate the general truths which he has wished to present to his readers. In doing this, he would be sorry to leave the impression on their minds, of his intending to espouse any course of false indulgence; or any neglect of carefulness in the training up of children and youth in all that is reverential towards sacred things, and decorous and respectful in their conduct. But keeping this in view as an essential part of education, we should be careful, on the other hand, in forming an estimate of *the state of the hearts* of our children, to find out what *the inward* truly is, and not to let certain irregularities or frivolities of *the outward* produce any unfavorable surmises, *unless they indicate wrong feelings, or evil intentions.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 7.

HABITS OF FEELING.

Our feelings, as influenced by a spirit of benevolence, have formed a separate subject of consideration. It may be profitable to subdivide them as they are carried into those various branches of practical action, which is decisive of character and usefulness in society.

I will direct attention, in the first place, to your *feelings of*

independence. This is a term liable to abuse, and cannot be safely used without a definition. Perfectly independent, you cannot be—it is not desirable you should be. There is nothing degrading in that independence, which nature has constituted. Never be ashamed of it, whether it consist in any subordination of the sex, or humble circumstances of life. True independence is not controlled by any contingent circumstances. It is intellectual and moral. It consists in an exercise of the heart, in mental action, and may dignify and ennoble the humblest individual in the most obscure condition. The want of it can never be compensated by birth, or blood, or station. A mean spirit may crawl upon a throne, while a royal heart may swell the bosom of a slave. The independence I would recommend consists in a feeling of personal accountability, which brings every decision to that law by which actions are to be tried, and, regardless of other influences, decides by that rule every duty and every action.

Carry with you this spirit, deeply cherished and well established. Let it pervade your personal manners, and they will be as conciliatory as they are dignified. They will give true nobility to the humblest, and designate her as belonging to nature's nobility, the highest rank in society. Let it pervade your minds, and they will exercise that noble bearing, which will be impressive because natural. Factitious distinctions, like artificial forces, are necessarily transient, and are consumed by their own power.

There is hardly a more important modification of feeling than that of personal independence. How peculiarly interesting its display in a tender female, thinking for herself, carrying forward her own mental operations, forming her conclusions, and modestly, but distinctly, avowing them, even in the presence of opposition and numbers! How degrading does it appear to see any one waiting on the opinions of others, led and changed by their sentiments like the vane that varies with every breath! You cannot esteem such an one. Though no moral dereliction may degrade her, she can never rise to your respect.

Think for yourselves. Without affectation, always dare to do what you think is right. Then you will reserve yourselves

when wicked men and seducers would lead astray. If you can *think* for yourselves, you can *act* for yourselves—you can differ from any other and all others. She who agrees with herself, comes to every conflict with a host. She can stand before kings. Superior strength yields to superior virtue. How withering to a grovelling spirit is that exclamation of time-servers,—"O that will not do,—people don't do so,—they will laugh at you." But I say do it, if it is right. Do it—let people laugh if they will,—*do it*. It is better to incur their censure when you are right, than find their approbation in error. What will your conscience say if you *neglect* to do it? It will rise with far more power to oppress and punish you, than a hostile world combined. Do what you think is right, and *let people laugh*. Follow your own sense of propriety, well counselled, and hold the derision of others in deeper derision.

This is a short way to correct false notions, and extinguish a false sensibility. We have to do with realities, and the sooner we come to act on them, the better. I have seen a young lady at school, who could not submit to an examination, before her parents and friends, without an agitation that stifled her voice, who could yet talk nonsense to her companions, as soon as she passed the door, loud enough to be heard through a three story building. What is right, *do*, and never be ashamed, nor afraid of consequences. If a sense of right will not inspire you with courage enough to speak confidently in a noble enterprise, let shame keep you silent ever afterwards.

The opposite of an independent spirit is not, however, necessarily one of meanness. A habit of yielding to others, and depending on their decision for opinion, sometimes arises from a native modesty, and involves no unworthy feeling. Yet yielded to and long cherished, it degrades the mind, until it comes at length to act habitually under a painful sense of inferiority. To obviate this evil, the mind should form a habit of independent reflection. Instead of seeking after the opinions of others, its own independent opinions should be modified by the light that others shed. We may not be stubborn in our way, but receive new light from whatever source it comes.

This yielding disposition, on the other hand, should not be carried too far. We should not adopt at once an improvement, because it may seem to have some advantages, until we have well considered its difficulties too.

Cultivate a *conciliatory disposition.* Some persons have a peculiar faculty to make difficulty, and attribute the result to their independence. On the contrary, the exercise of an honest independence is calculated to prevent difficulty, and therefore in persons of this class, it is either entirely wanting or ill directed.

Nearly allied to this independence of mind, and almost inseparable from it, is *decision of character.* When these feelings are carried out, and practically illustrated, they give to principle its true effect. A character thus known, avoids importunity. It is known what she will do, and intruders retreat. *What "people will say"* has no influence with her. When she has made up her mind that she is right, she knows they *will have their laugh*, and then say—"she is right."

True humility is the natural exercise of such a mind. Humility is a dignified feeling. It is noble, generous, ingenuous, frank. It is as far removed from a grovelling spirit, as from pride. It enters into considerations of justice, and is ready to render it to all. How different from that pride, which can never confess a wrong, nor repair an injury! How far removed from that vindictive or vengeful spirit, which will assert a wrong even at the expense of justice, and the rights of all others! Cherish that habit which strengthens humility in the soul. It truly ennobles its possessor, and gives him an advantage over his enemies.

This is the only passport to *self-respect*, another ennobling feeling, which should be formed into a habit. Who will not respect herself in the exercise of such feelings? Who can respect herself without them? By whom can she be respected? There is no compulsion here. What we feel, must be the regular result of what we are in reality—of what we do. Our feelings must answer to truth, and abide by it. Self-respect is an inward conviction, that naturally attends true merit. It necessarily follows upon noble action, and prompts to noble

bearing, the true and unfailing impulse of a well-balanced and independent mind.

There is a *self-distrust* too, which belongs to this system of habits. No man is wise at all times. The mind that never doubts itself, has deceived itself. Who is always right? If we find that all others sometimes do wrong, then we ourselves may not always be right. Humility places us in a posture to see this, and a true independence will raise us above any mean artifices to hide the truth, either from ourselves or from others. A small portion of wisdom will lead us to cherish a feeling of self-distrust, and urge us to ingenuous action in every discovery of truth.

Self-censure is a feeling which should be more cherished than self-applause, and is entirely consistent with self-respect. How can we be truly capable of reformation, if we never blame our own faults? We must first condemn them, before we shall seek reform. We must feel self-reproach, before any adequate attempts will be made to correct our errors. Never be afraid to pass a censure on yourself. You will retain more self-respect by such a course than by an attempt to approve what in you is wrong, or to hide a fault from your own condemnation. What you would condemn in others, that condemn in yourself. The censure which you pass on others *will* fall on yourself for like causes, however unconscious you may be of the mental operation which passes that condemnation: it is there; the mind is its keeper—and you may as well attempt to confound its convictions of right, as to annihilate it, or alter the decisions passed upon it. Come out openly with yourself. Bring yourself in judgment at the bar of conscience. Openly condemn, openly censure yourself, openly confess,—and then you can openly reform, and thereby place yourself in the right. Without this frankness with yourself, there will be a war within, and you will, in spite of every attempt to have it otherwise, think as meanly of yourself as you would of another in like circumstances. Can you respect the man who will deceive another? As little can you respect yourself, self-detected of an attempt at self-deception.

Cherish a habit of ingenuousness. Open to your own mind

the principles on which you act, and apply them just as you would to another. You will invariably judge of yourself in respect to them, as you would of others. The truly honest man is honest first with himself. If he is unjust at home, he will not be just abroad. If he has deceived himself, he will attempt to deceive others. True honesty is deep wrought, lies in the seat of principles, is found in the closet when the man reasons with himself, and there cherished, is carried abroad. Unless thus derived, it is all pretension, and will not stand the test of temptation.

Truth is, in a word, the habit of such a mind. It hides nothing from itself, that is according to the truth. It is pleasant to deal with such a mind. It is open, artless, frank, sensible, and unsophisticated. Truth is its atmosphere. The realities of life are the facts with which it is concerned. There is no collusion. Every thing is simple, real, unperverted. Give me the sunshine of such a soul. Its setting sun of life displays a mild and radiant horizon, and its night of death shall be a sweet slumber: its morning is the resurrection of the just; its morrow, the Sabbath that never ends.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

WHEN surrounded by your family, you no doubt often ask, "What manner of children are these to be?" Will that little girl grow up to frivolity, ruin, and disgrace? Or will she rise pure and fragrant as the glittering rose of the morning, to bloom forever in the garden of the Lord? Will that boy pass the years of youth turbulent and proud? Will he be an inefficient man; a miser, a drunkard, a debauchee? Or will he be virtuous; above what is mean—or base, and wicked? Will their names be written in the Book of Life? Will they join the millions who will walk together on the plains of heaven, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. That little mind has just

now started into existence, but it has commenced a course which shall roll far on into eternity, when these stars and planets have decayed with age; and onward still it shall roll, through oceans of bliss, or seas of torture, forever and ever. Oh, Christian mother! remember that the decision of these points is to rest with you. Your great object should be, *to fit your children for eternity;* and this object should modify all your plans of education. If you ask how this is to be done, I answer,

1st. *Instruct* them. If you wish your son to become a merchant, you train him for that business. If you intend him for a scholar, you give him advantages for study. If, then, you wish to train up your children for eternity, you must diligently imbue their minds with those truths which are calculated to effect that object. God has not left us without the plainest declaration of his will on this point: these most solemn and reiterated injunctions are urged upon you. "These words which I command thee thou shalt teach diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in the house, and when thou walkest by the way; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up: thou shalt write them on the posts of thy doors, and on thy gates." Here we are given to understand that it is not a single statement of the truth which is to accomplish the object; that an occasional formal lecture on religion does not complete a parent's duty. But you are taught, in this passage, to mingle it with all the various incidents of life. The eye of maternal vigilance should ever be on the watch to discover the favorable times for leading the childish thoughts to God. If you enter upon religious instruction when he is in the height of boyish glee, or drag him to it when he is weary and fretful, you do no good. But there are, occasionally, softened and serious moments, when the mind is peculiarly open to impression; and those are the golden moments of life. Sometimes when he retires to rest, he is ready to hear of the God who must protect him during sleep. Sometimes he is affected by an act of parental kindness, or a solemn death, or an impressive sermon. These are the times to ply the motives of God's truth; and, as you value the eternity of your child, you should make everything—business, money, ease—all, give way to the business of

teaching him then to seek after God. Then is the hour that the bias you may give will stretch far onward to eternity.

2d. You must GOVERN them. Some parents, to a commendable degree faithful in giving religious instruction to their children, find their labors completely baffled: the child grows up to be a turbulent, irreligious man. Without pretending to enumerate all the disturbing forces which have counteracted the influence of religious instruction, I have no hesitation in saying that, in the majority of cases which I have witnessed, the disappointment was owing to *bad family government.*

You all have seen enough of children to know that the first dispositions which appear are, self-will, pride, and temper. These bad passions often appear with the first developments of intelligence, and possess even a giant strength in the very days of infancy. But these are the passions of hell, and if allowed to grow, their brawny strength will soon laugh at your remonstrances.

There are parents so foolishly weak, that they cannot or will not subdue and govern these little beings. Their gusts of infantile passion they permit to pass without rebuke; their disobedience, their petty lies, go uncensured. If the child is determined to have his own way, and cries and rages long enough, they yield to its importunity. A very short course like this soon renders him ungovernable; his passion rules him, and he rules the house. Or, if the mother attempts to restrain him, she has, perhaps, no *steady* government. Sometimes, when your patience is exhausted, and your own passions aroused, you punish with severity; but in your hours of indolence and good humor his worst faults are hardly noticed. In this way you render him mean and trickish; and even by your own example teach him to be the slave of caprice. You take the most effectual method to make him believe that all distinctions between right and wrong are mere matters of convenience. In your *instructions* you tell him that God regards sin with abhorrence: in *practice*, you do not regard his sins with censure, and even commit greater ones yourself. Where, then, is the wonder that your pious instructions are useless? But the evil does not stop with merely injuring a spoiled and petted child. Every succeed-

ing year gives new strength to his self-will. When he becomes a youth, you have lost all influence over him, for he learned long since to despise your parental authority. You send him out into the world with habits of contempt for you and for God. And what have you to expect, but that he will fall into licentiousness and sin, and bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Many a mother has shed tears of scalding agony, and endured the keenest, bitterest shame, at the neglect and even abuse of a beloved child—a child whom she ruined by a weak and criminal indulgence.

If you would avoid these evils, and train up your child in the way he should go, *steady and efficacious government* is indispensable. Let the child be taught, as soon as he can understand even a look or a sign, that he *must obey*; that disobedience to your commands, on any consideration whatever, cannot go unnoticed; and that, if mild measures will not answer, the end must be secured by personal chastisement. Let him know by your conduct, as well as your instructions, that you consider his perverseness, self-will, and bad temper, as really and deeply criminal in the sight of God. Let the first lesson he learns be, that he is not to do what pleases himself, but, what is right; that he never can induce you to gratify his whims by importunity or tears. Let this course be commenced early; let it be pursued, not according to your fluctuating feelings of good or bad humor, but with a steady and persevering hand: and although I do not say you will make your child a real Christian, I do say, that, under such a course, he is much more *likely* to become such;—that good government is just as necessary a part of the training a child for heaven, as good instruction. Every bad passion you can batter down, is opening the way for the Spirit's influence to his heart.

3d. Let your system of government and instruction be commenced *early*.

Of all the various sects and religions in the world, none are so deeply rooted in their faith—none so completely barricaded against all effort at conversion, as Jews and Catholics. It is almost a miracle when one of them turns from the faith of his fathers. The great and the simple reason is, that the Jew and

the Catholic understand perfectly well the principle that early impressions are the strongest. So well do they practise what they know, that give them the education of a child, and its prejudices will laugh to scorn your array of argument and demonstration. Were you, Christian mothers, to do the same, the Church also might laugh to scorn the attacks of error and infidelity.

Thus God places upon you a fearful responsibility. When he ushered that little one into existence, he said, "Here is a deathless being; to you I give it to be trained up for eternity. Such is the fixed constitution of his being, that you must influence his eternal welfare." If such, then, is the language of God's providence, must I come to you and argue the point? Need I urge you to point your little ones to the way of life? Oh, remember that the question for your child is, shall he be an heir of glory or of perdition;—that every infant chord you touch will vibrate forever.

When, therefore, you inquire, "what manner of children are these to be?" remember that their destinies hang on you. If you are unfaithful, their eternal destruction is highly probable; if you do not begin early, and pursue earnestly, the golden season may be lost.

Suppose, then, that you are negligent, and your child is lost. He has sat at your table; he has been with you from infancy to manhood: you never taught him to fear God; it may be that your example taught him to cast off the restraints of religion. His probation is closed; his doom is sealed. Oh, with what execration will he load you, the author of his existence and his ruin! "I was cast upon you ignorant and helpless. You knew that I was destined to immortality; that I was committed to your care to be trained up for that immortality: you never told me of the way to life; you never urged me to flee from the wrath to come. I might have stood in yon bright world, the happiest of them all; but now all hope is past; I am fixed in chains of darkness with the undying worm forever and ever: It was *you* who brought me here. Accursed be the day of my birth,—and accursed thou, the author of my being." As the mighty years of eternity roll on, will its dark caverns resound

with the deeper and louder curses of a lost child on the unfaithful mother. G.

Montreal, January, 1838.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SMYRNA, *March* 3, 1837.

DEAR MADAM,

Your great kindness in sending me, for the benefit of the Smyrna mission, a copy of the 1 and 2 Vol. of your most valuable Magazine, makes me feel that I am not taking an unwarrantable liberty in addressing you, although I have not the happiness of a personal acquaintance. I have seriously regretted, that numerous avocations compelled me so long to delay writing, for I have felt impatient, not only to acknowledge the receipt of this highly valued volume, and thank you for it, but also to encourage you, so far as I am able, in your benevolent work, by the assurance, that even to us, who live in these remote and dark parts of the earth, your labor has not been in vain in the Lord. I assure you, dear Madam, that this work has been read by me and others connected with this Mission, with the deepest interest, and I trust also with real profit. Among the numerous and valuable publications of the present age, there is not one in which I feel a more lively interest, or from which I expect more important results to the church and world, than from this. I regard it as the Sister, if not the Foster-Mother, of that most important institution, the Maternal Association, and in the existence and prosperity of *both*, I do greatly rejoice. Let mothers be roused to a sense of the responsibility resting upon them in this most endearing relation, and let them be aided, so far as is practicable, in the discharge of the duties resulting from it, and what human foresight can calculate the effect! It is truly astonishing to me, that during the lapse of so many ages, nothing of this kind should have been undertaken for their assistance in the performance of their exceedingly difficult and responsible duties to their children. Among the various and important subjects introduced into

your Magazine, I have read with peculiar interest the papers on physical education, and those on the early conversion of children, because I believe these subjects have been to a great extent overlooked, by a large majority of mothers. Those relating to the former, have particularly interested me, because some *facts* stated in them, have so perfectly accorded with my own experience.

Providence has blessed me with two children, and although they were not entrusted to my care at their birth, they were placed in my hands at a tender age, and I have considered it both my privilege and duty to endeavor to educate them as the offspring of God. It has appeared to me important to make them feel that the pleasure arising from the gratification of the appetite, belongs to brutes, and not to men, and that to indulge themselves in eating or drinking any thing which by its quantity or quality is likely to disorder the system, or render them dull and unfit for study, which has been their constant employment, would be sinful. Sustained as we are by the charities of the church, both Mr. Temple and myself have considered it our duty, as well as pleasure, to confine ourselves to an economical style of living, and of course our diet has been uniformly extremely simple. To this, under the blessing of God, we ascribe the uninterrupted and perfect health which our children have enjoyed. The eldest, who had naturally a good constitution, has been a stranger to sickness of any kind during the last seven years, except for a few days, when he suffered slightly from the measles. The youngest, who had naturally a feeble and sickly constitution, was subject to occasional attacks of illness during the first years of his life, but after he was confined to a very simple diet, and restrained from overloading his stomach, even with this, they became less and less frequent, and his constitution gradually acquired strength, and during the last four years, he too has been a stranger to pain and weakness, except when he suffered slightly for a few days from the measles. My firm belief is, that three fourths, at least, of the bodily sufferings of children, to say nothing of the irritability of temper, and other evils following in their train, are induced by injudicious indulgence in eating and drinking.

And when we consider the sleepless, wearisome, and anxious days and nights, thus occasioned to mothers and other friends, besides the evil to themselves, of carrying through life a sickly or feeble constitution, the subject assumes a very serious aspect. Could I raise my voice so as to be heard by all the mothers on the globe, I would say, confine your children to a very simple diet, composed principally of bread and vegetables, with a little ripe and wholesome fruit; let it be taken at stated periods, and in moderate quantities, let them exercise much in the open air, retire and rise at regular hours, and sleep upon mattresses, rather than downy beds, and by the blessing of God you will generally secure to them good health, active and cheerful minds, and habits of self-control. In addition to this, I would say do not take too much pains to furnish them with amusements and expensive toys; for by thus doing you will be sure to render them discontented and unhappy. Amusements of their own invention, and toys of their own making, invariably yield them higher enjoyment, than those furnished by others.—But I must stop, for I have already, I fear, trespassed by the length of my letter, and that too without touching upon the second topic to which I alluded. I cannot however close, without informing you, that for more than a year past, the Missionary Ladies of this city have been united in a Maternal Association, and that we have found our meetings both interesting and profitable. A pious widow, the mother of ten children, is also associated with us, and we earnestly hope and pray for the time, when many others shall be disposed to join us.—We rejoice in the assurances we have received, that we and our children, and the people among whom we dwell, are remembered in the prayers of our dear sisters in our own highly favored land. We would assure them, that in our Maternal meetings, *we* too remember *them*, and our earnest prayer is, that *they* and *their* children, as well as *we* and *ours*, may all be embraced in that covenant which is well ordered in all things and sure; and that these associations may be multiplied and enlarged, until they shall include all the mothers and children that dwell on the earth.—That you, dear madam, may continue to be blessed and prospered in your benevolent undertaking, as

well as in your own soul, is the prayer of your much obliged sister, in the Lord,

MARTHA E. TEMPLE.

For the Mother's Magazine.

INTEGRITY OF WASHINGTON.

DURING the administration of Washington, as President of the United States, an application was made to him by a gentleman for a lucrative and highly responsible office within his gift. The application was made with more confidence of success, from the fact, that this gentleman had been the friend and companion of the General throughout the whole course of the revolutionary war, during which he had received, on various occasions, indubitable marks of his kindness and partiality. He had become, in the estimation, if not of himself, of his friends, in a degree necessary to the happiness of Washington, and had therefore, in their opinion, only to apply for the office, to receive it. It was a boon, which, while it would ensure competency and ease to a friend, would bring that friend into frequent intercourse with his patron, and former associate in arms.

For the same office, however, there was a competitor; but as he was decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington, and had made himself conspicuous among the opposers of his administration, no serious apprehensions were felt from this quarter. Towards such a man—a well known political enemy—Washington surely could feel under no obligations, and was not likely to prefer such an one to a personal friend and favorite. Every one acquainted with the pretensions of the two applicants, was at no loss to judge as to the President's decision, and the concurrent opinion was in favor of the friend, and against his competitor.

Judge, then, the general surprise, when it was announced that the political opponent of Washington was appointed to the office, and the former associate of the General in the toils and deprivations of a camp was left destitute and dejected.

When his decision was known, a mutual friend, who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the President on the injustice of his appointment. "My friend," replied this illustrious man, "I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent, with all his political hostility to me, is a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case! I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing."

Who can read this incident in the life of this distinguished man, and not admire his integrity? The temptation to hazard the public good for the benefit and gratification of a friend—and such a friend—must have been powerful. Some might have persuaded themselves that the public weal would not suffer; at least, they would have been willing to make the experiment. But Washington seems to have proceeded in this instance, and in what similar instance did he not proceed, upon just and conscientious principles? His friend, with all his estimable qualities, had no business-tact; his enemy was a gentleman of strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in business, and every quality, which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. The decision of Washington, therefore, was just, honorable, and patriotic.

But whence this admirable, I may say almost singular integrity? Was Washington an exception to the infirmities of our nature? Or was his piety of a higher order, and more efficient in its influence? The first is inadmissable—the latter, improbable. But the true explanation of his sterling integrity is to be found, I think, in that *happy and efficient maternal influence*, which, it is well known, was exercised upon him in his early days. On the death of his father, which occurred when he was only ten years old, the charge of his education devolved upon his mother. All accounts concur in the admission that she was an extraordinary woman—possessing not only rare intellectual endowments, but those moral qualities which give elevation, worth, and dignity to the soul. These letters

she was particularly anxious to engraft upon the heart of a beloved son, and with what success, the history of his life displays.

The particular process by which she accomplished so happy a design, it is not in my power at this time to describe; but a story occurs to my recollection, which may serve to show the adroit and admirable manner in which she proceeded on a certain occasion.

In the ample pasture belonging to her plantation was a colt, which, on account of his beauty and high promise, she valued very much. Although of sufficient age to be used, it had never been mounted; no one seemed disposed to attempt to break its wild and vicious spirit. One day, George proposed to some of his companions to assist him at a future time to secure the colt, until he could mount, and he would curb his proud spirit. Accordingly, soon after sunrise, one morning, the youthful band assembled, and having drove the animal into an enclosure, succeeded, with no small difficulty however, in bridling him. In a moment, George sprung upon his back, and the next moment the surprised, wild, maddened creature bounded forth into the open field—rearing, running, plunging;—but George, grinding his teeth and clinching fast the bridle and the mane, held his seat firmly, as much determined to subdue, as the colt was determined not to be subdued. The struggle was mutually desperate; and as the companions of George looked on, their terror and amazement increased with every passing moment. At length, the colt obtained the advantage, and bounding forward with the speed of an arrow, made a mis-step, and in his fall broke a blood-vessel, and died on the spot.

George came down unhurt, but when he beheld the gasping of the noble animal, and thought of his mother's regard for it, he was troubled. His companions hurried to the spot, and joining in the regrets of George, anxiously inquired, "What will your mother say—who can tell her?"

At this moment they were summoned to breakfast. When seated at the table, Mrs. Washington said, "Well, young gentlemen, have you seen my fine sorrel colt in your ramble this morning?" The question was natural—but what a question it was! No answer was returned—and it was repeated. Upon

this, George, with perfect frankness, replied, "Mother, your sorrel colt is dead." This was followed by an exact account of the whole affair. As the youthful and agitated narrator passed along in his story, a flush of displeasure was seen rising upon her cheek; but it soon passed away, and she kindly and calmly said, "While I regret the loss of my favorite, *I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.*"

I scarcely know in what terms to express my admiration of the woman, or of the manner in which she treated this delicate and difficult case. George was greatly in fault, and her rebuke was appropriate and commensurate;—he frankly confessed the whole wrong, and she expressed her high sense of his regard to truth. That speech, short as it was, I dare say told upon his heart—drew his mother nearer to his bosom, and taught him more effectually and more lastingly the importance and value of truth and integrity, than a volume of lecturing would have done.

It was by such means that this part of the character of Washington was formed. Under the tutelage of such a mother the foundation of a character was laid, which was the admiration of the generation that was contemporary with him; which has lost nothing of its glory to the present time—and will lose nothing, as long as his memory shall last.

Integrity of character! this is what we want in the magistracy of the land—in the senate chamber—in the pulpit—in the neighborhood—in the family—every where. What a world this would be, were every one upright—a lover of truth, justice, and equity! What a world it is, because these are so seldom found!

Here then is ample scope for parental toil and watchfulness, for parental energy and wisdom. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was verified in Washington: it may be verified in respect to others—in respect, mothers, to those little immortals whom you now press to your bosoms, and whom you love better than your own souls. So train them, that you may send them forth having on the breastplate of truth; and in so doing you may accomplish more good for your country than if you could convert her

rocks and her mountains into gold. The man of integrity is like the pure and refreshing air of morn on the mountain's top—the dishonest mind, like the exhalations of the low and pestiferous pool: the one, invigorating as the pure and balmy breeze of the North—the other, withering as the Nubian blast.

For the Mother's Magazine.

DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

IF any one thing is more essential than every thing else for the redemption of the world, it is early religious education. If any one class of the human family can alone accomplish that work, that class is mothers. If any one institution is more important for promoting this great object than all others, it is that of the family. Neither colleges, nor academies, nor schools, nor legislatures, nor courts of justice, nor laws, nor all united, can begin the work. The ordinary preaching of the gospel must ever fail, as it ever has failed, to infuse a spirit of piety or correct morals into the whole mass of society, while a large portion of families are nurseries of vice.

Such being the evident dictates of common sense, corroborated by the experience of ages, it is gratifying to know that the subject of domestic, fireside, table, and social education, is beginning to assume that place in public sentiment, which its importance demands. Of this sentiment, the "*Mother's Magazine*" is evidently both the cause and effect. A proper estimation, in the minds of a few individuals, gave existence to this most desirable and important instrument of domestic education, and companion and assistant of mothers in their most responsible and solemn duties. Its circulation has spread far and wide the same sentiment which gave it birth. Among the numerous subjects and fields of instruction for the two millions of families in our land, coming especially within the province of

mothers, God's great and "*older volume*" of nature, every where and constantly spread out before them, presents to all young minds some of the most attractive and instructive lessons.

On this subject, some important views are most happily presented Mr. Gallaudet in the last number of the Magazine. Without recapitulating those views, I am unwilling to forego the present opportunity to express my most hearty approval of them, and would most gladly add even a very humble effort for aiding some few families to the more full possession of the rich intellectual and moral treasures entirely within the reach of all, who will hold out their hands to receive them.

As the works of our Creator, which He has spread around us with so much richness, variety, and grandeur, are presented generally in three great kingdoms, the animal, the vegetable, and mineral, it may not be out of place here to throw out a few hints to mothers, for aiding their children to study, while they are so eager to learn, and what may be most successfully used to impress upon their pliant hearts, enlarged, exalted and solemn views of the great Creator and constant Benefactor of the heavens and the earth—of angels and men, and even of every creeping thing.

It is not necessary to say to mothers respecting their children, that their eyes are never satisfied with seeing, their ears with hearing, or hands with handling. But it may not be amiss to mention some three or four exercises well calculated to give employment to those instruments of knowledge and entertainment, so wisely furnished them by their Creator.

The forming of "FOLIUMS" is one exercise in which all children are delighted to engage, and in which they may receive both encouragement and aid from their parents. These are books or collections of the leaves of plants, first picked, pressed, and dried, and then arranged and pasted upon the pages of small or large volumes, as may be best fitted to the age and advancement of the child.

If the name of the plant and the terms expressing the shape of the leaf are given to the young botanist, additional interest and instruction will arise from the exercise. For example, morning glory (*ranunculus,*) leaf heart-shaped (*cordate,*) smooth on the edge (*entire*).

It is surprising and delightful to witness the skill, taste, and progress of children in forming these collections, even when under five years of age. With no assistance from parents, with *permission*, which is sometimes denied them, children must unavoidably learn much, and much more from this exercise at an early age, than they can possibly do from books. With the encouragement and aid which every mother may render, their improvement in knowledge, and in reverence for their Creator, may be of the greatest importance, and one of the strongest and surest protections against vicious amusements, and the loss of that most ardent love for all God's works, evidently designed for our instruction.

Forming "IMPRESSIONS OF LEAVES," is another delightful exercise to give employment to the hands, eyes, intellects, and hearts of children. This, though perhaps a little more difficult than the last, is still easy, and within the capacity of children before their minds are fitted for books, and is calculated indeed, like all study in the book of nature, as an agreeable introduction to reading.

To make these impressions—first, oil, with sweet lamp or some other oil, a piece of paper; second, pass it quickly, back and forth, through the blaze of a lamp or candle, till the oiled paper is covered with smoke; third, place a leaf, of which the impression is to be taken, upon the oiled smoked paper, and over it place a strip of loose paper, hold it with one hand and press it with the other, until every part of the leaf is brought in contact with the oil and smoke; fourth, remove the leaf to a clear sheet, intended for receiving and retaining the impression, and press it as before; fifth, when a number of sheets have been thus printed, with leaves for types to give an impression of themselves, have them bound in a volume, or send them in sheets as letters, to some distant friends, present them to some "Maternal Association" at a meeting attended by children, to some school or social lyceum, or use them in any other way to suit the wishes of the miss or lad who prepares them.

Collecting "MINERAL CABINETS," is another delightful exercise for children, which ought, in every case, to precede lessons, of any kind, from books, even learning the alphabet. Any

child may learn the names, and to some extent the properties and uses of all the important minerals upon the earth, in less time, and with far more pleasure, than he can commit to memory one column of words in a spelling book; and with these and other productions of nature, which every child is eager to learn, spelling itself becomes a pleasant exercise, and is most thoroughly learnt with little or no trouble, either to parent, teacher, or pupil.

Cutting paper and drawing figures for "GEOMETRICAL ALBUMS," form other delightful and profitable exercises for children, as preliminary to books. A slate and pencil, a pair of scissors, with a few scraps of paper, and a sheet of geometrical diagrams, are all the iustruments necessary to secure the successful performance of this work, by the hands of children, hundreds and thousands of whom have exhibited by it an amount of skill, taste, and improvement, both surprising and delightful.

Connected with the last is "DRAWING," or representing by the slate and pencil various objects of nature and art, which come under the observation of children. The great and excellent Cuvier often spoke of the encouragement given to him by his mother, when in early childhood, as one of the most fortunate circumstances of his life. To that single circumstance the world is evidently now indebted for some of the most surprising and beautiful discoveries in science, and the most wonderful displays of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, ever unfolded to his humble and unworthy creature, man.

These, and various other exercises of a similar character, wisely and bountifully provided for every member of God's rational kingdom, and admirably fitted to furnish delightful and profitable employment for children, are the more important from the fact, that children disposed to engage in such exercises, are frequently discouraged, ridiculed, or perhaps, forbidden by their parents to enjoy them; and thus indirectly and undesignedly, but certainly are compelled, in self-defence, to resort to places of vicious amusement, which to myriads of young men open the gate to the bottomless pit.

Deeply and solemnly impressed, alike by the importance and neglect of these simple and natural, but beautiful and abundant

means of instruction, which God, by his own hand, has furnished to all, I esteem it a privilege to throw out even a few hints on the subject, through so important a channel, to a class of the community with so responsible a station and so holy an office as that of mothers.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

It was the first Sabbath in March. The day was bright and sunny. The snow was melting away with the heat of spring, and many willing hearts seemed to say, "Let us go unto the house of our God." I was there. Seated amidst the throng, I was wrapt in contemplation. It was the day of our holy communion. A man of God entered; meekness and solemn awe were on his countenance. That day, the child of his bosom was to become one of the professed followers of Jesus. He saw her take the solemn vows; he sat by her side at the sacramental feast. ——— Where was *my* child? Far from hope, far from God! As I compared the situation of this blessed man with mine, methought the Savior whispered, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." There was a pang in those words, "Follow thou me." Yes, Lord, I have followed the world, I have followed other professors, I have followed the temptations of Satan and my own wicked heart, but alas! I have not followed thee. I have not been *dead* to sin, as thou wast; I have not learnt of thee, who was meek and lowly in heart. Else, perhaps, my own dear one had been thine at the communion table, and prepared to sit down at the marriage supper in heaven. A.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

ON THE EVIDENCE OF EARLY PIETY.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

ONE of the most interesting traits of the moral character of young children, is the development of their conscience. In forming a correct estimate of early piety, this part of the subject deserves very particular attention.

No one who has watched the opening faculties of the infant mind, but must have noticed how much sooner the blush of shame, when reproach for misconduct is given, will be diffused over the cheeks of some children than of others; and what different degrees of discrimination and sensibility mark the progress of conscientiousness in different individuals of the same family of brothers and sisters. Another striking fact, too, is of very frequent occurrence. A little child will be strictly conscientious with regard to certain things, and very deficient, in this respect, with regard to others. The same is true of adults; and forms, often, one of the most inexplicable traits of the human character.

What the latent causes of these striking moral phenomena are, it is often extremely difficult to decide. In some cases they are to be found in the original differences of the mental, moral, and bodily constitution, and their reciprocal influences upon each other. But most frequently we must look for them to *the training* which the conscience receives from the circumstances in which children are placed; from the impressions that are made upon them by parents and teachers; by the

books which they read; and by the companions with whom they associate. One thing, however, in the opinion of the writer, is certain. Much too little pains is taken, both in the family and the school, to enlighten the youthful conscience, and to cause it to act faithfully with regard to practical points of duty, those daily concerns of business, or of pastime, in which children are engaged. They are taught the doctrines and precepts of the Bible, and receive instruction on certain *great topics* respecting the right and the wrong in the case; while the right and the wrong in their own *little affairs*, (as we deem them,) is left unexplained, and unenforced. Their consciences are prepared to be nicely correct on what they may be called to do when they become men and women, but not so with regard to their use of a borrowed article; the treatment of a playfellow and schoolmate; the temper which they are to show in small things; their habits of neatness, of punctuality, and of order; and many other subjects of a similar nature. Often, indeed, positive injunctions are given on all these points, and commands, rules, and regulations in abundance, sustained, or expected to be so, by appropriate sanctions. Obedience is, perhaps, secured by the dread of these sanctions, or from respect for the mere personal authority of the parent or teacher. But it is not the obedience of an enlightened and sensitive conscience.—It does not lead to self-government,—to *the doing of right for its own sake*. No one who observes the education and discipline of young children, as generally conducted, can fail of coming to the conclusion, that much too little is done, in the way of regular instruction, and the practical illustration which appropriate examples afford, to form and exercise their conscience aright, and according to the unerring standard of God's word, with regard to the daily occurrences of their own peculiar spheres of action. We have large volumes of "Cases of Conscience," for adults. We need a few *lessons*, at least, on this subject, for the men and women in miniature. For the reasons which have been mentioned, it not unfrequently happens, that a young child who it is hoped is a subject of divine grace, exhibits, with regard to certain parts of its conduct, an apparent want of conscientiousness

which is equally strange and perplexing. But let us not decide too hastily. Is not the same child very conscientious in other things, and becoming more and more so? Do we not find, on a careful recollection, that it has often manifested the same trait of character before, in similar cases? Have we not neglected the enlightening and training of its conscience, in this particular, by careful instruction, and the imploring of the influence of the Holy Spirit to accompany and bless our labors? Is not what occurs rather an evidence against the reality of *our own piety*, than against that of the child's? Begin the work of instructing the conscience in this respect, and see how it responds to this instruction. Make a fair trial, and perhaps you will find, that as soon as the youthful follower of Christ is made to see his duty clearly, he will be found to be as truly conscientious in this particular as in any other.

We must not forget, too, that as we ought to make all due allowance for *the weakness of faith* in the child who we hope is a Christian, we must do the same with regard to *his conscience*. Both, under the influence of grace, are to be strengthened by the constant presentation of divine truth, and by frequent exercise on their appropriate objects. Scrupulous conscientiousness on all points connected with the duties which we owe to God, and to our fellow-men,—in the minute particulars of these duties,—in the abstaining from all appearance of evil,—in the giving up of what may offend a disciple of Christ, or excite unnecessary prejudice in men of the world, is one of the characteristics of the mature Christian, and always indicates high attainments in piety. Let us bear this in mind in forming an estimate of early piety. If the evidence of this piety is satisfactory in other respects; if a *general conscientiousness* marks the character of the child; and if the same conscientiousness is waked up and called into exercise, in those particulars where there has seemed to be a deficiency of it, when duty is made clear, and the opportunity afforded for conscience to do its work, let us not be discouraged. Let us be careful how we express, at times, when conscience seems to fail of discharging its office, a startling surprise, or an overwhelming reproach. Let us, in the light of the remarks which

have been made, carefully examine the case, judge it charitably, and treat it kindly; and, above all, see to it, whether, while we are disposed to blame the "little one" *who has acted ignorantly*, we should not rather reprove ourselves for our past neglect of duty, and go about the work of a speedy reformation.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 8.

HABITS OF CONVERSATION.

WHEN the royal Psalmist contemplated his own structure and capacities, he exclaimed, with an evident rapture of gratitude and devotion—"I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." In this curious and wonderful subject of David's admiration, nothing is more wonderful than the faculty of speech. This is recognized in another Psalm, where it is said,—"with my glory," that is, with my tongue—"will I sing unto thee."

Who can contemplate the human frame without joining most devoutly in the glowing sentiments of the 139th Psalm? Who can reflect upon his own pre-eminence in the scale of creation without self-respect, and an overwhelming sense of responsibility? Who, in view of a coming judgment, must not "take heed to his steps lest he sin with his tongue," when he is forced to the exclamation—"there is not a word in my tongue but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether?"

The deductions of the Psalmist are natural and truly solemn—*the tongue was made to praise God.* It is "the glory of our frame;" it physically constitutes the pre-eminence of man in the animal creation, declares his intellectual superiority, and renders him capable of praising God in the expression of intelligent sentiments.

The tongue, embracing the faculty of speech, is wonderful in its physiology, but it is most singularly wonderful in its effects. Look upon an assembled congregation in the sanctuary or oratorio—all are quiet and thoughtful. One rises

and speaks. An electric spark is communicated to the whole assembly. They are melted to tears, or lashed into a foam of rage, or excited to madness, or soothed to quietness again, almost at the will of the speaker. A little motion of the lips, a slight action of the muscles of the throat, produces a physical action on the whole multitude, and moves the fountains of feeling, and shakes the soul to its centre.

This is true, not only of the eloquent orator trained to his art, and deeply read in science and philosophy, but it follows the *use of language* every where,—on the play-ground, in the family or social circle, at the tea-party, in every company. A *word* often produces an explosion which separates friends, disturbs the peace of a family, distracts a neighborhood, involves a nation in war. Oceans of blood may be said sometimes to flow from the wound inflicted by a single word.

Look upon a social circle, united in peace and harmony—one of the most delightful scenes on earth. One beautiful young lady opens her sweet lips and gently whispers a single sentence, but it is the breath of slander, and like a pestilence it infects the whole company, and thence spreads through the neighborhood; or, like the tooth of canine madness, it produces delirium and phrenzy. The recipient soon becomes rabid and bites others, and all go out to tear and devour one another. The streams of life are embittered at their fountains, and the infection is universal.

These are but partial hints to awaken attention to pressing responsibilities, and they may be considered as an introduction to more extended remarks on this most serious subject. The use of the tongue involves the most extensive interests of our race. There is a mutual and strong reaction between the mind and the body. Mental operations affect the body, and physical action moves the soul. It is unnecessary to enter into a physiological or philosophical analysis of the subject: Facts are sufficient to indicate our duty, and these are manifold and at hand. They are sufficient to influence our practice. What would you think of a young lady, who should employ her time in scattering gun-powder along the streets, or in throwing explosive mixtures through the apartments of her friends? Would you not

exclude her from your companionship? Yet not more than you *should* exclude the one, who sows discord by her imprudent speech. If these *introductory* remarks should awaken reflection on the subject, the mind may be prepared for a favorable reception of what may be hereafter said in more extended remarks on "*habits of conversation.*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE DEVIL.

STRANGE subject for the minds of mothers or of children, some may exclaim, as they survey my title. But if the Scriptures be "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness;" if young Timothy knew them from a child, and they were able to make him wise unto salvation; if our Saviour prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth," then have we no ground for rejecting any part of the sacred volume, but are bound to search and teach it carefully to our children, both "in the house and by the way."

Is there such a being as the Devil? That there is, every candid reader of the Bible will admit, and to none other am I now addressing myself.

Under what designation is he known in that sacred volume? Many are the titles applied to this important actor in life's drama; while, however harsh their varieties, they are wholly inadequate to express the depth of his iniquity. Satan, Dragon, old serpent, adversary, antichrist, wicked one, beast, liar, murderer, are a few of the appellations attached to this mighty potentate. What was his origin? Not like his Maker, from everlasting to everlasting; not like man, co-existent with this earth's formation. Satan was created by the Almighty an angel of light, an immediate attendant of the Most High, a blissful inhabitant of heaven. "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

What was the occasion of his fall? Ambition. He desired to be like the Most High. Isa. 14. 12, 14. A mighty conflict took place in the heavenly regions; "Michael and his angels

fought against the Dragon, and the Dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not." Rev. 12. 7. Happy for us, happy for our children, that the arm of Omnipotence, the arm of Infinite Benevolence, had power to crush this ambitious aspirant and hurl him from his seat in bliss.

Was he then cast out? Yes, and cast *into* the earth. Rev. 12. 9. Into this earth which we now inhabit? Yes, and not only into the *earth*, but he creeps into our very habitations, yea, even into our *hearts*. Here he goes about "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Is there, mothers, no reason to fear this destroyer? Here he now exerts his dominion among the "rulers of the darkness of this world;" he is "prince of the power of the air;" he is head of "principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places;" he has no lack of instruments to fulfil his horrid designs, for he is the "Spirit that *worketh* in the children of disobedience." He is the mighty tempter, from whom proceed evil thoughts and desires; the devil, whom we are told to resist, and he will flee from us; against him we are to "watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation." Various are his inventions and devices to execute his designs, for although he has lost the holiness, he retains the intelligence of an angel. He assumes one form at one time, and again, another; he is a serpent now, and then an angel of light. He sends his temptations by those we love best, yet suspect the least; yes, he puts his poisoned bowl into the hands of our earthly idols. Through Eve, he seduced the father of mankind, while, by means of his wife, he tempted the perfect and upright Idumean. He incited Michael to ridicule the zeal of the holy Psalmist; he assisted Rachel to hide her household gods. He used thirty pieces of silver as a bait to Judas; with a few paltry dollars, he tempted Ananias and Sapphira to lie to the Holy Ghost; through Peter, he assaulted our blessed Saviour. Mothers, have we no danger to apprehend from this great adversary of souls? He, who dared even to assault the blessed Jesus, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, will he leave us and our little ones untouched?

The Devil sends hard thoughts of God as one of his most powerful inducements to sin; doubts and unbelief are his wea-

pons of destruction. To the woman he said, "Yea, *hath* God said, Ye shall not eat," &c., thereby implying that God was unwilling to grant so great a boon. He prevailed upon Job to open his mouth and curse his day, although his life, antecedently, had been one round of blessings. He insinuated to our Saviour that if God were indeed his Father, he would not leave him to starve in the wilderness, but would convert even the stones into bread. Thus he uses our afflictions and wants as means of separating us from our Heavenly Father, and leading us to doubt his goodness. Complaints and murmurs are sweet to his ear; they are music of his own composing. Are you often complaining? Remember, God has said by his Apostle, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." "Be content with such things as ye have." Feelings at variance with this injunction must proceed from him who is at variance with his Maker.

That Satan has *power*, we are led by the Bible to believe, although that power is given him from on high. It is allowed him for a little season to try the children of men, and happy should we be that the Lord holds him bound with a chain. Rev. 20. 1. Of the greatness of his power, and of his *impudence* too, we may form an estimate from Jude 9th, where he is spoken of as disputing with Michael the archangel, concerning the body of Moses; probably desiring to divert the Jews from the worship of the true God, by making the body of their great Lawgiver an object of idolatry. In Job, too, he is said, with consummate boldness, to have presented himself among the sons of God before the Most High, although we may infer that, as the Almighty is in every place, he was not probably admitted into heaven. In Rev. 12. 10, he is alluded to as accusing the saints before our God, day and night. That he is allowed to show his power in various ways, and that he may make use of diseases as instruments of temptation, we are led by the story of Job to believe; but, blessed be God, he can do no more; for the Lord hath said, "*I* kill, and *I* make alive: I wound and I heal." When asked of God, "Whence comest thou?" Satan answered, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." The Lord then inquired if he had considered his servant Job, a perfect and an upright man, upon

which Satan showing himself perfectly *au fait* with Job's concerns, insinuates that selfishness was the ruling motive of that good man's conduct. When allowed by the Almighty to try him with temptation, he found men and means to destroy, in quick succession, every article of his numerous possessions, while, with true instinct of the feelings of a father's heart, he touches *last* his children, his dearest of earthly comforts, thus to fill up the cup of his calamity. How little are parents aware of the fiendish designs of Satan! How should they put on the whole armor of God, that they may resist the wiles of the devil!

Amidst his other appellations, our Saviour calls him a liar, and the father of lies. When he tempted our first parent, it was with a lie: "Thou shalt not surely die." Thus he often tempts us and our offspring, while our own wicked hearts prove his willing abettors. Mothers, caution your little ones against his insidious arts. Are they prone to deception? Tell them of what parentage are lies, and that "whosoever loveth or maketh a lie" shall in no wise see God. The Devil is a murderer too: a murderer of the worst stamp, for he destroys both soul and body.

Where is the dwelling-place of this fiend? He dwells in "everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." For him was hell devised; there he, and all his kindred minds, will forever dwell. Oh, horrid thought! to be akin to Satan; partaker of his guilt, yet subject to his power; tormented day and night by the inventions of his malice, where the "smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." Before the decisions of the final day, we read that Satan shall be bound a thousand years, and during that period, he shall not deceive the nations; after which, he shall be loosed a little season. Rev. 20: 3. Then he shall enter upon the tortures of his final abode.

To allude once more to his power on earth. Some have supposed he was instrumental in the agony of our divine Master in the garden; that he was there permitted to try his strength: for our Saviour shortly after says, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." Not long, however, did his

triumph last, for oh! the mighty victory that was accomplished on the cross!

"hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your hearts, ye saints, with cheerful voices!"

Yes, *we* have a helper against this mighty enemy. Christ took not upon him the nature of angels, but "became partaker of flesh and blood, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil." Relying on his blessed Spirit, we become "conquerors and more than conquerors, through him who hath loved us." A.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., 1837

IT has been customary, time immemorial, for benevolent and useful Societies to make report, from time to time, of their doings and success. Although twenty years have elapsed since the formation of our Maternal Association, yet, with regret and sorrow we say it, we have failed, until now, publicly to acknowledge the manifold blessings bestowed on us and our children by the great Head of the Church.

The Maternal Association in New Ipswich was organized in the year 1817. It was the first in this State, and consisted of five members. One of the number, the mother of a numerous family, had, for some time previous, been borne down under the weight of her responsibility, which she felt inadequate to sustain. The thought often occurred to her, Cannot the anxious mothers among us band together, so that, by uniting in familiar conversation and prayer, they may labor more successfully for the spiritual good of the dear children committed to their care? Another mother states that she had been strongly impressed with the importance of training her children for God, from their very infancy. As soon as they could lisp, she led them to a throne of grace. Thus was prayer their habitual exercise, which they would no sooner have thought

of relinquishing than their daily food. The opportunity of uniting with the Mothers' Association was therefore esteemed a great privilege, as well by the children, as by their mothers. These children were all hopefully converted in their childhood and youth. She feels it to be her privilege to make a remark upon this single duty—a duty belonging to every Christian mother—that of instructing her children, while *very young*, to pray in secret places. No more effectual safeguard, she is persuaded, would be needed in after life, to deter from evil practices, than this early habit of prayer associated with their dearest and tenderest recollections. The way seemed gradually preparing for the regular formation of our interesting association. In the course of a few months we received information that such a society was in actual operation in Portland, Maine. We were soon furnished with an address to mothers, said to be written by Mrs. Payson, together with the constitution by which they were governed. Nothing now seemed to obstruct our way; accordingly we made the effort, and with the advice of our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hall, we were organized in May, 1817. Few in numbers, we cherished the feelings that we were a band of *Christian sisters*. We were advised by our pastor to correspond with the Portland Association, for advice and information. We lost no time in so doing, and received much friendly aid. They sent us a book with which to commence a library, viz. Babington's Christian Education. The society gradually increased, until it now numbers more than forty mothers. We would acknowledge the great goodness of God in sustaining us when few and feeble, and answering our fervent requests by visiting many of our children by his Holy Spirit. In less than a year from its formation, several of them connected themselves with the church who were afterwards called to fill important stations in life. Most of the children of the mothers who early united with this association were made hopeful subjects of renewing grace at an early age. Some of the sons *have* entered the ministry; others are preparing for it; while some of the daughters are already laboring as ministers' wives and teachers in the vineyard of the Lord. In addition to other mercies, death was not permitted

to enter our little circle for more than nine years after its establishment. A young mother was then summoned to her final rest, and died in the triumphs of faith. The eldest of our number followed her in a few months afterwards, rejoicing in hope of a blessed immortality. But in this long interval we have been loudly admonished to labor more unceasingly in our Master's vineyard. Once and again has the Angel of Death entered our enclosures, taking some of the fairest flowers, destined, as we had fondly hoped, to bloom and bear rich fruit here on earth for many years. But they were transplanted, as we trust, to receive a more heavenly training.

The Society is, at present, in a very flourishing state. Our quarterly meetings, when the children attend, are filled to overflowing. A general interest is manifested, and we hope our meetings are not only interesting, but profitable. At the last annual meeting eleven dollars were contributed by the children for the cause of Foreign Missions. This was the avails of one year. May we all, beloved sisters, be encouraged to persevere in the blessed work of training up our children in the ways of virtue and piety, remembering the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

In behalf of the Society, J. T., SEC.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REVIEW.—FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

By the author of PETER PARLEY'S *Tales: New York, F. J. Huntington*, 1838, pp. 396.

WE know not whether the author of Peter Parley's Tales is wanting in the grace of humility, but we are quite sure that he needs a large share of that excellent commodity—more, we judge, than many a man who has honored the world with his ponderous and elaborate folios. We hear of his works in every country, and among almost every civilized people—in our own cities and villages—our mansions and our cottages—on the banks of

the St. Lawrence—in the valley of the Mississippi, and beyond the Rocky Mountains. They are to be found, also, within the palaces of England, and of the Continent, and among the islands of the Pacific Ocean. One of our Missionaries in Persia was not long since asked, whether Mr. Parley had yet been *canonized* in America! He has probably given delightful mental occupation to more children—excited their curiosity more—waked up more smiles, and saved them from more mischief, and hence from more chastisement, than any other individual on the globe. If for once we may venture upon a classical allusion in the Magazine, who with greater propriety can adopt the language of Achates to Æneas, than this said author, and that too without the charge of egotism:

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

But we design no partiality. Within a few years a class of writers on juvenile education have sprung up in America, who deserve all praise, and in consequence of whose labors, children have now tenfold the advantage for improvement enjoyed by the generation which is just passing off the stage. Elementary works of great merit are within the reach of every body. Our primary schools and our academies have been signally improved, and withal the philosophy of teaching to the greatest effect is altogether better understood.

This is an era which has long been desired, and we hope that the improvements which are *begun* will be carried forward. There should be no shrinking back on the part of the friends of education. Let authors, who are employing their best powers in the golden period of life, in the preparation of standard works for our primary and higher schools, be suitably patronized. Let every effort, like the present, which has for its object the unfolding of cardinal doctrines on the subject of education, neither be neglected nor unrewarded.

But is there not an evil against which it is needful to guard? Are we not in danger—we will not say of making too much of seminary education—but too little of "*fireside* education?" It was this apprehension, we conjecture, that gave birth to the volume before us. And is it not true that as our schools become more perfect, there is less *home* care and instruction—less

attention to those points which belong especially to *parents*, and indeed only to them? May we not include even the Sabbath School? Since the establishment of this most noble institution, have not parents relaxed in their attention to their children? Do they feel their responsibilities in regard to religious instruction as before? We may mistake on this subject, but if any such evil exist, or if there be any danger from this quarter, apprehensions for the future should be excited, and every note of warning should be heeded. Most opportunely, therefore, in our estimation, does the author of the above work observe in his Preface: "In the following pages, I propose to consider the subject (of Education) in this more extended view, (i. e. considering education as including *all those influences* which go to unfold the faculties of man, or determine human character,) and shall endeavor to show that in limiting our notions of education to mere school tuition, we overlook important, perhaps the most important instruments of instruction; neglect the most efficient means of moulding human character; and thus, by a common error, do infinite mischief to individuals and society at large. In pursuing this course, I shall bestow particular attention upon the chief engine by which character is formed—the '*Fireside Seminary.*'"

The work is therefore appropriately addressed to Parents, and the great doctrine which is offered for their consideration is this: "Man comes into existence marked by his Creator as the subject of a peculiar design, which is, that he shall reach the perfection of his being through *education*;" or, as the author has expressed it in another place: "*Man is made to be educated.* Without education he is a savage; by its aid he may be exalted to a station but a little lower than the angels."

It would lead us altogether beyond our limits to follow the author in his illustration and application of the above cardinal truth. But we cannot withhold from our readers a few paragraphs, in which he illustrates a subordinate topic, viz: Man the subject of Education in relation to his *physical* nature:

"We begin with the infant, and compare it with various young animals. Most quadrupeds are able to walk in a few hours after their birth. In this, they need no instruction beyond that instinct which is born with them. But before the infant can perform this apparently simple act, he must go through the long and

tedious training of twelve months. He must make ten thousand efforts before he can command the use of his limbs; he must make trial after trial; he must be aided and instructed; in short, every muscle in his body is to be educated to perform its task.

"There are many birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe, which in twelve hours after they are hatched run about, and pick up seeds, selecting them with careful discrimination from amidst the earth and gravel, among which they are scattered. How different is it with the infant! How many efforts must it make before it can even pick up a pin! It is, in the first place, to acquire a knowledge of distances; it must then learn to measure these with its arm; that arm, too, must be instructed; the thumb and finger must be taught. All this various knowledge must be acquired by patient training, and brought to harmonize in one effort. Thus, an act which animals perform instinctively, and immediately after they come into existence, cannot be performed by a child, until it has passed through an elaborate education of several months."

In like manner the animal tribes have no articulate language They have various sounds and cries, which, though understood by themselves, are never improved. They are the cries of instinct. The young duck that is hatched and reared by the hen, does not imitate the notes of its foster-mother, but makes precisely the same sound as the parent which gave it existence. The language of man, however, must be acquired through the process of education. The whole oral mechanism, consisting of a thousand nerves, muscles, and fibres, must each and all be instructed. The first articulate sentence of an infant is a gigantic effort. From considerations like these, the author justly arrives at the conclusion, that in respect to man's *physical* nature it is the design of God that he should be educated.

A similar argument is pursued in relation to man's *intellectual* faculties:

"Let us next consider the mental powers of man, as compared with the higher animal instincts. We begin by repeating the remark, that while man has every thing to learn, the animal tribes need no instruction. The duck that is hatched in the barnyard by the hen, and associates only with companions that shun the water, marches off to the pool, and, in spite of warning and remonstrance from its guardian, plunges into the wave. Here it rides at ease, and manifests a perfect knowledge of the element which it has never seen before. It puts forth its paddles and manages them with all the dexterity of an experienced oarsman.

"The waterfowl that comes into existence on the reedy margin of some northern lake, stays for a time around its birth-place; but the brief summer is soon passed, and the monitory voice of winter soon comes upon the breeze. The bird listens to the warning, and springing high in air, departs for another clime. It needs no chart, it asks no compass. It mistakes not its course; it deviates not from its track.

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches its way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

"How different is it with man! How slow is the process by which he acquires a knowledge of objects around him! He can only judge of distance after being taught by experience. He has no knowledge of places except so far as he learns them. Every inch of his progress depends upon instruction; every idea is to be acquired; all knowledge comes by tuition. The various powers of the mind, like those of the body, must be unfolded, trained, and enlarged by education."

It is next shown that the *moral* faculties need a similar training—but we have no room for further extracts.

From premises thus established, the author comes to the conclusion, that it is the *law of man's nature that his physical, moral, and intellectual faculties must be unfolded by education.* Education then is the great lever, which is to raise mankind to their proper elevation. But who is to use this lever, at the dawn of our being—that period, when, more than at any other, lasting impressions are made? When do we take our bias for life? What seminary is provided for the young immortal? To what teacher has God committed him? The author answers: "The seminary is *home;* the teacher is the *parent.* What spot so likely to abound in genial influence as the *fireside?* What schoolmaster so likely to teach with blended wisdom and kindness as the parent?"

The design of Providence then is clear. All the faculties of man are susceptible of improvement, and that improvement is to be effected by the process of education; and this is committed primarily to parents, and secondarily to such as are employed by them, or by the guardians of the public welfare. "Let parents, then," the author forcibly remarks—"let parents take up and follow out this design; let the community at large engage with Providence in carrying to completion its benignant intention towards mankind. Let our legislators, those who have almost a creative power over the society for whom they act,—let them co-operate in the great work of human improvement. As man comes from the hand of his Creator marked as a creature to be educated, let those who are charged with the public interests consider themselves bound to fulfil the appointment of Heaven, and see that those over whom they exercise control are educated wisely."

Having established his main positions—and with a clearness and felicity of illustration for which Mr. Parley is distinguished,

he proceeds to give his views at some length on several important subjects, among which are Family Government, Religion, Morals, Health, Intellectual Culture, Accomplishments, and Manners. Occasionally a sentiment occurs in the volume to which we are not certain that every one will respond—but it abounds with truths which are solemn and important, and which are expressed with an originality, perspicuity, and force, which could be expected only from one who has long been conversant with the philosophy of mind, and the true principles of education.

Restricted to a few pages, we give, we are quite sensible, but an imperfect account of this volume; but if it shall induce our friends to peruse the work, the principal object of this article will be attained. Few works, in our opinion, set forth parental obligation with more power. Possibly some parents would shrink from reading it for this very reason—but if they love their children, and wish well to their temporal and eternal interests—if they regard the welfare of their country, or the good of mankind, they will gladly embrace the opportunity presented by such works as this to ascertain and feel the obligations which God has himself imposed upon them.

The volume is evidently the result of much reflection. It contains large and liberal views of the several topics of which it treats. We could point out here and there an expression less considerate than others, and a *few* questionable points of greater importance: but in a fund rich with important truth, who would employ himself in detecting small portions of alloy? Every page reminds us of the veritable Parley, only in a higher region. The style is clear and forcible—often elegant, and the illustrations are as beautiful as appropriate.

The work will add to the reputation of the author, and while adding to that—no undesirable result of an author's toils- it will, if we mistake not, aid in increasing the public interest on a subject of paramount importance to the nation and to the world. We hope to learn that the volume is as widely diffused as the more humble works of the author, enlightening and exciting the minds of parents, as these latter are animating and delighting the hearts of their children.

For the Mother's Magazine.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. FARNSWORTH.

MILLBURY, JUNE 22, 1838.

MRS. W.—

IN compliance with the wishes of the East Millbury Maternal Association, I send you the enclosed report and notice of the death of our lamented superintendent, Mrs. Farnsworth.

You will confer a favor upon the society by inserting, in the Magazine, a brief notice of her character and death.

N. H., COR. SEC.

We have only room for a few brief extracts from the report. —This society was organized October 29, 1833—consisting of 26 members—the number has now increased to 50—the present number of children is 116—our quarterly meetings have been well attended, and are considered among our most interesting seasons.

During a revival in this place the past year our hearts were made to tremble and rejoice, by the anxious inquiry of a number of the children connected with our association—"What shall we do to be saved?" who were made, as we hope, the subjects of renewing grace.

While we sympathize with each other in the loss we have sustained in the death of our late superintendent, Mrs. Farnsworth, may we remember her dying testimony, that "God is faithful, who has promised," and her last message to us to be also faithful. With a desire to perpetuate her memory, and to induce others to follow her bright example, "so far as she followed Christ," I have drawn up this brief sketch of her character.

Seldom, it is believed, are friends called to mourn the departure of one that so beautifully exemplified the graces and virtues of the Christian character, in every relation of life, as did Mrs. Farnsworth. Trained up under the genial influence of pious examples, and Bible truth, her mind was early replenished with the pure and elevating doctrines of the cross of Christ. Thus was she fitted by nature and by grace for extensive usefulness.

To a highly cultivated mind, and a sound judgment, were added the genuine fruits of the Spirit—kindness, affability, and meekness. She not only exerted a most salutary influence among her Christian friends and relatives, but she secured the respect and esteem of all who knew her. None could doubt the genuineness of her piety,—it was marked by sincerity, humility, and benevolence to all mankind. Her zeal for the glory of God was ardent—her faith in his promises, unwavering. Taking his Word for her guide, she was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Thus did she endeavor, by precept and example, to induce others to exercise that sincere and active "faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world." During her whole Christian course, and long protracted illness, her faith in Christ was unwavering. With humble reliance on his atoning blood and perfect righteousness for pardon and sanctification, she committed herself and all her dearest interests into his hands, for time and eternity, *unconditionally*.

Her bed of languishing and of death furnished a scene from which it is hoped her surviving friends will derive everlasting benefit. At this eventful crisis the things of eternity appeared to her as in health, but as still more important. As she approached the grave her Christian graces shone with a purer lustre. Her mind was sweetly composed, her soul was filled with joy and peace, in view of coming events. Agreeably to her earnest request, God preserved to her the entire use of her mental powers, and enabled her to glorify Him whom her soul loved even in the hour of death. He was with her to strengthen and prepare her for the last conflict.

Whilst we rejoice that our dear sister gave such cheering evidence that she was abundantly prepared for that "rest which remains for the people of God," our hearts mourn when we think of the great loss which Zion sustains, for whose welfare she so fervently prayed, and labored, and wept; and especially do we mourn for this Association, in being deprived of one of its most active and efficient helpers. We cannot soon forget with what fidelity and never ceasing labors of love, though she was so feeble, she performed the various duties as-

signed her, and especially in the praying circle, where she always came as if fully prepared to do her utmost to promote the object of the meeting.

She often alluded, with heart-felt gratitude, to the pious instructions and exhortations of her beloved father, as constituting the chief instrument in preparing the hearts of his children for the reception of Divine truth, a number of whom have, since his decease, hopefully become the subjects of renewing grace. Fully believing that a covenant-keeping God would, sooner or later, bless and reward the efforts of pious parents who did faithfully instruct their children in the knowledge and principles of His Word; and sensible that past neglect, instead of discouraging us, ought to excite us to redouble our efforts, she was ever ready, by her judicious counsels and entreaties, to stimulate us to be more faithful in the discharge of parental obligations, and to seek more importunately for the aids of the Holy Spirit to carry conviction to the heart and conscience of every child.

We do hope that every mother and child belonging to this Association, and especially the children of our dear departed sister, who have so often heard her supplications and witnessed her solicitude for their present and future happiness, will not only cherish her memory with affection, but will speedily comply with her living, earnest, and dying request, that they might, by repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, be prepared to meet her in glory.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EARLY PIETY.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning—thou hast the dew of thy youth."

Surely, the heart of every Christian mother will respond "Amen! when shall it once be?"

Christian mother, we return the question, and ask you, When shall it once be? To your instrumentality, with the Almighty blessing, we look for the fulfilment of this prophecy.

We doubt not that you daily plead for your little one before the throne, and minister to, and even anticipate its every earthly want. We hope, too, that you carefully guard it from every unholy influence, and, knowing how much children are creatures of imitation, suffer no look, or even tone, save of kindness and love, to approach it. And this is right. But is it all you can do for that embryo angel?—yea, more than angel—soul redeemed by the blood of Christ. If too young to know Him, it is not too young for Him to know and set His mark upon the forehead. And one mark of His own, is prayer. As soon as that little one can ask its earthly parent for bread, are its infant hands folded in prayer, and is it taught to ask the Lord to bless it?

We know one child in this habit, every time he lies down to sleep, though he can hardly speak plain. And when that child can listen to instruction, is it told that it belongs to God—that it *is His child*—must always obey Him, and do naught to displease Him? Is the Bible made *the sole rule of conduct* for that child? Is it taught to obey its parents, *because God commands it* to be like the blessed Saviour, such a one as He will delight to bless, remembering that He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments?" Is the Bible the chief text-book in the education of that child, and is it taught to dread more a departure from its precepts than the frown of an opposing world? Self-denial is a most important, though sadly neglected part of education. Indeed, it seems to be the first lesson in the school of Christ—the very A. B. C. of the Christian alphabet. "But," objects the parent, "my children are too young to practise it"—and so the child is pampered, and fed on sweets and dainties, and these appetites "grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength" till the infant epicure becomes a man, and, dispensing with cakes and candies, requires his cigars, his wine, his champaigne, and being a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God, at last falls a victim to the early indulgence of a fond mother.

And should not mothers be indulgent? Yes! every good wish—every right feeling. But bodily appetites need discipline rather than cherishing, and this leads us to a topic of paramount importance—the early subjugation of the will. "Thy will be done," is the very spirit of Heaven—the sum of the Christian character, and the child who has learned this most difficult lesson is already on the road thither. Mother! count nothing done while this remains undone. That child's will must be subdued, or he never can enter the kingdom of Heaven. The earlier the better; obedience to earthly parents is usually the precursor of obedience to God, and is the very first lesson you should teach your children. Teach it early, thoroughly, effectually, and on right principles, *because God commands it*, and it contains the germ of every right thought and feeling, which shall bring forth fruit unto everlasting life, and grow and flourish like the cedars of Lebanon. We believe that the want of early government, more than all other causes put together, has kept the children of Christian parents out of the kingdom of Heaven. Preach the Gospel; and is not its first requirement, submission, which of course involves the sacrifice of self-will?—*Live the Gospel*, and your sons and your daughters shall rise up and call you blessed, and they shall be blessed and blessings. X.

For the Mother's Magazine.

IMPROPER CLOTHING.

GETTYSBURGH, PA., 1837.

DEAR FRIENDS—

WE should do injustice to our feelings, if we were to permit this opportunity to pass without expressing our approbation of the character of the *Mother's Magazine*, as well as the great pleasure and profit we derive from its perusal. We regret to say, however, that all the publications of the present day, addressed to mothers, relative to the moral and even *physical* training of children, say too little on the prevailing fashion as regards the *clothing* of children. Much is said on the subject of improper diet; indeed, writers go to *great extremes* in

the prohibition of almost every thing except water, milk, and bread, and at the same time content themselves with but a vague or general remark on the subject of "*improper* clothing," or perhaps, after recommending "*flannel to the skin*," they dismiss the subject. The consequence is, that the prevailing fashion has uncontrolled sway; the bills of mortality everywhere continue to show, that from one half to one third of the whole human family is carried off before they reach the commencement of the period of childhood, or two years of age. Agreeably to the present mode of attiring infants, the body is enveloped in several folds of flannel, beside other clothing, whilst the arms, neck, and upper part of the breast are entirely exposed; thus, whilst a portion of the surface is too warmly clad, other *important* portions are unprotected; the perspiration induced by the superabundant covering of the *body*, is immediately arrested by the influence of the common temperature of the atmosphere upon the exposed parts; the healthful stimulus derived even from a moderate quantum of clothing upon one part, is more than over-balanced by the continued sedative influence of cold upon another part. It is well known too, to physiologists and pathologists, that the most important internal viscera sympathize with the skin; and the liver, the lungs, and the mucous membranes, in most instances, are indebted to the cuticular surface for their abnormal conditions. Much might be said upon this subject, and much *ought to be said*, but, as it is not our design to furnish a communication, but merely suggest the subject, and leave it for some one more capable, whom you no doubt will be able to choose from amongst your numerous and talented physicians, we shall rest contented with the hope that you will do something towards closing this wide and distressing outlet to human life.

Yours respectfully, D. G.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD. — An agonized mother, at the grave of a deceased child, whilst the solemn rites were performing, was thus accosted by an aged minister: — "There

was once a Shepherd, whose tender pastoral care was over his flock night and day. One sheep would neither hear his voice nor follow him. He took up its little lamb in his arms—*then* that sheep came after him."

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.—"Mamma," said a child, "my Sabbath School teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while, that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any body preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country—and aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go to heaven. If every body wants to go there, *why don't they try to get ready ?*"

For the Mother's Magazine.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

This body, it must die,
And in the cold grave lie;
  It must, it must:
And there it will decay,
And moulder all away,
  To dust, to dust.

This soul will never die,
Nor in the cold grave lie;
  No, never, never:
But if my God I love,
'Twill live with him above,
  For ever, ever.

Jesus, my Saviour be,
To thee my soul would flee;
  To thee, to thee:
And when I'm called to die,
O! let thy aid be nigh,
  To me, to me.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

ON THE EVIDENCE OF EARLY PIETY.—(Continued.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

If, in forming an estimate of the religious character of children, we omit, in addition to those allowances which have been mentioned, that of their deficiency in *the power of self-control*, we shall be liable to judge them too strictly. The mind and heart must be long trained and disciplined, in order that this power may exist in such a degree as to produce a state of well-balanced thoughts and feelings, desires and purposes; and that the will, under the influence of an enlightened conscience, may be prompt, decided, and energetic in choosing the good, and refusing the evil. Divine grace is, indeed, the only efficacious source of that self-control which will *bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ*, but it acts in accordance with the laws of the mind, and through the instrumentality of truth and motives; and time is employed in this action. The new birth of the soul may have taken place,—the heart may be reconciled to God,—the great leading purposes may be right,—the conscience may be enlightened and tender,—the will on the side of truth and holiness,—and yet the conflict between nature and grace continue, and be a severe one. The complete mastery of the soul over all its moral movements is, as every experienced Christian knows, an attainment of tremendous difficulty, and which is seldom, if ever, reached in this life. How much he has to contend with constitutional peculiarities, with early associa-

tions, with habit, with the whole host of internal corruptions and external temptations. How many irregularities within, and how many provocatives without, tend constantly to disturb the moral balance of his soul; and how is he compelled, day after day, to exclaim with the apostle:—"I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man: But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

If this was true of Paul, who had such vigor of intellect, and decision of character, and power of motives, and communications of divine grace, how much should we regard with all proper allowance the similar struggle which manifests itself in those *little ones* for whom we venture to indulge the hope that they are among the true disciples of Christ. Young as they are, *they* have their constitutional infirmities to contend with; their peculiar temptations; their easily besetting sins; while, as yet, they have but little energy of mind, and have been trained in the school of experience to a very partial exercise of self-control.

The case sometimes occurs that a mother, who hopes that she has been making progress for years in the divine life, and sustains in the circle of her religious acquaintance the reputation of *devoted piety*, has an irritability of the nervous system, which, at times, is exceedingly distressing, and almost uncontrollable. Occasionally, it leads her to say and do things, that afterwards cause her deep mortification and regret. She prays and struggles against it, but after all, she has to acknowledge her weakness, and to throw herself on the candor of her friends, and the forbearance of her God. Now and then, she would fain persuade herself that it is merely a bodily disease, and that, like other such diseases, it is a part of the animal, and not at all of the moral system. But, then, she considers that the moral should gain the ascendency over the animal,—that grace has often enabled her to do this,—that she must pray for more grace, and make more effort, and not give over the struggle, however imperfect as yet her success may be. Her friends, in the mean-

while, kindly give her every consolation that the peculiarity of her case needs; bring to view her numerous excellences; extenuate her defects; make all due allowances; and rejoice at the progress she is gaining, slowly perhaps, yet perceptibly, in *the power of self-control.*

Let the same mother,—let all mothers, treat gently the irregularities of temper, nay, the very out-breakings of uncontrollable feeling, that sometimes mark the conversation and conduct of the young disciples of Jesus Christ. They, too, have their bodily ailments; their derangements of a nervous system full of life and exquisite sensibility; their peculiar temperaments, and constitutional obliquities. One was fretful when an infant. Ill health or bad management made it so. No wise means were employed to remedy the evil, as the child grew older; and *the habit* remained, though the original causes producing it were almost, if not entirely removed. The habit still remains. The child is sensible of it. He regrets it. He prays to be delivered from it. He strives against it. Do not demand too much of him. Self-control in such a case is a difficult attainment. Time is necessary for its consummation. Make all due allowance for the occasional misconduct which results from this infirmity. Do not judge him severely. Let him see that you do not; and encourage him in the work of reforming an evil which your own neglect or indiscretion has been instrumental in producing.

Another has a strong sense of the ludicrous, and is easily excited to laughter. The solemnity of the occasion, and the injunctions of the parent do not restrain him. He says he cannot help it. In some cases, this may be strictly true. In others, a harder struggle with his risibility might have checked it. But in all, the power of self-control is exceedingly difficult of attainment, and time and the force of habit are essential to a complete victory over what appears to be a want of reverence for sacred things, disobedience to parental authority, and an excessive levity. Before such a trait of character leads to decidedly unfavorable conclusions with regard to the piety of the child, all the circumstances of the case should be well understood, and care taken not to charge to wrong feelings, or a sinful intention, what arises wholly from the want of self-control.

From the same cause there proceed various other exhibitions of character which tend often to make too discouraging an impression, if they are not traced to their true source. Listlessness of attention to the instructions of parents and teachers; the want of prompt and punctual obedience; neglect of the rules of good breeding; fickleness of purpose; bursts of temper; indiscreet expressions; with errors and sins of a similar kind, are among the constant inconsistencies of early piety. More allowance should be made for them than for the same defects in Christians of maturer years and larger experience. And yet we, too often, make less allowance; forgetting the simple truths which it has been the object of these remarks to illustrate, that self-control is *least to be expected* in the morning of life, and that while it is but imperfectly established by the force both of conscience and of habit, we must look for deficiencies of character without losing our confidence in the reality of early piety. If there is no appearance of a wicked and fixed intention of doing wrong; if the individual in fault is accessible to instruction and reproof; if conscience seems to be faithfully doing its work; if sorrow for sin is habitual and sincere; if prayer for divine strength is unremitting; if the struggle for self-control is evidently going on and gaining a little daily,—the older and stronger members of the household of Christ should *bear the infirmities* of the younger and weaker. Parents and teachers should encourage and confirm *the power of self-government* in the little ones who they hope have gone to the Saviour with penitence and faith, by letting them see that they are to be dealt with tenderly and kindly, and that those who are their spiritual guides can truly say, as did Paul, *we are gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SELFISH LITTLE BOY.

MRS. MORTON had two sons, named William and Henry.—William was a generous, kind-hearted little boy, and would

make many sacrifices to make others happy. But Henry was very selfish. When his mother bought any kind of fruit, or had a present of any, Henry could not be satisfied unless he had the first choice, or was allowed a greater share than his brothers and sisters. When his mother had company he was sure to take that opportunity to ask her to give him fruit, cake, or sweetmeats, or to take a walk, when he knew it would be difficult or unpleasant for her to deny him, or to explain to him her reasons for refusing his request. Mrs. M. took great pains to explain to Henry how unreasonable it was for him to do so; but he did not much care whether his mother was pleased or displeased, or for the good opinion of any of his friends. All he did care for was to gratify his own palate and to have his own way. He thought a great deal about his own feelings, and but very little of the feelings of other people. If he was only satisfied and happy, no matter who else was unhappy. When his brothers or sisters requested him to join them in play, Henry would not be satisfied unless they would play whatever he proposed, and in a way to suit him. If he ever engaged in a game of ball with his schoolfellows, he always claimed to be the best player.

He could never bear a competitor, or willingly hear any one else commended. He must always be the hero of every tale, and the burden of every song. When he went to visit other boys, if they did not receive him cordially he was greatly displeased—if they appeared selfish or unkind, he was sure to remark upon their treatment with great severity. If they did not treat him with marked attention, civility, and good humor, on his return home, he did not fail to complain of them, calling them rude and disagreeable, and he would promise never to go to see such ugly, ill-natured boys again. He thought that it was perfectly right for them to make efforts and sacrifices to amuse and gratify him. But the case was quite different, in his estimation, when the boys came to see him. If he had planned a ramble in the woods, or had some favorite scheme on foot, that could be postponed to another opportunity, he was disappointed, and he would insinuate that every body took the wrong time to visit him, when the truth was, that he did

not like to make sacrifices or take the trouble to entertain any little friends at his own house—and he did not take pains to conceal, or overcome such wrong feelings.

If ever he did invite any boys to visit him, it was with the intention of rambling in the fields, or wandering off somewhere, out of sight of his parents, so that his conduct and treatment of his companions could not be inspected by them.

If his mother expostulated with him, or kindly advised him to stay at home, and cheerfully give up his intended sport or play, and entertain his friends, he was sure to mortify her feelings. He would often complain of his mother, and say that she did not care as much for his happiness as she did for the happiness of others; or that other boys were allowed to amuse themselves as they liked; or had better toys or tools than he had—and they could play and do whatever they liked. If his mother proposed to Henry to take his friends into a neat apartment and show them his library, and read together some good story, or look at some beautiful engravings, he was sure to get angry, and say some unkind and disrespectful words in return. Henry had a great many amusing and useful toys, such as dissected maps, and puzzles, and a paint box and brushes, and blocks to build towers, all of which he was allowed to use in amusing his young friends. But he was so prone to self-indulgence, that he never stopped to reflect, that if these things were familiar to him and had not the charm of novelty, they were new to others, and could hardly fail to gratify their curiosity. Henry Morton, though a lad ten years old, had so abused the kindness of his indulgent parents, and the gifts of a kind Providence, that at this tender and docile age he could scarcely be called a reasonable, thinking being. He more resembled some wild and untameable animal—a bear or a tiger, which had been accustomed to roam the forest *alone*, and which claimed the right to devour every thing that came in his way, unless frightened hence by some other animal, more strong and ferocious than himself, and equally cruel and selfish.

It is a sad thing, when parents have to deal with such a selfish child as Henry Morton; such children are almost uni-

versally sly, peevish, quarrelsome, and given to falsehood. Such a child is, of necessity, unhappy the greater part of the time, for he cannot have his own way, or do as he likes. Henry Morton could not respect himself; and he wondered why he was not equally beloved and respected as was his brother William. Some men and women lead a very miserable life, and make every body around them uncomfortable, because they were allowed to indulge a covetous, selfish disposition when they were children. And as they grew older they never acquired the resolution to conquer this habit, and perhaps they never even conjectured that they had such a bad temper, or what was the real cause of their unhappiness. Whenever you happen to meet an individual who respects the character, feelings, and property of others as he does his own, though he may never have heard of the rules of good breeding laid down by Lord Chesterfield, nevertheless he does understand the nature, and practises the rules of true politeness. If you see a child who is generally unhappy, discontented, quarrelsome, and loves to deceive,—mark the disposition and habits of that child, *as it respects the rights and feelings of others;* and, if I mistake not, you will discover that it has a *selfish* disposition, and is never likely to be any thing better than a *clown.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 9.

HABITS OF CONVERSATION.

Our habits of conversation are sometimes understood to embrace our entire intercourse with one another. This is a very natural application of the term, since our whole intercourse is held and conducted through the medium of speech. The powerful influence we exert on one another, is a sufficient reason for all the cautions expressed in the word of God on this subject, and may well justify the place we now assign it in these hints.

But it may be asked—"Why address young ladies *particularly* on such a subject as this?" They are at liberty, then, to presume that I would say nothing to them, which I would

not also say to all others. Yet I will claim the special attention of young ladies for one reason, which conveys a compliment:—their controlling influence, and their acknowledged powers of conversation, impose a weight of responsibility on *them*, which attaches to no other class. These very circumstances, too, surround them with peculiar temptations as well as responsibilities. A sword may be harmless when kept under bolts and bars, or when wielded by a man of prudence and peace. But in the hand of a maniac, or of unprincipled ambition, who would not fear it? Without a figure, young ladies can kill with their tongues; and the chivalry, which would resent a rude affront, yields its feelings, and even truth and life itself to gallantry. Weapons capable of such a use, you will say, ought always to be true, and controlled by stern principle and prudence.

By an inspired apostle, the tongue among our members is compared to the helm, which, although comparatively small, gives direction to a mighty ship. When ungoverned, it is "a world of iniquity, that defileth the whole body; a fire, that setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." Indeed, a licentious tongue is represented by the same apostle as a sure evidence of an unsanctified heart. But the wise man has said—"The tongue of the wise is as choice silver"—"it is health"—"it is a tree of life"—"whoso keepeth his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble."

The wise, then, will use the tongue with the prudence they would use a two-edged, sharp-pointed sword. "Death and life," says Solomon, "are in the power of the tongue." They will set a guard on it as on a fire. They will regard it, when well kept, as choice silver,—as health,—as a tree of life. Such, says divine inspiration, is "the tongue among our members." "Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men." It is the instrument of praise and of blasphemy. It represents the mind, the heart, the immortal spirit within. It is the herald of our thoughts, the pencil which spreads out on canvass the images of our inward moral visions, seen and read of all men. It is the seal, too, of our principles, at once exposing and giving them durable form in the soul.

How much we are influenced by conversation, all can testify. What we hear makes a direct impression on the mind. We carry it home, think of it, repeat it, converse upon it. We do not readily expel the image it has formed in the mind, whether of pleasure or of pain. We attend a social party. What was said there forms the object of attention which we carry with us: what *we* have said is carried away by others. We hear of it again. It is ours. It must be maintained. It decides our course, and controls our characters. If it be wrong, we try to persuade ourselves it is right. It is right in our premises. We cannot recede. If it be a sword, which has entered deeply into the reputation of our neighbor, we hold the hilt, and our reputation becomes involved also. If it be a fire kindled on our neighbor's dwelling, we have struck the spark, and must justify the deed.

Passions become flagrant by indulgence. Speech is one of the channels of gratification. Bad tempers, restrained, are more easily controlled than after they have been permitted to express themselves and come abroad through the organs of speech. They have then pervaded another portion of the body, and claim all the territory they thus acquire. Malignant passions may be stifled in the bosom; but, like combustible gases, they explode when exposed to atmospheric air, and in contact with the fire of the tongue. Such is our experience; and hence it is not, perhaps, without a reason in the constitution of human nature that the sin, which has no forgiveness, employs the tongue to reach its transcendent enormity. Our words are our own only while they remain unexpressed. When published, they are common property. They present our character, and we must be judged by it. An eminent Roman, surnamed Silentius, condemned himself to silence for nine years, because he had been imprudent in his speech. Better thus to be silent forever; yes, better to cut out the tongue as well as to pluck out a right eye, than to make them the instruments of our condemnation to hell.

If our conversation, in the entire influence it exerts on character, and the extensive and remote consequences always attending it, be fully considered, it can hardly fail to receive the

attention, which will avail to rectify its originating principle, and to give it direction. This attention is due, first, to the source whence, as from a fountain, all conversation flows, and then to the regulation of it in detail. As the heart is the seat of the moral feeling and affections, from which thought itself originates, so it is also the source of all speech and action, since these are but the same feelings, affections, or thoughts embodied. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts and all uncleanness," —and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Attention should be directed first of all, then, to *the heart*. Let that be right, and all its streams, whether they flow in thoughts, words, or deeds, will be pure. But let its bitterness and hate begin to flow, its very action will generate a deadly poison which shall pervade all the fountains of moral life. The principle and fruitful source of evil lie deep rooted in the heart. Extirpate that, and the bud, blossom, and fruit must wither too. But when that is vigorous and cherished, the tree will become strong and productive, as the fruit is left to ripen and luxuriate.

Another important, though secondary means of treating a corrupt tree is, to suppress the fruit as it begins to appear in the bud, and prevent its perfection. It will then not be exposed to the fatal taste of others, and the tree may be stinted in its growth, if not killed at the root. Thus, if we cut off the words, which are coming to the expression of an evil thought, or suppress the thoughts that are springing up from native principles of depravity, the soul will be disciplined and reformed like a luxuriant soil under the hand of diligent culture. If not thus entirely subdued and limited to a wholesome vegetation, it is reclaimed from the wilderness, and becomes a moral garden, fenced and fruitful.

This discipline must be the result of much labor and effort in the practice of wholesome restraints. Law must be rigidly applied to the mind, vagrant and always exposed to the influence of depraved and long-cherished desires, or its native depravity will control the conversation in spite of conviction, and all our lessons of morality.

The first rule we should prescribe to ourselves will teach us

not to talk too much. The mind is strengthened by reflection. But great talkers are rarely deep thinkers. They advance shallow opinions diluted by a flood of words. As words are the signs of ideas, a tongue that can never be silent must use thoughts as they rise, without selection or maturity. Such is the language of the maniac, between whom and a perpetual talker the resemblance is too striking not to have been remarked by all.

Much talking, also, leads to exaggeration, and often to falsehood. Confidence is not readily extended to great talkers, and this without any personal feelings of dislike or prejudice. The tongue that cannot rest, naturally goes from its exhausted store of things, known to airy fields of imagination and invention. The moral sense cannot abide the issue, and is soon violated, if not utterly deranged. Let your thoughts always go before your tongue. Whoever reverses this order, will soon find a fire kindled by this "world of iniquity," which is truly represented in the Scriptures as "set on fire of hell." Who can tame the tongue when thus let loose upon better reason?

Avoid all profaneness in conversation. Profane expressions are too common even among ladies, where profanity, as that term is commonly understood, is excluded. All is profane, which weakens in the mind a reverence for God, and which, either in word or sentiment, associates unworthy thoughts of Him. How often do we hear from a thoughtless tongue the exclamation, "O Lord!" If it be not used malignantly or profanely, yet it borders on profanity, and indicates the absence of that high reverence, which should always be associated with every name we apply to Jehovah. Such expressions cannot be used without an injury to that high moral sense, which is the only defence of principles. Of a similar effect is the habit of quoting scriptural expressions for any but serious purposes. They are the word of God, and should never be brought in aid of sport or ridicule.

Our conversation should be true, serious, and instructive. This is urged upon us by the brevity of life, and the solemn consequences depending on the manner in which we spend it. A cheerful temper is entirely consistent with the habit now re-

commended. Indeed, it is appropriate to a life of duty and a consciousness of rectitude. We may smile at what is pleasing; we may laugh and be playful without profaneness, levity, or thoughtlessness. But when we consider the effect of jesting and foolish talking on the interests of truth and the entire moral feelings, how easily justice is perverted and equity turned aside by ridicule, or a trifling turn of conversation, we cannot be too much on our guard, nor wonder that the Saviour prescribed that, for every idle word, we should be called to give an account in the day of judgment.

Not only the conversation which is pernicious and profane, but that which is merely unprofitable, should be excluded from our social intercourse. Our powers of speech were given us, not only not to tempt us to sin, not only not to be wasted in unprofitable pursuits, but also to bring a large revenue to our improvement and happiness. Mere unprofitableness, therefore, in the use of this talent will produce our condemnation. Where, more than in a circle of gay and sprightly youth, can God be honored in praise, and excitements be furnished to love and good works? "Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." Is this dull and condemnatory? Folly and ignorance and an evil heart may say, yes. But conscience, and experience, and sober reason, and divine wisdom say, no. The history of the world says, no. A voice from heaven says, no. A response from hell cries, no. Let youth say, no. Let all that hear and reflect say, no. Our voices are educated here for the expression of only two states of feeling hereafter, either high-sounding joy in heaven, or deep-toned wo in hell. This single reference is a conclusive argument against foolish, vain, unprofitable and sinful conversation.

The selection of proper subjects of conversation is an important means of rectifying it. They should be profitable and instructive as well as entertaining. Some are always talking about persons. These are slanderers. They embitter their own feelings by constant personalities, and make enemies of others. They render themselves unhappy, unprofitable, and a dread to their neighbors. Others make principles and things the subjects of their conversation. These avoid the bitterness

and enmities which the others excite. They, moreover, gain and impart knowledge that is profitable, and suited to a wide and practical application; while those who are ever discussing the characters of their neighbors, never fail to spend their principal strength on trifles, and die in the pursuit of small game. We need never to be at a loss for profitable subjects of conversation. Principles, science, religion, public charities, benevolent enterprise, history, present and past, philosophy, with hundreds of other subjects, may be ever at hand to exclude slander, fashion, and folly. We do not always, however, find a profitable subject entertained by the company, nor a suitable opportunity to introduce it. There is one remedy left, and always available,—silence.

There are yet two or three practical rules which belong to this subject, and which my limits only allow me to allude to. First, let me say, never interrupt others while speaking. To do it, is the height of impoliteness. A true *gentleman*, you may have observed, never does it. A real *lady* will not do it. If she does, her character is yet incomplete. When I see two young ladies talking at the same time, and in the same circle, and on the same subject, in a contest of words to see which shall outrun the other, I say to myself, There has been some mistake in their education. Do you know any such young ladies? And what are you compelled, in sober reason, to think of them? Let your answer to this question furnish you with a rule for your own direction.

Another rule, which good sense and propriety will dictate, is not to talk too long. This error naturally leads to the former. After stating our opinion, common civility requires that we should wait for the opinions of others. When the subject has been suitably discussed, or is exhausted, dismiss it. The introduction of a new one will impart the charm of novelty, and awaken fresh interest. Never monopolize the conversation, especially if others are engaged in it. After they have heard *you*, listen to *them* without impatience. Even if their conversation is not as interesting to you as your own has been, it is a gross self-compliment and a breach of good manners to yawn through their reply, or be inattentive to it.

Talk not too loud. This is rude, and nothing but endurance, sometimes extended towards it too far, prevents it from being despicable. It certainly is inconsistent with true modesty; it offends delicacy; it is an annoyance to all sober thinkers, and is in very bad taste. You never heard a lady talk on a sober subject, nor make a sensible remark, in a loud, overreaching, or boisterous tone. A subdued manner is suited to rational conversation. It is the soft tones which attract the surest attention. Gentlemen may be *amused* by a great talker and forward manners, but they will reserve their *affections* for the modest and sensible young lady, who speaks in an under tone, with the confidence which knowledge inspires, and amid the blushes of that natural modesty so absolutely necessary to female influence and dignity.

Let it be observed, that these rules and instructions refer to the formation of *habits;* and they neither are designed to invade the whole circle of subjects which concern us in every relation we sustain, nor to exclude the pleasantries which are suited to create the smile or the laugh. Under proper rules, our amusements are as innocent as our prayers. But our *habits* form the great lines of character, with which we go to the awards of eternity. With this prospect in view, and under the judgment of sober reason, I am sure the principles here inculcated will be approved. Beyond this, I cannot hope to gain attention.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

GREENFIELD, CHOCTAW NATION, AUG. 10, 1838.

DEAR MRS. WHITTLESEY,

THE maternal association of Greenfield church was formed last January. We number eleven mothers and thirty-four children. We are a feeble band, but the Lord is our strength. In his name we will go *forward*. At our quarterly meeting in April, the fathers were invited to attend. A discourse was preached to parents, with appropriate instruction to children.

Four of the dear children manifested a desire to be interested in the prayers of Christians. While we blessed God for these tokens of his favor, we mourn that, in his all-wise providence, he has removed one of our number to her heavenly home. While we weep, she rejoices. Her faith is lost in sight. Her hope in full enjoyment. She was a pillar on which we leaned —ever ready, by her prayers and counsels, to encourage us to faith and good works. Although aged and infirm, nothing but sickness ever prevented her from attending our meetings. This mother in Israel, ten years ago, was a *heathen mother*, groping her way to the grave without one ray of gospel light to point her to the skies. She lived far remote from a mission station, and as yet no one had been to her door and preached to her Jesus. In the spring of 1829, three of her children attended a protracted meeting, heard the gospel, embraced it, carried it home, and tried to tell their aged mother the good news. She felt not that she was a sinner, consequently she desired no Saviour. In relating the exercises of her mind, she said, "I was angry. I did not wish my children to talk to me about their new religion. But still I thought much of what they said; and when Mr. Byington came and held a meeting near my house, I heard the good word *for myself*. I resolved to be a Christian, and I felt happy." She united with the church in the fall of the same year, and ever after until her death, May 9, 1838, she was an active, decided Christian; but especially so for the last three or four years of her life. She was a growing Christian; —not content with hearing the name of Christ, she availed herself of the privileges of a disciple. She not only professed to love God, but she loved his service. She loved his word; and seldom was her seat in his earthly courts empty. She lent all her influence to sustain the female prayer-meetings, and lived to see all her grand-children encircled in the arms of the maternal association. Every institution which had for its object the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, was dear to her heart. All but two of her children she looked upon as in the service of her Redeemer, either on earth or in heaven. Three of them she had attended to the threshold, and by faith saw them enter their heavenly Father's house, and returned from the

scene renewedly devoting herself and her three remaining sons to God. The eldest of these is an elder in the church. For the conversion of the other two, she wept and prayed; her anxiety often leading her to request her sisters to pray for them, expressing an earnest desire to see them converted to God before she died. Last December, the youngest, who was about fifteen years old, was snatched from her by the relentless hand of death. He who had sustained this aged widow in six troubles, did not forsake her in the seventh. While sitting beside the lifeless body of her beloved *Jesse*, she could and did say,—"*Jesus is good. It is all right.* I may live to see all my children laid in the grave, but *Jesus will be good still. He is good to me.* I have done *too little* for him. *This may be the reason why he has taken away my son. I desire to do more for him hereafter.*" The next morning after the burial, she said to her pastor, "I seem to have left mourning for the dead; and now my great anxiety is, that *A*——, my only remaining impenitent son, may become a *Christian.* I desire that all my brethren and sisters would unite with me in praying that he may be converted, and unite with the church at our next communion." The Lord heard her prayers, and bottled her tears. At our next communion season, which was in March, this *son* came forward, entered into covenant with God and his people, and sat down with his praying *mother* at the Lord's table. *Her* countenance told us that she felt as Simeon did, for she, too, had seen the salvation of God.

Before our next communion season, she had done with earth, and entered upon the enjoyments and employments of heaven.

During her sickness, she was calm and submissive, saying, "God's will be done, whether it be for me to live or die." She had her reason perfectly, and in the latest moments of life testified to the excellency of the gospel. She said to her pastor, "I have long been praying that I might love God better than I love my children; and now I think I do. I am willing to leave them to go and be with him." She recollected distinctly the appointments for meetings, and remarked at one time that, while she lay on her bed, her heart was with God's people in

his house She enjoined it upon her daughter-in-law *never to neglect the female prayer-meetings.* A few days before she died, a temperance society was organized—and she, with pleasure, signed the pledge;—thus leaving her dying testimony in favor of that harbinger of the peace and prosperity of nations. The Sabbath evening previous to her death, she inquired of her sons, if they had any thing suitable to dress her body for the grave? They told her they would provide something, and that, when her spirit had left the body, it should be decently buried. She gave a few directions, and then said, "*It is enough; I wish to say no more about it.*"

The next morning, being the monthly concert, her minister and his praying flock gathered around her. In almost breathless whispers she expressed her joy in uniting once more with them in supplication for a dying world. She lived until Wednesday following, exhibiting, except for a few moments, the same happy confidence in God. On Thursday, just at the usual hour for the *female prayer-meeting*, we assembled with her two sons and a numerous group of grand-children, to redeem the pledge which was given to her on Sabbath evening. O, that you, my dear Mrs. W——, and all our Christian friends, could have seen the placid countenance, and heard the solemn, earnest, and affectionate address, which the eldest son gave to the grand-children, as they stood in mournful silence around the grave—closing with prayer, in which he seemed to have followed his departed mother up to the very throne of God, and to have been touched with hallowed fire! It was good to be there, for it was the gate of heaven.

We forward this narrative to you, hoping that it may serve the cause of Christ, by encouraging mothers to pray for the *immediate* conversion of their children, and by exciting all the readers of your valuable Magazine earnestly to desire, and cheerfully to labor for, the salvation of the Indians.

Your affectionate sister in Christ,

C. H. W. Wood.

For the Mother's Magazine.

DOMESTIC CONVENIENCES.

MRS. W.—

I VENTURE to ask a place in the Magazine for the following article, on a very humble subject; but, humble as it is, and couched, perhaps, in a still humbler style, it is not without its importance to hundreds of families in the country. Even to some mothers who read the Magazine, it may prove auxiliary to the attainment of some of those conveniences which lighten a woman's labors, and assist in making the home of her husband cheerful and happy. Let such wives as have hitherto pleaded in vain for such conveniences as they need, and as are hinted at in the following article, request their husbands to read it; and, although I trust none of my sex will be so ungallant as to appear ungracious towards their "better-halves" for so doing, yet should it thus happen, I pray that they will settle the account with their and your obedient servant,

W——N.

* * * * * * * *

"The washing must be done to-day, my dear," said Mrs. Seymour to her husband, one morning, as he appeared to be leaving home—"but we have no water—what can we do?"

"What can you do?" answered her husband, rather gruffly—"what can you do?—That's more than I can tell. Water—water—it is always water, when one is in a real hurry to go to work."

"My dear," said Mrs. S., very mildly—"I told you last evening, that we should need water this morning. You know you are fond of having the washing done on Monday; but I put it off one day, because I saw you were too much engaged conveniently to fetch any."

"Engaged!" said the husband, "I am driven half out of my senses, and then the cry is water, or some other want. Why didn't you catch water yesterday?—the rain run like a mill-race."

"We did our best," said Mrs. S.—"but the casks were too dry to hold—and"—

"And what? Where were all your tubs?—why didn't you put them out?"

"We did—but you know that we have but two tubs, and one of them is quite small. Our large washings in harvest time cannot be done with the water of only two tubs."

"Was there ever a man so plagued! Fair weather—grain ripe—grass down—men and team all ready—and now every wheel must stop to get water. You can't wash with it, if we get it"—

"My dear," said Mrs. S., her eye filling at the unkindness of her husband, "I regretted to mention the subject, for I was sensible that you was quite engaged; but I did not well know what to do."

"Well, well, if we must, we must, as the old saying is; but if I live six weeks longer, I'll have a cistern, if there is pine plank enough in the land. Here, James, stop that team—put the hogsheads into the cart, and fetch some water."

James had caught the murmuring spirit of the master, and reluctantly stopped the team with a wrathful stroke over the eyes of the halting beasts—"There, stop, will ye?"

The cask was tumbled along with now and then a kick, and with more speed than a dry cask should have been, and before it reached the cart, the staves bid adieu to the hoops, and fell together in a heap.

"There, you—." Mr. S. was on the point of calling him some ugly name, but, like a wise man, he bit his lips, and said only, (for he began to reflect upon himself,) "Next time be more careful."

"Well," said James, quite unbecomingly—but he had had a bad example that morning—"the hogshead was of no use; it wouldn't hold water any more than a basket."

"Go, get a barrel," said Mr. Seymour, in a somewhat softened tone.

"A barrel!" said James; "there isn't a barrel fit to put water in. I'll take the scalding tub—but there, now, it's up aloft, where a body can't get at it under half a day."

Mrs. Seymour had passed into the house, but a window being open, she had heard the conversation, and feeling a sym-

pathy quite natural to a woman's heart for a husband generally kind, but somewhat slack, and now obviously perplexed, she approached the window, and kindly said, "Husband, I'll put off the washing another day. This will accommodate you the best, and"—

She would have added, "perhaps you'll by and by have a cistern."

Whether the husband conjectured what was in her thoughts or not, I cannot say; but a cistern was in his thoughts, and once more, for perhaps the hundredth time, in his determination.

This was by no means the first incident of the kind which had occurred at farmer Seymour's. For thirty years, like hundreds of others, he had made use of casks of one kind and another—usually a hogshead or two—to catch water, and generally a sufficient quantity for the washing days had been obtained. But in the summer months, that busy period of the year, there was often a deficiency, which must be supplied from a neighboring stream. Even this was comparatively hard, during the dry season, and sometimes impure; but it was preferable to the water of the well. The subject of a cistern had often been discussed, and its advantages set forth by the good woman; but for various reasons, partly on account of the expense, but more probably from ignorance of its real utility, such an article had never been provided. On several occasions similar to the above, when the business of the farm pressed, and the delay necessary to obtain water was seen and felt, the farmer's mind was made up, that he would attend to the subject, as soon as the busy season was over; and once or twice he had gone so far as to inquire of a neighbor, who had a cistern, as to the expense and advantages of such an article. But when the autumnal rains set in, and the casks were overflowing almost daily, the necessity was no longer felt, and he would put off the procurement of one till the succeeding spring.

The incident which we have thus related, has more than once occurred at Mr. Seymour's. Similar incidents are common in hundreds of families, because such families are destitute of those conveniences which are essential to their comfort.

In those parts of the United States, where the water of the wells is unfit for washing, not one family perhaps in ten has a cistern, and yet nine in ten of such families as contain five or six members might have this important article. The cost of a pine-plank cistern, which may be placed in the cellar, and which will last from fifteen to twenty years, with a six feet stave and six feet diameter—sufficiently large for an ordinary family—need not exceed fifteen dollars. This, with a small pump conducting the water into the wash-room, would be productive, I venture to affirm, of more comfort to a family than the same sum of money spent in any other possible way. Here, water is always at hand; it may be used not only on that important day of the week, the washing day, but every day, and for almost all purposes. Often the well is at some distance from the house. The female part of the family bring nine-tenths of the water used into the family. Frequently it is brought in cold, bleak weather, and by those whose physical strength should not be thus taxed. Many a mother dates her feeble health, and ultimately a broken constitution, to services of this kind, which the expenditure of a few dollars would have prevented.

But it is the *moral effect* which I would insist upon, and I could wish with more power. Look again at what took place at Mr. Seymour's. There was unkindness there—there was ill-temper, and just that ill-temper which would destroy a man's peace for the whole day. Upon reflection, he must have felt that the request of his wife was both proper and necessary. True, it was a most pressing season of the year, and if ever one had an apology for a momentary unkindness, it might be in the hurried and perplexed circumstances of Mr. S. But an apology for unkindness towards a wife! Let it not be thought of—let no apology be attempted, and certainly not towards a wife, who was ready to chafe her fingers to make the garments of her husband clean and white. It may indeed be said that such jars make future concord closer, and furnish occasion for the exercise of the better affections of the heart; but then, preliminary to these better affections, *if they succeed*, is the exercise of unkindness, fretfulness, &c. This is doing

evil that good may come. No, let all such jars between those whom God has joined together be prevented. A man's house should be his earthly paradise. It should be of all other spots that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily study to provide every thing convenient and comfortable for his wife.

With every provision which he can possibly make, hers will be a life of care and of toil. She is the sentinel, which can seldom, if ever, leave—seldom, if ever, be relieved. Others may sleep, but if there be one who must watch, it is she. She ought, therefore, to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband. And if furnished to the extent of his means—and she is generally eagle-eyed enough to discern the point at which his ability ends—she is contented. Generally, every shilling expended by the husband for the accommodation of his wife in her domestic operations, is returned upon him four-fold—if not precisely in pecuniary advantage, though this is often true, it will be in the order, peace, and happiness of his family. Where conveniences are found in a family, there are generally bright looks, happy feelings, and industrious hands; and where these are found, if there be not more virtue, there certainly will be less of its opposite.

The subject possibly may be resumed; but should the writer not find leisure to speak of other conveniences, which at present he has in his eye, it will be a source of pleasure to him, if this article shall be the means of preventing one such jar as occurred at farmer Seymour's, and of introducing, if it be but into a single family, that source of perpetual comfort—*a cistern.*

INFLUENCE OF FICTITIOUS WRITINGS.

"NOVEL writers, by their writings, assist in educating the community to the blackest crimes. Far be it from me to say they do it intentionally; perhaps they think the tendency of their works is quite otherwise. But if so, they make a most serious and unhappy mistake—a mistake, too, for whose con-

sequences they must certainly be held in a greater or less degree responsible.

"Do not men know—they who are as intelligent as Bulwer, and as deeply read in human nature as Marryatt—that while they describe, in such glowing terms, the character of the ruffian or the desperado, there are hundreds and thousands of their young readers who sympathize with him, and—such is human nature—are gradually, in spite of their better judgment, and in view of the final results, 'transformed into the same image?'

"But we have not seen the full effects of these writings. The generation that has been reared most exclusively on the miserable nutriment they afford, has not yet come upon the stage of action. Its education is yet going on. Those who live thirty or fifty years hence, if any such shall escape the general anarchy and carnage, can better tell us what have been the sad consequences of the novel reading of the present day.

"We have some facts, however, daily exhibited, which have a bearing on this subject. You see the seducer—you see the ruin in which he involves society. You behold instances, quite too numerous, of matrimonial unhappiness and discord.

"It does seem to us that parents in general—Christian parents especially—are most criminally negligent on this whole subject. It does seem that, in the scramble for wealth, they have forgotten all else, even the immortal minds and hearts of the children whom God has given them. We call on them—we entreat them—to consider this subject—to take time for it. If they shall, after due reflection, determine to suffer their children and pupils to read any book which appears, without discrimination, be it so. We can only warn and protest; we cannot control."—[An. of Ed.]

GLEANINGS.

"THINK not, because you admire the gilded skies, that your hearts are necessarily drawn closer to Him who sitteth upon the throne of heaven; that because you gaze with delight on the painted petals of a flower, you love him more who is em-

phatically the 'Rose of Sharon' and the 'Lily of the Valley.' If is possible, very possible, to have a heart overflowing with sensibility and joy when contemplating the gifts of God, without feeling one particle of love to God, and of his Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

For the Mother's Magazine.

SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?

Exceedingly sorrowful even to death,
He sinks to the earth—he is fainting for breath:
"My Father!—This cup!—Oh, why must it be?
Why may not this bitterest cup pass from me?
But yet, not as I will—as thou wilt. How sweet,
The draught in which justice and tenderness meet;
And *shall I not drink it*, whate'er it may be,
The cup which my FATHER has given to me?"

'Twas thus in the fiercest assault of despair,
The Saviour in darkness poured forth his lone prayer,
As sinking beneath the vast burden he fell,
That else must have sunk a lost world into hell.
With none to uphold him, with none to console,
Unpitied, unheeded, he poured out his soul;
"Oh, *shall I not drink it*, whate'er it may be,
The cup which my FATHER has given to me?"

Did Jesus receive e'en the wormwood and gall,
And drink the last dregs of the cup for us all?
Then why from the *drop*, which he gives me to drink,
So mingled with sweetness, should I ever shrink?
"How sweet," let me say, "is my bitterest cup,
Compared with the draught that my Saviour drank up;
Then *shall I not drink it*, whate'er it may be,
The cup which my FATHER has given to me?"

The friend on whose bosom I loved to recline,
Whose mind, heart, and soul were commingled with mine,
On whom I delighted to lean in distress,
And whom at all seasons I joyed to caress,
My dearest companion He's taken away,
And left me to sorrow and anguish a prey:
But *shall I not drink it*, though bitter it be,
The cup which my FATHER has given to me?

The sweet little cherub—the pledge of that love
I hope to renew in the mansions above—
The babe, on whose face I would gaze with delight,
And trace those loved features, once beauteous and bright,
Whom, lonely and widowed, I clasped to my breast,
My dear, lovely child He has taken to rest:
Yet *shall I not drink it*, though bitter it be,
The cup which my FATHER has given to me? E. F. H.

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ON THE EVIDENCE OF EARLY PIETY.—(Concluded.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

THE allowances which should be made, on various accounts, for young children in forming an estimate of their religious character, have been considered in some preceding numbers. In this concluding one, the writer proposes to state what, in his estimation, constitutes the most satisfactory evidence of early piety.

1. As a general rule, parents ought not to expect in quite young children any sudden or strongly marked change in their religious feelings, if they have been brought up, with any good degree of faithfulness, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Is not harm often done to such children by inculcating religious truth upon them in a manner which leads them to feel that a change of this kind, palpable, striking, and overwhelming,—is absolutely essential to their becoming the sincere followers of Christ? Where the infant has been truly dedicated to God in baptism, or, without this ordinance, by those who conscientiously believe it to be their duty not to have their children baptized, where there has been a continuance of faith and prayer on the part of the parent; where correct religious instruction has been imparted, and the training of the child has been *in the way in which he should go*, and his disposition and conduct, from the first developments of his character, making all proper allowances for his age and imperfec-

tions, on the whole furnish no satisfactory evidence that *he is not a subject of divine grace*, it is most injudicious to address him decidedly as if he were not, and to insist upon it that he must yet experience a change of heart, when he may already have the love of God and of the Saviour in his soul. The necessity of the influence of the spirit of God upon every human heart, to lead to true sorrow for sin, and to faith in Christ, and to the love and obedience of God, ought indeed to be fully set before him, with the habitual feelings which such an influence will always produce, and the various duties of the Christian life; but to go farther than this, in the case supposed, may be attended with very unhappy results. You may demand a change that has already taken place. You may alarm and agitate, when you ought to encourage. You may throw a sincere, though yet feeble and trembling "little one" of the fold of Christ into a perplexity of mind from which it will take years of discipline to extricate it. How many, many eminent saints there are in the church of Christ who can refer back to no ascertained period of their lives, when a change of heart took place, and much less to any such change of a sudden and striking kind. This should teach us how careful we should be in applying this test to quite young children, and in conversing with them on the subject. Instead of insisting upon the necessity of themselves being able to recognize a change of heart at any given time, of its suddenness and strength, and of its being at once palpable to those around them, we had much better direct their attention to the general need of such a change, and to its shewing, in the only satisfactory way in which it can be shewn, that it has taken place, by the fruits which it produces in the feelings, the thoughts, the desires and purposes of the soul, and in the daily conversation and conduct. This is *our* proper work; let the spirit of God and their own consciences do the rest.

2. In estimating the religious character of children, we should recollect that piety in them, as in adults, will manifest itself in accordance with the peculiarities of the character and temperament, and strikingly so in one important respect. Some minds are much more inclined than others to solitude, to re-

flection, to withdrawing from the objects immediately around them, and living in a world of images of their own creating. This predisposes a certain class of Christians to spend a large share of their time in meditation and prayer, and in converse with spiritual objects; while others of a different turn of mind seem to take the most delight in the busy, active concerns of practical benevolence. The latter may be as truly pious as the former, and each class probably, would do well to mingle the peculiar excellence of the other with its own. And so, some children, who we hope are pious, from similar causes, will, in the one case, take peculiar pleasure in religious reading and conversation, and in devotional exercises, while, in the other, they will shew their piety more in their conduct, in their strict sense of right, in their generosity, in their self-denial, and especially in their efforts to promote the welfare temporal and spiritual of those around them,—in not only loving to *be* good, but to *do* good. We must understand well the peculiar character and temperament of the child, before deciding in this and similar cases on the reality and degree of his piety. Great pleasure and facility in talking on religious topics, a readiness to attend religious meetings, and even the spending of much time in private meditation and prayer do not always, either in adults or children, furnish the best evidences of Christian character. They may be estimated too highly in comparison with other traits of character. They are, sometimes, in no inconsiderable degree, less the result of a high state of holy affections, than of a constitutional or acquired turn of mind. The writer, indeed, would be far, very far from disparaging them. The prevailing fault of the age undoubtedly is, that private meditation and prayer are too much neglected by Christians. Yet in discriminating between the evidences of piety in early life, he considers that the peculiar condition of children renders the above remarks not inappropriate.

3. Among the most satisfactory evidences of genuine religion in a child, are his ready and cheerful willingness to acknowledge his past faults and sins,—the manifesting a sincere sorrow for them because they have been committed against the parent and against God,—and a desire to be free from them in future.

This is *contrition of soul*, and, because we are all sinners, is at the very foundation of true godliness whether in children or in adults. And it must shew itself in a child by its fruits,—by his willingness to be reminded of his remaining sins, in little things as well as in great, and especially in what relates to his daily conduct in the family and the school, on week days and on the Sabbath,—by his not seeking to palliate and excuse his misconduct,—by his manifest effort to reform,—and by his seeking strength from God in prayer that he may be enabled to reform. Docility in thus receiving reproof, tenderness of feeling with regard to known transgression, and a sense of dependence on divine aid for carrying on the struggle against sin, are among the most hopeful evidences of early piety. They constitute a test, too, both easy to be understood and applied. The daily deportment of the child furnishes the occasions for its safe and practical application.

4. A pious child shews that he is desirous of obtaining the forgiveness of his sins, both from his parents and others whom he may have offended, and especially from God. He will seek this forgiveness. He will ask for it, in humble confession of his guilt. He will desire an entire reconciliation with those whom he has offended. Pardon and consequent peace of mind, is what he longs for, and so far as he is capable of comprehending the way of obtaining forgiveness of sin through the sufferings and merits of Christ, he will go to God for it in the name of his Saviour. These feelings, as well as those described in the preceding head, may exist in different pious children in different degrees, and in some there may be less exhibition of them than could be desired. But there will be *some* exhibition of them; and if there is true religion in the soul, this exhibition will become more and more clear.

5. A pious child will show more and more conscientiousness. He will desire to be taught what is right,—to have his conscience enlightened, and made more enlarged and accurate in its judgments. And he will discover this particularly in what relates to his intercourse with his brothers and sisters, and his play mates, as well as to his conduct towards his parents and his God. To do right in *little things*, to do right prac-

tically, as well as to feel right in view of supposed cases of action, will become more and more a trait of his character.

6. A pious child will be attracted by the history of Jesus Christ as given us in the Gospels. He will delight to know more and more of this Saviour. He will shew that he loves to learn about him, and of all that he said and did. Just so far as his character can be drawn out and made intelligible to such a child, he will be pleased with it, not as an object of mere curiosity, but of affection, and as a model of imitation. You will see him tenderly loving this Saviour more and more,—trusting in him with a livelier faith as he understands more of his mediatorial character,—and, in his disposition and conduct, becoming more and more like him.

7. A pious child will love to pray in secret, to enjoy the privileges of the Sabbath, and to read the word of God, or if he is not able to do this readily, to receive instruction from it from others. As was observed before, some such children will be more engaged in these things than others, but all will be more or less engaged in them.

8. A pious child will be constantly improving in obedience to his parents and teachers, and in a desire to please them, and becoming more and more kind, affectionate and upright in all his intercourse with others, shewing, too, in a greater or less degree, that he wishes to do what he can to bring souls to the Saviour.

In stating these evidences of early piety, the writer has to request of his readers, to take them in connection with what has been said in the preceding numbers. His remarks there will show how far he is from desiring that, where there are any hopeful indications of our "little ones" belonging to the true fold of the great Shepherd of souls, they should be tried by too strict a test. He would look as favorably as possible on their case, and in applying the marks of piety contained in this number, ever keep in view that the reality of their existence in young and tender minds is not inconsistent with a faintness at some times bordering on obscurity, nor with those imperfections of which even experienced and eminent Christians have still to complain.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. 10.

HABITS OF ECONOMY.

The ordinary as well as extraordinary expenditures of every family are directed and controlled very much by its female members. How necessary to the prosperity of every family are habits of economy in young ladies, this simple fact sufficiently indicates. Our actual wants are very few, and are supplied at a small expense. The refinements of society, with which the principal expenses of living are involved, are almost wholly controlled by female influence. The controlling power involves the responsibilities. Husbands easily yield to the solicitations of their wives, and fathers love to indulge their little daughters. The child, then, may have its responsibilities. How appropriate, how noble and full of praise is that self-denial in a child, which is involuntarily exercised to preserve a parent from pecuniary embarrassment? "Father, are you poor," once said a thoughtful little girl, when she wanted a new dress. "I can do without it, father." That little girl brought all the money she had, and placed it in her father's hand, when he brought home to her the Sunday School Library, purchased for her use. "Here, father," said she, "take all this; you have been so kind to me, and I know you work very hard." You will say that was a very considerate child. The young lady, who is not so, will be liable to create more trouble for an indulgent father than, perhaps, he will ever tell her of, and acquire habits which will be ill suited to the station of a wife, to which she may aspire, or unexpectedly be called to fill.

The lady, who does not early acquire a habit of self-denial, will most certainly contract a habit of extravagance, and must draw largely on the resources of others. A man can say no to a stranger, to a neighbor, to himself,—but to a devoted wife, to an affectionate daughter, it is difficult for a kind-hearted husband or father to refuse any thing. How can he, when the request is reasonable in itself, and perhaps for an article of real comfort, for an innocent gratification, a refined or elegant plea-

sure, and especially when it is added that "Mrs. Rival or Miss Belle has been furnished with the same." The man is completely subdued by this appeal, and few husbands or fathers can reason against their feelings.

But let the lady consider what power she wields, and use it with discretion, lest she destroy herself. Look at the consequences. Can your father or husband afford to gratify you? Will it not involve him in embarrassment? Must he go in debt for the purchase? Are not those whom you would imitate, living on borrowed capital, or beyond their means? If so, the tables will soon be turned. The changes in society are like the revolutions of a wheel: the extremes are constantly and rapidly changing places, and in the present day with a high pressure power. I can direct your attention to a family of my acquaintance, and probably of yours also, the father and husband, who was the son of a small farmer, is now a respectable lawyer, to whom, for obvious reasons, I will give the fictitious name of Stanley. Twenty years ago he married the well educated daughter of an humble mechanic, and commenced his profession in the village of B———, where his fine manners and popular talents, together with the lady-like character of Mrs. S—— soon introduced him to the favourable notice of the distinguished families of that town, and the rich neighboring country. They were "called upon" by the fashionable and gay in a manner flattering to their feelings, and invited, with the usual ceremonies, into society. What must they do? If they decline, it may give offence, and injure their popularity as well as abridge their pleasures. If they return the civilities, and "go into society," as it is called, they must enlarge their establishment, buy furniture, entertain company, submit to fashion, employ a milliner, &c. &c. To do all this they must go in debt. They deliberated, talked the matter over, and came to a *mutual determination* that they would not go in debt,—that they would not form associations, which would require an equipage and expenditures beyond their small means,—that they would attend strictly to their business, and seek their pleasures in each others' society. The young lawyer kept to his office, and spent his evenings with his family. He kept

his chaise, and as his family increased, exchanged it for a carryall, which he continued to drive himself. He bought a plain suit every year for himself, and his wife always appeared elegantly neat, with an expenditure of $50 per annum. She was her own mantua-maker, and preserved her freshness and vigor, by wholesome exercise in keeping a neat house. They have ever been among the most happy in each others' confidence and love. Mr. S. is now in the vigor of middle age. He is a wealthy man. His daughters, the Miss Stanleys, have been educated in the same way as their excellent mother was. They are intelligent, refined, and universally respected, while almost every family, which sought to associate with them at first with an expensive style of living, is bankrupt and beggared. Many of their daughters, by a false education, are unprepared for the reverse, and with pale faces, and lilly hands, they tremble like a leaf ready to drop by the slightest breath, while the others are ruddy and vigorous, inured to profitable labor, and educated to habits of industry and economy. Examine and meditate well on this picture. Its original, with some slight variations, may be found in every neighborhood.

The foregoing parable is full of instruction. It will teach every young lady the importance of a familiar acquaintance with her arithmetic. It is a matter of no small importance that a young lady should fully understand that twice two are four, and then cultivate a habit which shall refer the product to the state of her purse. This may save her from much embarrassment, when perhaps she is making a bill of twice two dollars, and has but three dollars in hand. In like manner she should become familiarly acquainted with the practical application of simple subtraction, and know the proper significancy and use of the signs. Thus, if four be taken from three, the practical result will be *minus* one. In other words, if a young lady go to a shop in Broadway, and trade with the gentleman at the counter until her bill amounts to four dollars, and she has but three dollars in her purse, she will be found, as they say, in the *vocative*, and no one can tell the mortification and trouble of such an obliquity. The ribbons are cut, and the laces are measured to order,—they cannot be taken back. What is to

be done? *An account must be made.* "Charge it to father." And father must pay the bill. He cannot allow his daughter to remain in that attitude. It is only a dollar! But it is a dollar more than her funds, and more than had been appropriated to that expenditure. This is the first step. She did not calculate right. Her expenditure transcended her means. But she was gratified, the debt was paid, and she wore the ribbons. The next time she does just so again, with this difference,—she is not careful that the debt shall be only a dollar! It is only five dollars! and soon another debt is made, which is only one hundred dollars! This is the natural and rapid progress, all for want of a little arithmetic, and a small spice of discretion, directed by a wholesome parental discipline and education. Let every young lady estimate her funds, and never transcend them in her expenditures. Let her be assured that to limit her wants or chasten her desires will be much easier than to pay arrearages.

Parents should consider, too, that these are the practical results of the education they give their children. Light and trifling manners, affectation of fashions, a taste for what is showy and external, ornamental display, and aversion to close thinking, will prepare youth for extravagance in expenditure, as naturally as light substances will rise to the surface, or folly herald its own character. But let a young lady be taught to think, and disciplined to study, she will then apply her demonstrations to the practical affairs of life, and, to use a familiar but expressive adage, she will "cut her garments according to the cloth."

Let every young lady consider the consequences of such a course of thoughtless and extravagant expenditure. If her parents are poor, or not rich, she is a dead weight on them. She has two hands, which were given to procure sustenance and clothing for her body. They are adequate to their office. But if they are employed in scattering instead of gathering, they diminish the natural wealth of the family by a double subtraction. If her parents are rich, she is employed in reducing them to poverty, and will soon accomplish her work. Industrious habits are the very best stocks, without which

wealth soon becomes merely nominal, and dividends fail to be rendered.

Without affectation on the subject, it is common and proper for young ladies to look forward to the marriage state as the natural and proper one for them to occupy. With every reference to the condition itself, they should seek to estimate their qualifications to fill it. It is not a sinecure. In the Christian doctrine, which elevates the female from a state of abject slavery and subjection, she is made the companion of her husband in his labors as well as in his pleasures. Unless she is prepared to aid him in the support of a family, she must either marry a rich man, or live in celibacy, or make an unprofitable wife. Few young men are rich, and therefore her expectations from this source must be limited. But grant all,—yet a day, an hour may, by some unexpected providence, reduce the happy pair from affluence to poverty. And what a calamity this must be to those who have no economy, and no hands to work! Whatever may be our condition in life, all should be accustomed to earn their own bread. Then they will know where to find it in every change of circumstances. That young lady is exposed to every evil, who is not able to depend on herself to supply her own wants.

In what a multitude of evils the young and inconsiderate wife may involve her husband by making bills for him to pay beyond his income! It may be done thoughtlessly,—but O, the hours of sorrow that follow! He ought to have told her, and cautioned her in time. Yes, but *she* ought to have reflected, and spared him that painful duty, which he has now more painfully omitted. The young husband, warm in the ardor of his first love, is ever on the side of indulgence toward his affectionate and devoted wife. He hardly dares to declare to her that they cannot afford a pleasure or a comfort, which she desires. He furnishes it,—but it plants sorrow in his heart, and sadness on his countenance. His credit may answer for the present, but the day of payment finds him in arrears. He is discouraged. Thus, by many an amiable but thoughtless wife, is many a devoted husband driven to dishonest practices, to gratify her extravagance, and finally to intoxication to drown

his self-compunctions. Early marriages, the defence of youthful morals, and the strength of the commonwealth, must, therefore, either be deferred, or prove calamitous, unless they can comprise a race of wives, prudent, economical, and industrious. Children are educated to be fathers and mothers. This is the ordinary destiny of the race, and this relation involves the most eventful and important duties. If they do not come into the relation of parents, yet they can hardly, in the progress of events, avoid the care of families. As they come to years of maturity and wisdom, they assume responsibilities either in their own families or others, and have a share, often a most important share, in directing the education or influencing the habits of the young. She, who neither has parents to contemplate this relation for her, nor foresight to act in reference to it herself, will come to the most pressing responsibilities, inexperienced and unprepared. Nothing but economy will avail us, either to acquire property or to preserve it. This virtue is, therefore, essential in every family, and especially in those members of the family, who either require the principal expenditures or control them. So much does responsibility press on the mothers and daughters. There is not a journey undertaken, not a new suit, hardly an article of food or furniture purchased, but the taste of the wife and daughter is consulted.

What immense consequences are involved in a habit of extravagance, whether in dress, equipage, or pleasure. No lady can recede from the position in these matters, which she has once occupied. Arrived at one point of fashion, she must sustain it at all hazards. She must keep the company to which she has been once admitted. If she has kept her carriage, she must support it still. If she has entered on a routine of pleasures and amusements, she must fill her circle. Disgrace, in the estimation of her associates, hangs on a retrograde step. Such a disgrace as a mind which has been educated in such a course often dreads more than moral dereliction. Hence the shocking inference,—an education to extravagance in dress and equipage, leads directly to immoral practices to support those habits, when the ordinary means fail. This is true in all our experience. The mind, thus educated, is weakened, the moral

sense has been violated, an obliquity in the moral vision has supervened, and the heart can endure its own upbraidings more easily than the public sneer. The spectres of hidden crime are more easily encountered than open reproach. Funds are, therefore, sought by dishonest means to support a fictitious style, till the mind and body, and soul, are all bartered, and the scene is closed by despair and death.

But humble poverty, contented with the assignments of Providence in the "even tenor of its way," is respected still. There is true happiness where conscience is serene, health accompanies habits of industry, and a well ordered economy converts a little to the supply of all the necessities of nature. The lamp of life burns with a steady lustre, and goes out amid the rising light of an eternal day.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE PROVINCE OF WOMAN.

IN this day of excitement upon the various topics of benevolence, this day also, when "Woman's Rights" are once more called up for free discussion, it is seriously to be feared that even the mother, in her anxiety to extend her usefulness to its utmost limits, will forget that one of the most prominent items in the list of her own peculiar duties, is to train up children for future usefulness. Says an apostle "If she have brought up children." Nor let her regret that she has only a contracted sphere in which to move, and act, and accomplish good. It is a false impression that it is contracted. So far from it, that no lines can bound the area of female influence, no numbers calculate its dimensions. "Some angel guide my pencil," while I attempt to show that woman already occupies a situation on the very heights of Zion, and could not be more elevated, were she placed in the most honorable position ever occupied by man. True, it is a very different sphere. He stands in his country's halls—he limits the boundaries of states—he stimulates to war, or calms to peace. He establishes the destinies of men.—But who formed the character by which this power

is acquired? His mother. Yes, in the retirement of his early home, her character insinuated itself into his,—her plastic hand modeled those qualities, which have since given him this ascendency over the minds of his fellow men. She chained him to the principles he now sustains. She polished him with those graces which, mingling with manly dignity, bid him stand up, and bow the hearts of his compeers, as the heart of one man. Yes, (to borrow an idea, but change its application,) she moves the hands that move the world.

We deny not the influence of the *father* over his son; but we do assert our belief, that there exists not that son, who, being reared under the eye of his mother's watchfulness, does not exhibit the lineaments of her character, in faint or vivid traces. Nor may we suppose that the excellent mother of Aaron Burr, that man of perverted talents, and polluted life, would have ended a line of pious ancestry, had she been spared, to guide his youthful feet. The subtle influence—the gentle insinuation of a mother's love, would have charmed him to a holy life, and brought him to a happy end.

Yet not alone does woman owe her elevation to the influence she exerts over her offspring. There is another distinction which she enjoys,—not as a right, but which has been given her as a gratuity. I mean that precedence in society, allowed her by man; not merely romantic, gallant, chivalrous man; but by generous, rational, Christian man. This, this is a privilege, which every woman of refinement cherishes with gratitude; and which she will be careful not to forfeit by an assumption of the right. But this precedence, however unmerited, gives her such an ascendency over the interests of society, as to involve her in the fearful responsibility of wielding the destinies of men. But so soon as she mistakes the tenure by which she holds this high position, so soon she perils the gratuity. Let her then bear her honors meekly, and not endeavour to mingle in the strifes, the feuds, the contentions of society; but in the exercise of her own peculiar graces, meekness, gentleness, and love, let her hush to peace the warring elements of man.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

THE BIRTHDAY.

SOLEMN and important day! how differently treated by various classes of persons. The young, the rich, and the ungodly, usually observe it as a day of festivity and mirth, and should serious thought intrude, it is studiously banished by those who are assembled for its celebration. Morning parties are perhaps resorted to for the gratification of the animal spirits; riding, driving, sailing, rowing, often consume the hours; whilst the evening is spent in dancing, feasting, and pampering the appetite with all the delicacies of the season. How common is it for worldly parents, yielding to the entreaties of their children, to precipitate them at an early age into the snares of Satan. This may be done by setting aside the usual course of business and wholesome discipline on that day, allowing their little hearts to be filled with thoughts of vanity, and love of dress. Others pursue parties of pleasure congenial to their carnal tastes, and prolong their frivolous amusements beyond the midnight hour. Say—are such modes of passing time, suitable for accountable beings, with immortal souls? Is it fitting for one that is called a Christian, thus to trifle away those hours which God has given him to prepare for Eternity? The more advanced in age, do not like that the anniversary of this day should be noticed by others, because they are unwilling to be reminded how "like the weaver's shuttle," their days are flying, and how rapidly their sun is sinking behind a gloomy horizon. The poorer class, partly from carelessin difference, forgetfulness, and pressure of outward cares, neither mark nor know the day of their birth, without an application to the parish register. Not so the Christian.—In him it is a most valued day. He is anxious to spend it in communion with his God, in searching out the recesses of his heart, in trying his motives, weighing his faith, examining the bent of his steps, narrowly looking wherein he has wandered from the right path, and measuring the progress which grace has enabled him to make therein. Though overcome with shame and grief, when he sees how sin still

lurks in his heart, how wilful and rebellious he has been, how imperfectly he has "put on the new man," and how unlike he is to Jesus; yet even whilst confessing his sin, he feels a holy tranquillity arising from the assurance that, although many, they are all forgiven. He renews his covenant engagements, enjoys fellowship with the Spirit, and has a foretaste of heaven itself! Alas! the worldly seek for joys, but would ridicule such a method of obtaining them, for they do not like to retain God in their thoughts, and cannot love spiritual things,—but the Christian has joys with which a stranger intermeddleth not. Before I proceed to offer any remarks upon the manner in which children should be encouraged to spend the anniversary of their birth, I wish to say a few words respecting the objectionable way in which parents allow their children to occupy the New-Year's day, a period equally solemn, and which should be improved in the same way. The custom against which I would chiefly protest, and which prevails amongst many families in England and France, is that of making every child in the family an expensive present. Surely this engenders and cherishes a spirit of covetousness, which scripture tells us is displeasing to the Almighty; for the tender mind is occupied at the termination of the past year, with the thoughts of what shall be possessed at the commencement of the following one: thus self is uppermost, and the benevolent affections checked. Another evil arising from it, is that of considering it as an annual right, what should be received only as a mark of commendation and favor.

In another country there is a still more objectionable festivity appointed for the new year, as it is connected with even more worldliness and vanity. I was present at one of these baby fetes, when two drawing-rooms, the folding doors of which were thrown open, appeared beautifully illuminated. At eight o'clock, little beings gaily dressed, from the age of three to ten, crowded the apartments. At one end was a good sized Lacet tree plucked up by the roots, so as to stand erect; small waxen lights were fastened to each branch, and threw a brilliant reflection on the fairy presents that were suspended from the boughs, such as tiny silver baskets, with sham fruit, glass dogs,

feathers, candlesticks, flowers and crystalized confectionary. After the presents were distributed, the children danced till half past nine, when they were crammed with cake, jellies, sweetmeats, wine, and all unwholesome things, and were not dismissed until after ten. No Christian parents of course would allow their children to be present at such scenes of dissipation and vanity,—it is but the world in epitome. But to return to the birthday. With regard to children, their employments must be, in some measure, regulated by their age.

Let us suppose a child, who has given no signs of grace, but with her brothers and sisters has been religiously instructed, and has attained the age of six or eight. She looks forward for weeks to her birthday, anticipating some unknown gratification from her parents. The mother being reminded of the season, and surrounded by a happy little group, is eagerly requested to name the expected enjoyment. At length she replies,—"I have thought of *something* that will give you pleasure." They all begin to think, and during their walk, many conjectures arise: at last mamma is again applied to, for their guesses have been in vain. "Well, I propose that you, Emily, should save up your little allowance, and accompany me to a shop to purchase flannel, which you shall make into petticoats to comfort some poor woman, in the cold winter. I will help towards it. And you, Willy, and the other little ones, shall think of what you can do; and on your sisters birthday we will go and gladden some industrious family. Willy begins to think how he can assist; and having added two shillings to his sister's stock, he requests that a remaining six pence may be expended in little books and tracts: and having been early taught never to be unemployed, he occupies all his spare time in platting a hat for a poor boy, while Emily is accomplishing her delightful task of making the petticoats, and mamma reads an instructive story. At length the day arrives,—the usual lessons are laid aside,—an appropriate birthday hymn is committed to memory, and the children are allowed to choose texts of Scripture. After family prayer, a chapter from the Testament is read, and familiarly explained,—the children asking questions,—and a thanksgiving psalm is read. Their mamma

then retires to her dressing-room with her little girl, leads her to the examination of her own heart, shows her her lost condition, her alienation from God, her want of love to Jesus; points out the difference between amiability and grace, the necessity of singleness of heart, and influence of the Spirit. She then brings the truth, by close application, home to the heart of the little one, calls to mind many acts of transgression in personal and relative duties, and more especially in those she owes to God, and when the child appears to feel, she leads her to the feet of Jesus, for repentance, pardon, and sanctification. The mother then alone, renews her supplications, and rises with a calm and holy expectation that the name of her beloved one shall be found written in the book of life.

The presents are collected,—Emily packs up the clothing, enclosing a tract in each garment,—Willy brings his plait and books, to be put into the basket, and mamma gives a sum she had intended to expend on a shawl and gloves, towards the rent of a poor woman's cottage, and likewise a new Bible.

The packet is finished,—the children's little hearts beat with delight, to which their jumping and dancing testify. These parents partake with them an early dinner, during which they converse on the goodness of God, in providing for them so many mercies. Dinner over, a little donkey chaise is ordered, the party enter, and Emily is allowed to drive. Nurse and baby set off earlier, to be there in time to meet them. The delight of the poor woman and children is participated by the opposite party, and while each poor child receives a little book, mamma gives a word of exhortation, enquiring if they have the Bible, attend public worship, &c. The happy children, after a long drive, through shady woods and verdant lanes, accompany their mother to her room, where they thank God for having given them the power and desire to do good, and pray that their loving Saviour would accept their offering, and begging forgiveness for the sin that had mixed itself with all they had done. They are then indulged by their kind parents with a game at the historical map and te-to-tum, which, whilst it affords much rational amusement to a child of five, is calculated to instruct one at sixteen. Tea at length arrives. After

this repast, in which their enjoyment has been promoted by conversation about their little gardens,—the wonderful power of God in causing the flowers to grow,—of those little animals, with their habits, customs, and affection for their offspring,—each child is provided with a Bible: a subject is given, such as bread—water. Each, then, searches for and reads a verse in which the word occurs. This is a good exercise for the memory, and gives facility in finding references.

Perhaps some mother may say, "I do not think so much religion would be adapted to an unconscious child." I answer, try the experiment. My little one is five, and I have seen her delight in *all* that has been suggested; and yet she has given no decided evidences of being a child of God, and possesses remarkably high spirits. It is my opinion, that a child will consider those as pleasures, and rewards, which you represent as such. But to return to our narrative. The parents then solemnly address their little ones, especially the child who has commenced a new year, and conclude the day with earnest prayer. The mother sees her children laid to rest,—in softened tones she repeats to them some simple little hymn, such as "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" and leaves them in the hands of God.

May not a Christian parent hope that a day thus spent, will be pleasing to the Almighty, that her endeavours for the spiritual wellfare of her children will be blest, and her prayers receive an abundant answer from the Courts of Heaven?

H. R.

London, 1838.

For the Mother's Magazine.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

MRS. W—

A MOTHER, who highly prizes your excellent Magazine, and has the several volumes bound for a little daughter's perusal in after years, requests that you would insert upon your pages the following good resolutions:—

In humble dependence on the promised grace of my covenant God and Saviour, through continued prayer for the presence and aid of the eternal Spirit, I will strive to carry into effect the following resolutions:—

1. As my soul is immortal, I will value it as vastly more important than my body, which must die—consecrating the powers and faculties of both to the service and glory of my great Creator, Preserver, and bountiful Benefactor.

2. I will endeavor, by the aid of the holy Spirit and by prayer, to eradicate the evil propensities and affections of my heart, substituting in their place right desires and affections, striving after higher attainments in personal holiness.

3. I will strive to improve my mind in the knowledge of the great doctrines and duties of the gospel of Jesus Christ,—striving to retain in my memory and in my heart, all those truths which I hear dispensed from Sabbath to Sabbath, and that knowledge which I may derive from books. I will seek to converse upon all the various topics presented to my consideration, and pray that all such means may be sanctified to my temporal and spiritual improvement; that thus I may be qualified to be useful to my fellow men.

4. I will not only endeavor to speak evil of none, but on the contrary I will strive to be kind to every body, giving honor to whom honor is due, treating every human being as a neighbor, and, as far as practicable, as a friend.

5. I will scrupulously avoid conformity to the follies and extreme fashions of this world. When invited to parties of pleasure, or places of public resort, I will ask myself, "Shall I, by compliance, be likely at this time to increase my spirituality, or to benefit the souls of my fellow men; and I will endeavor to act in conformity to the dictates of conscience and the word of God," on every such occasion.

6. I will be constant and punctual in attending upon the means of grace—the sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, the weekly lecture, the monthly concert, the Sabbath-school teachers' meeting, and other occasional meetings; and I will allow myself no excuse for absences, extraordinaries excepted.

7. In all my conversation and intercourse with my friends,

I will seek for fit opportunities to introduce subjects of a religious nature, seeking to make them experimental and searching. I will at no time, and in no company, allow myself to engage in conversation upon idle or frivolous subjects.

8. I will strive to be active in promoting the cause of benevolence; but I will engage in nothing that will be likely to render me censorious, or suspicious of the motives of others.

9. As I may die suddenly and soon, I will, in the secret place of prayer, read over and medidate upon these resolutions every Saturday evening; or if prevented from doing it then, I will do it every Sabbath morning or evening. Trusting in the covenant mercy and grace of God, and the blood of sprinkling to make me faithful, I will seek to be actually and habitually ready for death, judgment, and eternity.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

We commend to the special attention of our youthful readers, the following useful story, taken from "The Youth's Friend."

THERE once lived, no matter where, three brotners, children of the same parents, though of very different habits and characters. I shall call their names Nolo, Nequeo, and Tentabo. Who their parents were, or what was their condition in life, I have not inquired, nor do I think it of much consequence. But for the benefit of my readers, I will endeavor to tell something about their characters, hoping that what is good in them they will endeavour to imitate, and to avoid what is bad.

Nolo, who was the eldest, was remarkable for his undutiful conduct to his parents and teachers. His own will was the only rule of his conduct, and no advice or entreaty could ever get him to do what he had once made up his mind that he would not do. If commanded to learn a lesson, or do any thing for his parents which he did not choose to do, his short answer usually was, "*I won't.*" And when the fear or force of punishment obliged him to act contrary to his inclination, he

did it in such a manner as to show to all that his will was unchanged. By acting in this way, he became the grief of his parents, the torment of his teachers, and an object of dislike to his companions.

Nequeo, the second brother, did not seem to be quite as bad as Nolo, but in reality he was not a whit better. He did not show the same determined obstinacy and self-will, but he was no less disobedient than his brother. When told to do any thing, he pretended to be very willing, but always made some excuse to get off. His most common excuse was, "*I can't*," or "I don't know how." When he was told to learn his lessons, he would sit with his hands folded and say, "I can never learn this lesson, it is too hard; I wish there never had been any such things as books or learning." When sent on an errand by his parents or teachers, he would go sauntering along, muttering to himself, "It is too far," or "I don't know the way," or some other excuse that betrayed his secret unwillingness. If he had plenty of time before him, he would say, "It is time enough yet." If his time was short, he would say, "It is too late." This conduct rendered him quite as unamiable as his brother.

But the youngest brother, Tentabo, was a very different character. Though naturally obstinate as Nolo, and slothful as Nequeo, he had by constant watchfulness and earnest prayer, through the grace of God, gotten such a command over himself, that nobody ever saw him out of humour, or disobedient, or disobliging. His maxim was, "Of myself I can do nothing, but through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things." If his parents commanded any thing harder than usual, he generally said, "I will try my best, and do it if I can." If his lessons were difficult, he studied the harder. If his time was short, he made the more haste. What he did not know, he was not ashamed or too lazy to ask. By so doing he became the joy of his parents' heart, the pride of his teachers, and the favourite of his school-mates.

Do you want to know what became of these brothers when they grew up? Nolo became an infidel, a drunkard, a malefactor, and died in prison. Nequeo became a beggar, and died in the poor-house. Tentabo became an active, zealous, de-

voted servant of God, who lived to do good, and died in triumph, honoured and lamented.

Youthful readers, in these three brothers,* who are not real but only supposed characters, I have set before you three different classes of people, and all of you belong to one or another of these classes. I beg you to examine your conduct carefully, and get the assistance of your parents and teachers, that you may know to which you belong. Remember, the character of Tentabo is the only one that will stand the test of the judgment day. May the Lord give you understanding in all things.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE W—— G——.

GEORGE W., the subject of this brief memoir, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Myron Grinell, of New Haven, Vt. He was dedicated to God in infancy by baptism, and early consecrated to his service by his pious mother. At the age of four years his father was suddenly removed by death. His feelings at this time were very tender. He thought he had not long to live, would often ask if he might be buried by the side of his father. He together with an older brother would often visit his grave, and kneel upon it and ask God to prepare him for heaven. Nothing peculiarly striking marked his earliest childhood, unless it was an affectionate regard for his mother, his only earthly prop, and prompt and cheerful obedience to her commands. His disposition was mild and lovely. He was a faithful scholar of the Sabbath School, and a lover of it. Was highly interested at the quarterly meetings of the Maternal Association. At these meetings his mother claimed the promise. She verily expected this child would be brought in to the kingdom. When he was taken ill a protracted meeting had been in progress about a week, which he constantly attended. He was much awakened, his mind was solemn, he, (to use his own expression,) was determined to give his heart to God, and embrace the Saviour, little thinking he should so soon be called to render up his account and appear before him. On the third

* *Nolo* is the Latin word for *I will not*, or *I am unwilling*; *Nequeo* means *I cannot*; and *Tentabo* means *I will try*.

day after he was taken sick, amid severe suffering, he called his mother to him, and said, O Mama I want to be a Christian, I want to be just like Jesus. She urged him to come to this Saviour, who stood ready to receive him. He now saw himself a great sinner for so long rejecting this Saviour. He called upon Christians to pray with him—sent a request to the house of God for public prayers. He soon became calm, said his only hope was in the Saviour. He then called his mother to him and said, I do love the Saviour, I am willing to die. He even rejoiced to go and dwell with Jesus. He manifested great anxiety for his associates. Often asked if he might pray. On receiving answers that he might, he would pray readily, and the burden of his prayer would be that they might love and obey the Saviour. He was faithful in his intreaties to his impenitent friends, pressing them until he received promises that they would try to embrace the Saviour. He expressed much affection for two of his associates, saying I love H. and W. because they love the Saviour. He often said do see those angels, how beautiful and lovely they look! I do love to look up to heaven. He soon expected to join that happy choir his imagination viewed, in singing praises to that God who had redeemed him. At one time he called an older brother to his bed, and said did you not once have a hope? How did you feel? Were you happy and willing to die? I am, and I want to know how you felt. He then asked him to pray with him. He waited some time, and then said, *I*, if you have not gotten a good hope, I want you to throw it away, and get one that will stand by you in a dying hour. He then called another brother to him and said, do be a good boy and love the Saviour. And with much composure said, I shall die to night! His expectations were realized. Thus triumphantly did this child of the covenant fall asleep in Jesus, at the age of 10 years. Thus are the fond hopes of this mother cut off! She had lent him to the Lord to serve him in the gospel of his Son. She desired to educate him for that purpose. But faith looks forward and rejoices in the hope that this happy spirit still lives to the glory of God. Our desire was, that when prepared for usefulness, he might labor here, but the Lord hath need of him in a higher and more exalted sphere.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MRS. W.—

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Lesson 17. History of Jacob, Genesis xxxi.

WHAT did Laban's sons say about Jacob?
What did Jacob observe in regard to the countenance of Laban?
What is the meaning of that expression?
What direction did the Lord give to Jacob?
What promise did the Lord then make to him?
To whom did Jacob explain the circumstances which had occurred?
What did Jacob then do [redacted] M. 18.
What did Rachel take tha[redacted] her father?
When Jacob secretly fled from Laban, towards what mountain did he set his face?
What did Laban do, when he was told that Jacob had fled?
What did God say to Laban in a dream?
Where did Laban overtake Jacob?
What did Laban say to Jacob?
What reply did Jacob make?
Why did Laban search the tents of Leah and Rachel?
How did Jacob feel when he saw what Laban did?
What complaint did Jacob make to Laban?
How long had Jacob been with Laban?
What were his wages for his twenty years' service?
What did Jacob say was the reason that Laban had not sent him away empty?
What claims did Laban make upon Jacob?
How did Laban propose to settle with Jacob?
What was the evidence of the covenant they made together?
What was the place called where they made this agreement?
What other name was given to it?
What does Mispah signify?
What did they agree that the heap of stones should witness?
After they had made this agreement, what did Jacob do?
What did Laban do, the next morning, before he departed to return to his home?

THE

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For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES—No. II.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

THE original meaning of the word *character*, is a branding-iron; a style or pointed steel, for inscribing letters on any substance deeply and permanently. Use has substituted the effect for the cause, and appropriated the term to signify that which is traced or impressed strongly, by any means whatever, on either mind or matter, persons or things. Character, as predicated of persons, may be either original or acquired. Original is, first, that which belongs to the species, and then the peculiar shades of variety, which any individual may possess, as distinguished from all others of the same species. Thus, man has one character, beasts another, and each individual of the species is distinguished by shades of difference. Beasts have a common character, as distinguished from man, and they have also individual shades of difference. The fox is characterized by cunning, the lion by boldness, the elephant by cautiousness. Man unites something of the character of all other animals, and yet each individual differs from all others of the species. One is distinguished for courage, another is cowardly, another, timid, and another, rash; some are vindictive, others forgiving, &c. Whether these developments in man indicate an original difference in constitution, is of little importance, since it is conceded that they may all be controlled or modified by education and personal discipline. This brings the foundation of character

into connection with our habits, and is that which forms our present subject, viz. "*The influence of habits in the formation of character.*" Hence, the claim which attention to habits has to be considered in every system of education.

Habits are formed by education, and we can, therefore, modify or control them. So far as habits are concerned, then, we are the makers of our own characters; and whatever difficulties attend the subject of human ability, or limit it, we are manifestly accountable for the characters we form. If we cannot change "wild nature's vigor, working at the root," we may dig about it, and furnish wholesome instead of poisonous nourishment, and engraft other and better fruit. In other words, if the heart is so corrupt as to become easily inflamed with a spirit of murder, or covetousness, or unholy desire, we may avert attention from exciting causes, and apply incentives to self-denial. If the heart be so depraved as to be fully set to do evil, we may yet select our trains of meditation, and thus suppress an evil thought in the bud or blossom, before it ripens into action, and brings forth fruit unto death. We may use the means furnished to us, and make the moral appliances, which shall curb the raging passions of the soul, suppress the fire, and save the destructible building from immediate destruction, and avert also the ruin in which it must involve its neighbors. Thus far, we evidently hold in our hands our own destinies, and are accountable for the character we form.

I need not say that the first thing to be sought is a spirit of true and sincere piety. This is, indeed, the only defence to virtue, the final protection to principle and to a right practice. It is, therefore, profitable for this world. But its principal value is, that it is the only thing which can prepare us for a throne and crown in heaven. This will stand the test of death and the grave. The true children of God are the objects of His special care. They are the subjects of promise and covenant, which secures to them divine aid through their whole pilgrimage, and final rest in heaven. Every one, especially every weak and tender child, every daughter of Eve, always dependent and exposed, should seek to place herself under this high protection, to find a shelter under the broad promise,

which covers the elect of God, to be interested in that covenant, which is "well ordered in all things, and sure." Here the most poor and feeble are safe. They sit at the feet of Jesus. They imbibe his spirit. They are prepared to meet the temptations of the world. They are "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." The wicked may kill the body, but such a soul they cannot destroy, they cannot contaminate to its final ruin. "He that toucheth them," says Jehovah, "toucheth the apple of my eye." "It were better for a man to be drowned in the depth of the sea, than to offend one such little one."

But aside from a spirit of piety, which has its seat in the affections, pervading the taste and regulating the choice, we should seek, in the exercise of intelligent reason, an intellectual adoption of right principles or rules of action. It is reason which makes us capable of piety, although piety is beyond every mere intellectual conviction. We must have intelligence to comprehend duty before we can, as a moral act in view of law, perform it. Hence, fallen intelligences should seek to form right principles, to define the rules which are to regulate their conduct, and apply those rules to regulate their habits. These habits, when formed, soon become so strong that they are called a "second nature," and proceed like a well-ordered machine to the uniform production of their appropriate results. Although in all this there may be no true holiness, no final security for perpetual obedience; although this security requires another principle of action, a gospel work of regeneration, a divine energy, the application of divine promise and power,—yet, is the *habit* worthless? By no means. Religion does not live without it. It is a constituent part of the whole character which belongs to the true Christian. It is therefore necessary, though not saving. It is one of the works, which it appropriately belongs to us to perform, and lies within the limit of our natural ability. Right principles are the result of the exercise of right reason, and are behind, and at the foundation of right conduct. Religion attaches the affections to such a course of conduct, and secures its perpetuity.

To the attainment of a symmetry and true dignity of character, we should strive to entertain, habitually, just and right

views of all things and persons in their true and proper relations. We should estimate ourselves according to truth in all respects and in all our relations. We should always learn to estimate others in relation to ourselves, treat them with all due deference, and be suitably influenced by them. Things should also have their proper value in the estimation we place on them. This will prepare us to use the world as not abusing it, not worthy of being worshipped, nor of engaging our supreme affections, but still as having claims to our attention, which cannot be safely rejected. While we live in the world, we may not cast contempt on it. We are sustained, fed, and clothed by its products. We must, of necessity, use it. Wealth is a source of power, of happiness, and of influence. It may, therefore, be sought. But the seeking and possessing it are attended with temptations, thick and strong. It must not, therefore, be pursued with a covetous desire, nor be suffered to control our affections.

Reflection must be the habitual frame of the mind, or we shall be constantly influenced by partial and imperfect views of truth and duty. The person who does not act from reflection, must act from impulse of feeling. How liable this is to lead astray, we are painfully taught by constant observation. Whence come wars and fightings, and every evil work? They come not of reflection. They are the offspring of passion ungoverned. Where sober thought has time to intervene, the convictions of reason speed the right. Art thou excited to anger? Reflect—God is provoked with thee, yet mercy prevails, and one rash act may cause more work for repentance than thou wilt find time to exercise. Reflect—Justice may be against thee, and the other may be the truly offended party. Let the golden rule be applied, to do as you would have others do. The reflection, which brings you to a change of sides, may enable you to look at your own picture. To what is it like? That which you condemn in others. Condemn it, then, in thyself. Reflection will give time for passion to subside, and reason to take her throne. For want of reflection, we are often led to pass severe censures on others, for faults which pertain to ourselves. I once heard a lady express the greatest

satisfaction with a tract, which passed the most cutting and severe reproofs on the injurious habit of tattling and slander. She thought it was just the thing, and knew who it suited, and she would send it to her. That lady never suspected her own portrait in the picture, although she truly sat for it, and I was myself the artist. My friend and myself commented, as we retired, on the weakness, as well as the infirmity, and we were led to reflect whether we might not be ourselves in similar fault. Gentle reader, will you reflect on your own character in this connection?

Energy to prosecute our designs, is necessary to a well-formed character. This, too, is a development which depends much on education, and belongs to the habits we should seek to cherish. It is often said that mankind are naturally inclined to idleness, and are trained to energy of action. This doctrine certainly receives support from the history of the world, where we find that habits of industry are confined almost entirely to civilized life. Difficulties are inseparable from life, especially from every great enterprize in it. He who suffers himself to be discouraged by them, will make but very little progress. Feeble and timid efforts will never enable the traveller, in this uneven world, to scale its mountains, cross its oceans, and successfully penetrate its forests. He must go to every enterprize with his soul. Let every cause he undertakes be good, and let him carry his soul into it, and he will meet success, or find, in the same state of feeling, a spirit that will sustain defeat.

Fortitude under trials is a trait of character nearly allied to that energy which invites success. It is a virtue of great value, and indispensable. Trials are inevitable. The fairest sky may be unexpectedly overcast, and the brightest day obscured. Inevitable sorrows invade every peaceful fireside, and embitter every cup of earthly blessing. We must meet them with composure, with a determined spirit, or they will overwhelm us. This requires a mental habit. It is attainable even by the weakest. A mind naturally timid, may be disciplined to meet a sea of troubles, and sometimes shows the greatest fortitude in conflict. Such a wife, with misfortune in business, is worth

more to a man than pecuniary success with one of an opposite temper.

A spirit of forbearance is entirely consistent with energy in execution, and dignified resentment. It is demanded in every situation. There are, indeed, some indignities which admit of no forbearance. The only vindication of our own honor is the decisive action of involuntary resistance. Where the principles which bound our moral virtue border, there the breath of solicitation must be repelled, like the serpent that invaded Eden. To do no wrong, we must think no wrong. But a proposal to sin, whether express or implied, cannot be entertained for a moment without moral delinquency. These are not the circumstances for forbearance. Yet, if another has injured us, we are not thereby called to do wrong; we do right to exercise forbearance. But if he solicit us to do wrong, forbearance towards him is a crime. Let that virtue be exercised to subdue a spirit of retaliation, not to embolden temptation.

Such a course secures that self-respect, without which, life is worth little more to a man than to a meaner animal. Success is a contingency, and cannot be depended on. Virtue is seated in the heart. A consciousness of not deserving censure will cause a false accusation to fall powerless of its malignant purpose to wound us, while self-conviction, even without foreign aid, will cause our evil deeds to stick to us and eat like a canker. The mind, conscious to itself of right, can never be degraded in its own estimation, while the grovelling soul can never rise to its own respect. To have your own respect, then, you have only to deserve it. Do no wrong, and you will feel no wrong. Do right, and you will have that,

> "Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

The shafts of envy, malice, or revenge, cannot rob you of that. And the united attentions and service of the world cannot restore it when you have once forfeited it to yourself.

This habit of mind prepares us for that excellent feeling of self-possession, which places us and all around us at ease. When we have done right, and are self-approved in our duties, we are not easily disconcerted. Such a mind may command

a quietness and repose, which cannot be bought by successful intrigue nor cunning. It greatly aids, also, the influence of its possessor, and should be sought amid the conflicts and trials inseparable from the changes of this life. The saints shall be calm and self-composed amid the last wreck of nature. Why? All is right on the part of God, who rules, and all is right in the feelings of the heart towards God. Its affairs are settled, its debts are paid, its sins are pardoned, duty has been its business, it is not afraid to meet its great account.

To the attainment of these habitudes of mind, much self-denial is necessary. Often practised in little things, it will come to exercise a pervading and moulding influence on the character. In this the mind is much like a child. Indulgence makes it fractious and weak,—a wholesome discipline invigorates and gives it strength of character. It is surprising to see what self-command in great trials, the habit of little self-denials will sometimes effect, and how small indulgences, on the other hand, destroy the power of resistance. The eating of a forbidden fruit, perhaps a common apple, by our first mother, weakened all the moral energies of the soul, opened the flood-gates of passion, and ruined all our race. Certain it is, that such a small gratification has often done much injury, has been the beginning of a ruin, which came by rapid steps from the first. It is true, also, in common experience, that a small self-denial has often served greatly to inspire self-confidence, and confirm the soul in a course of virtue. If we wait for great temptations before we practise self-denial, we shall never meet those occasions. Crimes diminish in apparent magnitude as we approach them. We have gained one height, and the neighboring mountain is diminished as seen from that eminence, and we easily pass from one step to another till we surmount the highest flight. Let her, who would form her character by the discipline of self-denials, decline the first step in forbidden gratification.

Perhaps we need only add now to the habits already enumerated, one other—a quick sense of propriety. This last is a crowning characteristic of the sex. To exert their true influence, they must preserve their place. It is an important one,

full of honor, influence, and reward. Whenever they step aside from it they are degraded, especially when they assume places and duties which belong to the stronger sex. They may do every thing by persuasion, nothing by command. Home is their sphere of influence, and well exerted there, that influence will be sufficiently seen and felt abroad, to declare to the world what kind of a spirit rules in every house. Of the virtuous woman it is said,—"Her husband is known in the gates, as he sitteth among the elders. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her." Here is character. Whence came it? From habits. Whence these habits? From education. Whence this education? From such mothers as the pen of inspiration has described. O for such a generation to bless our land! Then should our "sons be as plants grown up in their youth, our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

For the Mother's Magazine.

HINTS ABOUT DOMESTICS.

THE want of good domestics, is a general complaint. It constitutes one of the most formidable evils in housekeeping. From the number of manufactories, where female labor is in

demand, and the dislike of servitude which prevails in a free country, it is more likely to increase than to diminish. The foreigners, on whom we are often compelled to rely, the daughters of Erin or Switzerland, cannot, from their estrangement of custom, and difference of dialect, readily assimilate to our wishes. We expect too much of them, when we require them to learn and remember, to devise and execute, like our own early educated people. What, then, is to be the remedy? If we cannot so simplify the structure of our establishments, as to do with fewer domestics, is there any mode that we can adopt, to render them more trust-worthy, or to secure their permanent assistance? Can we educate them ourselves?

Formerly, in the small towns and villages of New England, when a bride entered her new home, she brought with her a child of the poor. She instructed her personally in the light services that were to be allotted her, she held herself accountable for her neatness, and skilful industry, and love of truth. She took pride in her good appearance and correct behavior. She daily heard her read, and if there was no appropriate school in the vicinity, saw that she was taught at home during the long evenings of winter, to write, and to perform the simple operations of arithmetic. She often called her to sit near her, with her needle, and encouraged her to take such an interest in the concerns of the household, as made her labors a heart-service. She impressed on her strict moral principle, and required that at the family altar and the house of God she should be found in her place. The care of providing her fitting apparel, and the responsibility for her good conduct, awoke in the young matron some semblance of maternal solicitude; and when suddenly forsaken by hirelings, or perhaps left alone, with unexpected guests, she has been astonished at what that young hand would zealously perform; or, in her sickness been soothed by grateful, affectionate attentions, which could not be purchased with money. And I have seen the same matron, when time had silvered her bright locks, visiting, with benevolent pleasure, the comfortable, well-ordered homes, of the humble friends she had thus reared, and rejoicing to see the good

habits which she had herself implanted, bringing forth fruit in another generation.

This custom of educating domestics, though somewhat fallen into disuse, is here and there laudably cherished. Some notable housekeepers have set the example of having the three departments of cook, chamber-maid, and waiter, filled by girls under eighteen, and every service discharged with the regularity of clock-work. The succession was preserved unbroken, by receiving a new member into the class, as the eldest attained maturity, and was advanced to the higher station of nurse, with the perquisite of wages, or bound apprentice to a trade, or, as is often the case in the agricultural districts of our country, prepared, by an early marriage, for a household of her own. Such an arrangement must, however, require much personal attention and energy, and a hand at the helm, which, as was said of the ministry of William Pitt, "caused its steadiness to be felt in every motion of the vessel."

Few ladies, in our own times, will venture to admit more than one scholar of this nature. Most of them shrink back from it as an appalling care. It is indeed a care, and, to a conscientious mind, not a slight one. But the sphere of a faithful housekeeper is sprinkled with cares, like the indefinable stars in the galaxy; and this is a care which may be moulded into an ally, and set in array against other cares, with some hope of advantage. Among the many young and lovely beings whose hearts are now trembling at the thought of leaving the parental hearth-stone, yet thrilling with the hope of presiding over one for the object of their fondest love, is there not one anxious to mark this great era of life by an act of benevolence, and willing to take some orphan girl to her new home, and train her up in usefulness and piety? Is there not some matron, who has never attempted this charity, who might undertake it, for the sake of the unprovided and sorrowing poor, and find it a gain to her own house? It is peculiarly a deed of mercy, in large cities, thus to shelter the foundling or outcast child, from degradation and vice. Risk of disappointment must indeed be incurred; but there is hope of a pure and precious payment, and that it will bear proportion to the

fidelity and sense of religious obligation with which the trust is discharged. Should this form of household teaching again become prevalent, would not an array of well-trained domestics be discernible on the face of society? Admitting that they did not long continue in a state of servitude, the intercourse during their minority, might still be made mutually serviceable. Does not this kind of teaching rank among the forms of patriotism, which woman's sphere comprehends?

L. H. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY C. A. GOODRICH.

THE present number closes another volume of the Magazine; and the present month closes another year of life. This coincidence presents a fit occasion for some reflections upon the rapidity of time, and the manner in which we have improved the year now drawing to a close.

"*My days*," says Job, "*are swifter than a post.*" The patriarch alluded to a practice prevalent among Eastern princes in his day of employing special messengers, or expresses, to convey despatches of importance with expedition. A similar practice exists in our own times. Who has not, at some period, seen the courier-horseman on his panting steed, imitating in his speed, the flight of some migratory flock, on outstretched and lofty wing—or vieing with the wind, just let loose from some prison-house of Eolus?

And, as he passed, and you stopped to observe his movements—did you mark his eye, how steadily it was fixed upon his course? Did you notice his breathless hurry?—his panting efforts for still greater speed?—no foreign object diverts his attention; no call checks his progress; no tendered bribe would delay him for a moment. To the rapidity of such a

messenger, Job compares his days, and declares that in *their* flight, they are swifter than he.

Fit emblem of the flight of time! How rapidly it passes on! Like the express, it is seen for a moment, and the next moment it is beyond our view, and forever beyond recall.

To such a messenger our *globe* may be compared. She is the messenger of God. For 6000 years, she has been rolling through her wonderful and wide-spread orbit; but after the lapse of sixty centuries, she is as unwearied as when she started in the freshness and vigor of her youth. Yearly she carries round, and onward, her messages with undeviating exactness. No convulsions within—no tempests on her surface—no billows rolling in grandeur over her bosom, impede her progress. Not even the comet—those seemingly vagrant messengers of the Almighty—has power to divert her from her track a single inch. At the appointed hour, and second, she brings up her ponderous car to the point from which she started.

Nor does she then need to pause; but handing over the messages of the old year—the unfinished plans and purposes of God to the new year—the unterminated days of immortal, yet dying man, she stretches forth once more on her amazing flight.

She is now rapidly approaching her annual goal. At the time I am writing, (the 11th of December,) she has more than thirty millions of miles to traverse in her orbit; but every minute she approaches that goal by more than one thousand miles; and every hour leaves a trackless path of more than sixty thousand miles.

And like a faithful messenger of God, she will accomplish her wonted task. She will arrive in season. At the last second in the year, she will come in;—not a mile—nor a furlong —nor a rod untraversed. And already I seem to see the new year panting, as it were, to receive the messages she bears; and ready to stretch forth into the ethereal expanse, on her wondrous course.

We, friends, are among the passengers she carries. We have been placed on this rolling car by the Almighty God. With her, we whirl and roll; but over her movements we

have no control. She stops at no time for us, nor slackens at our call. But bearing us round, she numbers our days; and when God calls—though she continues her course—she resigns our immortal spirits to Him who gave them.

Her wheels will, indeed, one day stop. The voice of the archangel sounding forth from the trump of God, will pronounce her journey done; and midday in her course, may be, she will cease to roll. When that day is, no man knows. But long ere that day arrive, we shall have left our seal upon her—and taken our final farewell. Our bodies will indeed remain to mingle with her dust; but our spirits will have gone up to yonder world, where the accounts of all God's stewards are adjusted for eternity.

The *continuance* of our passage is not revealed. We can take it for no time, and no distance. These God settles according to his sovereign pleasure. Our journey may extend to a few more annual revolutions—but this also is uncertain. Nay, we are not sure that we may not be summoned ere the earth shall have terminated her present revolution, rapidly approaching to its end as she is.

Or, should we enter upon another stage, we may not be permitted to complete it. How often are some of our fellow travellers taken away—those too with whom we have been most familiar—our nearest friends—"the partners of our blood"—and summoned so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that we are able only to grasp them by the hand, and utter the unwelcome "farewell," and they are gone—gone to be seen no more!

Well might Job exclaim, "*My days are swifter than a post!*" And what he found so true is confirmed by the experience of all his successors. Who, in the review of life, does not feel that it is but a vapor?—a shadow, which is seen, and is gone? No matter what they have thought of it on the passage—no matter how long it has seemed—or what sufferings they may have experienced—or what plans they may have accomplished, or left undone—casting their eye back upon their course, each one has been ready to put his seal to the truth of the declaration of the patriarch, "*My days are swifter than a post!*"

And in respect to *individual* years, when past, how momentary they seem, in the review! How much like a dream is that, which is now departing! Yet it has formed an important portion of the period allotted to us by God, to prepare ourselves, and others whom we influence, for an eternity, which lies before us. How have we improved it? Perhaps, at its beginning, we were enemies of the cross of Christ—have we become its friends? Perhaps we were impenitent—have the tears of a godly sorrow flowed down our cheeks, marking the repentance and contrition of the soul within? May be, we were wanderers then—have we at length returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls? and instead of longer urging our way towards the gates of despair—convicted through the grace of God, can we now say,

> We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
> To fairer worlds on high?

Or, leaving ourselves, what have we accomplished for the eternal benefit of others? I ask not what we have done for husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors—I have no time to put questions on these topics; but, narrowing down the field of inquiry, what have we done for our *children*—those little immortals confided to our care, and whose everlasting destiny is, in a sense, committed to our charge? Have we prayed for them?—doubtless; but have we prayed as we *might* have prayed—as we *should* have prayed? Mother! perhaps you have followed to the grave during the past year, a darling child. I speak not of an infant, but a child of some years. Looking back to your efforts for the spiritual good of that child, are you *satisfied*? Did you pray for it—did you instruct it—did you watch over it, with any such diligence and fidelity, as the worth of its soul required? You adorned it, may be, and it looked beautiful in its rich and expensive attire; were you as anxious that its soul should be adorned with, and shine forth in the beauties of the "robe of righteousness?" You fed it—perhaps pampered its appetite—were you as anxious that its soul should eat of the bread of eternal life?—that it should draw water from the fountains of salvation? Did you watch over it as you would over "a pearl

of great price"—as a *gem*, which polished by the Heavenly Artist, and yet through your instrumentality, might shine forth with ever increasing beauty, in the kingdom of God; and be, as it were, a star in that crown of glory, which Jesus will wear eternally? Have you satisfaction, peace, joy, in relation to your departed child, that all was done for it which faith, affection, and fidelity could accomplish?

Oh! how many parents, and even *Christian* parents, have, at the close of this year, to mourn over their unfaithfulness! How many of our children are still unreconciled to God, over whom we might now be rejoicing, as "the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty," had we performed our duty! How many seasons of instruction have been neglected!—how many days have passed by, and not a whisper of admonition been imparted!—how many events have occurred, admitting and *urging* spiritual improvement, but which have been utterly neglected!—how many hours have been spent in the gay and brilliant circle, or in the indulgence of a listless spirit, which, had they been employed in fervent, importunate prayer, would have resulted in drawing down blessings of wisdom and grace, and the influences of the Holy Spirit upon our children! Ah! what apathy—what unkindness—even cruelty I may say, has marked our course! We pretend to love our children—and we do love them—but it is a love which aims at their comfort, their honor, or their wealth, in the present world; which terminates upon the body, and is bounded by time. How often do we say,—"*I have no greater pleasure than to see my children walking in the fear of the Lord;*" yet, where and what are our efforts to secure that pleasure to ourselves—that blessing to them? We say,—"*Whom have I in heaven but thee*, and *there is none on the earth that I desire beside thee;*" yet, what do we, that our children may follow our example, and exult in the same holy and delightful aspiration? We say,—"*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning,—let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;*" yet, what do we, to make our sons and our daughters missionaries, to go forth and plant Churches in heathen lands, and to make Jerusalem a joy and a rejoicing throughout the world?

But the time would fail me, were I to add to this catalogue of interrogatories, such others as I might add, and which would be appropriate. Admonished that I must conclude, I will ask your attention, your devout and solemn attention, to but a single question more. Were you to lie upon your dying pillow, at the close of the present year, could you, consistently, imitate the example of the dying *Payson?* On the eve of his departure he directed a label to be attached to his breast, on which should be written,—"*Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you.*" This he did, that the words might be read by his people, who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spake. Father! could you do this? Mother! could you do this? What have you said to your little circle of children, the past year, touching their eternal welfare, which on clustering around your cold remains, you would wish them "to remember," as said by you, while you was yet "present with them?"

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER OF MRS. MATHESON.

DEAR MADAM—

The following narrative was drawn up at my request, by the mother of the little boy who forms the subject of it. It has been read at several meetings of Maternal Associations, and from the interest then excited, I am induced to send it to you, in the hope that it will be useful, when more extensively circulated in your valuable Magazine. There are some circumstances attending the case, which I think greatly strengthen such a hope.

One is, the fact, (though modestly concealed in the narrative,) that *the mother's prayers and instructions* were the means, evidently blessed of God, for the conversion of the child. Of this he himself was fully aware, and referred to it repeatedly in the most affecting terms. He said there was only one thing which made him desirous to live, and that was, to comfort and

support her in her old age. Again and again he charged it upon the rest of the family, that they should be dutiful and kind to her. And in order to appreciate this, his dying charge, it must be observed, that she was only his stepmother. This may encourage those who have undertaken that difficult and delicate relation. In entering on the care of a numerous family, the children of a man who labors hard for their daily bread, she of course undertook a weighty burden of domestic cares, with none of those helps which, in a different situation, she might have procured. I am convinced that no reader of your Magazine can plead a greater variety of household concerns, or a more urgent necessity for unwearied attention to them, than what are exemplified in her daily lot. Neither is there any thing in her plans of instruction, or her own previous advantages and attainments, to distinguish her from any other Christian mother, in the humbler walks of life. It was by no systematic training, no studied or superior efforts, that she reared this heir of immortal glory. It was an *habitually prayerful spirit*—the exercise of a mind *conversant with spiritual things*, that characterized the privileges of James's childhood. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." And the mother who thus walks with God, will find it easy to let her "doctrine drop as the rain, and distil as the dew," frequently, gently, perseveringly,—even while her hands are most laboriously and most incessantly engaged.

The whole case having passed under my own personal observation, I can speak of it with some degree of confidence. It never was my happiness to witness such decided evidence of a work of grace, as appeared during the lengthened and tedious illness of this child. I refer particularly to the tenderness of his conscience—his artless expressions of dislike to every thing sinful—and his unwearied delight in spiritual exercises. These are all apparent in the course of the narrative, which I subjoin as nearly as possible in his mother's own words. And with fervent prayer for the Divine blessing to rest on your important labors, I remain, dear madam, yours with Christian esteem and regard,

J. J. MATHESON.

Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, April, 1838.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF LITTLE JAMES.

LITTLE James was always a meek and peaceable child, of a sedate and reflecting turn of mind. Before his sickness, I often remarked a striking peculiarity in his serious deportment during the season of family worship. I also observed that when the other children were engaged in their noisy and active sports, James would employ his time in singing hymns. Though naturally very diffident, seldom engaging in conversation, yet when he thought the children were doing wrong, he was quite bold to reprove them. After his mind became more enlightened in religious truth, he was never afraid or ashamed to speak to any one of the love of Jesus. If his prayers or efforts were apparently blessed to the good of his brothers or sisters, or companions, his soul seemed filled with delight. He always appeared remarkably fond of study, and meditated upon what he studied or read. Frequently, when sitting by the fire, taking no notice of any one, or what was passing in the family, I would observe his lips moving, as if he was repeating his lesson to himself. I asked him one day, if he could recollect any thing in particular that struck his mind forcibly, so as to produce in his heart the love and fear of God. He said, while at school, when they read about the sufferings of Christ, it made him weep. And I recollected many a time, after he had read at school stories from the Old Testament illustrating the displeasure of God against sin, such as the plagues of Egypt, and the like, he treasured them up in his memory, and would repeat them to me some time afterwards. The first visit that the physician made to James, he told me that he had not the slightest expectation of his recovery. Soon after he left the house, with apparent concern James asked, "Mother, what did the doctor think of my case?" I felt it to be my duty to tell him the truth, without disguise. I said to him, with an air of cheerfulness, "I will not deceive you, my dear boy. You have a right to know

your danger, on account of your precious soul. You must pray to the Lord that he would be near to help, and to save." He began to weep bitterly. But I told him that he must not cry for what the doctor had said, nor yet for what I had said, for he would not die sooner on account of my telling him the truth, and that he ought to pray. It was his duty to pray that the Lord's will might be done, and to pray often." After this, he seemed quite calm, and even reconciled. He told me that he never forgot the trials of that morning. James had so much confidence in what I told him, and had such an obedient disposition, that I believe he never ceased to pray from that hour, but was constantly seeking to the Saviour in prayer, or in singing, or in reading the Bible, unless he was asleep. Nothing seemed to comfort him, in the night season, so much as to have me sing hymns to him. He took special delight in singing the hymns beginning with the lines, "My soul is united to Christ, the living vine;" and "Jesus, lover of my soul;" and

"Thou, Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
And long to reside where thou art;"

and "Jesus, my Shepherd and my friend." On being asked if he felt that Jesus was this to him, he replied, "I do." The name and praise of Jesus was his theme by night and by day. And no wonder it was so, for the Bible was his constant companion. He told me one morning that he had gotten the 14th chapter of Revelations written off, and he had been thinking it over all night, and he repeated the most of it to me. I was somewhat surprised at this, for I had heard him make some comments, a short time before, upon the 31st chapter of Isaiah, a portion of Scripture that Dr. Matheson had given as a lesson to his sisters. He said to me, "Mother, what is the meaning of the verse, 'And he shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied?'" After I had tried to explain it to him, he said, "I could not understand what that meant, but now I do." Several kind ladies were in the habit of visiting him, and often gave him texts of Scripture, to meditate upon, which were like food to his soul. He often prayed for all his friends, but especially for such as visited him, and prayed with him. He would

say when they were gone, "Perhaps I shall never see them again in this world, but I hope to meet them in heaven. O how I love them!" James was never more disappointed than when any visiter was suffered to leave the house without praying with him. Once he said to me, "Mother, I am afraid if I had died when I was in the other room, I should not have gone to heaven." I said, "And why not?" "Because I had not then repented of my sins, nor prayed to the Lord to forgive me." I said, "And do you now hope that you are forgiven?" He replied, "I hope I am, for I feel happy now." I felt satisfied that the foundation of his hope was entirely on the merits of Christ, for the name and praise of Jesus, the Mediator, was his theme by night and by day. James often said that he hated every sinful thought, and prayed constantly to be kept from all sin. I must add one or two little incidents as an illustration of his tenderness of conscience. About the time of our queen's accession, two persons were in his room on the Lord's day, and they began to talk about the young queen. James beckoned to me, and in a whisper said, "Mother, you must get them to stop, for I cannot bear such conversation on the Sabbath;" and laying his hand on his breast, he said, "it makes me feel quite bad here." At another time, his little sister asked him for a part of his dinner. He replied, "Stop, sister, till I have done, and then you shall have some." But she wanted it now. He began to cry at her impatience, and this made her angry. I went out of the room, and took her with me. When I came back, he had not tasted his dinner. I said, "And why, my dear, have you not eaten your dinner?" He began again to cry very bitterly, saying, "I have offended my heavenly Father, and I cannot eat it now. I have been ungrateful in speaking so hastily and unkindly to my little sister, when my heavenly Father has given me so many good things, and so many kind friends, and I began to eat without asking his blessing upon my food." He felt so bad on account of his unwatchfulness, that he would not taste a mouthful that night. Little James constantly manifested a great concern for the spiritual welfare of others, and particularly for his brothers and sisters. One day, as one of his sisters entered his room, he asked her

to sing a hymn with him. She manifested some unwillingness. He said to her, "I see you do not love your brother whom you have seen, how then can you love God, whom you have not seen?" and he burst into a flood of tears. Often did he desire me to call his brothers and sisters into his room, that he might speak to them of the love of Jesus, and weep over them. James also manifested a strong affection for me. He would sometimes say, "Mother, whatever else you find it neessary to neglect, do not neglect your duty to God. Cannot you manage to pray more? Cannot you manage so as to get all the family into my room by five in the morning, so that we may have more time to sing and pray together?" I replied, "I wish I could, my dear, do every thing you wish me to, but you know how busy I am. And you know that I can, and do often pray for you in secret, and when at work." "Do, my dear mother," he replied, "try to do this while I live, for you see that I feel anxious for the dear children. I long to get them oftener into my room, to see if they will not try to be good. I am afraid some of them will be lost. Let us try and pray more for them. Do tell them that I will give them a keepsake if they will try to do right, and mind what you say to them. Mother, will you tell them so?"

Hearing that a little friend of his was sick, he requested me to go and see him, and tell him about the Lord Jesus Christ. After I had prepared myself, and was about to leave, he called me back, saying, "Tell him, mother, to pray to the Lord Jesus to forgive his sins, and to *pray in faith*. Tell him that I hope we shall meet in heaven." Little James always had some word of comfort for his friends. One night, as I was sitting by his bedside, I said to him, "My dear, you have often given to other friends some portion of Scripture, cannot you name some text to comfort your mother?" He instantly replied, "Yes, 'As ye have received of the Lord Jesus, so walk ye in him.'" The last time that one of his sisters saw him, as she was standing by his bedside, weeping bitterly, in the most soothing accents he said to her, "Dear sister, do not cry for me, for I am going to eternal glory," repeating to her several appropriate passages of Scripture to try to sooth her sorrow. Though

he suffered so much weakness and pain, yet he never complained, but was uniformly patient. He was afraid to say or do any thing that would hurt the feelings of any body. O! how often did he acknowledge his gratitude to me for all that I had done for him, in waiting upon him, and watching with him, and instructing him. He often said that he did not know how to be grateful enough, that he was brought thus early to the knowledge and acceptance of the Saviour, while so many others were left in a state of impenitency and indifference. With great emotion he would say, "I do, and I hope I shall continue, to pray for all my irreligious companions." Often did he say, "Oh how kind has such and such a friend been to a poor little boy like me, but my heavenly Father gives me all I ask." I was struck with this remark, for it had seemed to me that this was literally his experience. I cannot express the delight he took in prayer. Once I said to him, "How do you feel when you pray?" He replied, "Very happy—Oh, how happy!" After singing a hymn one morning, he said to me, "Dear mother, I feel so happy that I cannot express even to you my feelings." At another time he called my attention to one of Watts's hymns, which he thought strikingly beautiful, commencing with the lines,

"Lo! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes."

Adding, "Mother, I sometimes think I see the New Jerusalem, a beautiful city in the skies. Bright angels whisper, 'Happy spirit, come away; come to glory—come.' Mother, I am willing to go to my eternal home." At another time, when I was sitting beside him, I remarked to him, "that he was very weak." He replied, "Oh how happy I shall be to hear the archangel's trumpet sounding, 'Happy, happy spirit, welcome to your eternal home.'" He seemed very often comforted with the idea that he was near his end, and would allude to a verse in the seventh chapter of Revelations, "Who are these arrayed in white?" On another occasion, when I had offered a short prayer, I remarked that he was so weak that he would not be able to pray or sing aloud much more. Raising himself in the bed, he repeated the following line,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

He seldom smiled after he was taken sick, except when he was told that some one had come to pray with him, and then he seemed perfectly happy. A few weeks before his death, he seemed almost uniformly not to have the least shadow of doubt of his interest in the Saviour; for like the beloved disciple, he reclined upon the bosom of the Redeemer. He seemed to look within the veil with great delight. One day, however, after he had had a most distressing fit, he remarked, "Mother, I am in great distress. I am afraid I have not done my duty." I replied, "I hope, my dear child, that you are not depending for your comfort or salvation, on any thing that you can do. Oh," I said, "look up to Jesus, the *sinner's friend*." He replied, "I am looking to Jesus." At another time he told me that the world plagued him. I told him that nothing would help him, at such times, so much as earnest prayer. He spoke about dying and his funeral, as if he had been going a journey. He desired that every body, at his funeral, would unite in singing and prayer, before they took his body to the church; and after they returned from the grave, to be sure and not let any worldly discourse begin, but to spend the time in singing and prayer as long as the company should tarry. He desired me to invite all his companions to attend his funeral, in the hope that they would get good to their souls. This request I hope I did faithfully comply with. I would not fail to mention, that often when I entered his room suddenly, I would hear him pleading hard with the Lord, to forgive his sins, with apparent contrition and humility. Once, after having listened to his penitential petitions, I said to him, "What sins, my dear, have you been guilty of?" He replied, with great earnestness, "Oh mother, I have broken the Sabbath, I have told lies, I have done many wicked things. And I have a wicked heart; I feel that I am a great sinner." I said, "But you know that you have a Saviour." He replied, "Yes, mother." I believe he was quite sensible to the last, and died with a glorious view of the happiness of heaven. Just before he expired, he looked earnestly at me and said, "I am dying now;" and raising up his little wasted hand, he repeated the name of "Father," and as it gently reclined upon his breast, the sweet lamb had fallen

asleep in Jesus. Oh, how should the experience of this child strengthen the faith of Christian mothers in the early piety of children! To see one so young confessing his sins, and though subject to the fiery darts of the adversary, trusting in the Saviour—patiently bearing weakness and pain—submitting to the will of God—expressing himself willing to die—with so much faith and humble acquiescence, trusting that he should be for ever with the Lord—is something that we cannot behold without the fullest conviction that it was the work of the Holy Spirit. My maternal heart exclaims with exultation, "Yes, Lord, this was thine own work, and it was marvellous in my eyes."

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN, 1695

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising: far-day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun: sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a sprig
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM,—Canst thou not sing?
Oh leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep these cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,
With spells that impious Egypt never knew:
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,'
And with a prayer did every color weave.

MRS. H. MOORE.

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works.

ST. PAUL.

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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

DOMESTIC EDUCATION AT THE TABLE.—(Concluded.)

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

In the last number, the writer attempted to show how much the making the domestic meal a beneficial occasion of intercourse to the family, depends on the introduction of pleasant and instructive conversation. Many may feel the difficulty of doing this, and the more so from the long continued habit of almost entirely neglecting it. But if a reformation is desirable, the sooner it is attempted the better. *To begin* is the surest omen of success in all arduous undertakings. A little talking at table, on the part of the parent, may at first, indeed, startle the younger members of the household by its novelty, but all will soon find it so agreeable to have the death-like silence that has long brooded over the meal-time broken, and the discovery made that the sweets of social intercourse only give a richer zest to the gratifications of the palate, that one tongue will get unloosed after another, and the circle of eating automatons, to their mutual surprise and delight, find themselves converted into social beings.

Are topics of conversation needed? How can they fail to occur to the mind amid the various occupations in which the members of the family are engaged, and the subjects of reflection, of reading, and of information with which they are conversant? The father returns from the sphere of his labor, and at the head of the domestic board finds himself greeted by the happy, smiling countenances which surround him. Can he think of nothing pleasant to say

to his help-mate in the way of affectionate inquiry how things have gone on with her in household affairs, or in other scenes to which she has been called, and whether she has not something new or interesting to communicate? Cannot similar inquiries be made of other members of the family, and one after another drawn out to add something to the common stock of conversation? Has he himself no new fact, or opinion, or counsel to give, or even some old one, with additions and variations, if he is sadly at a loss for something to say? Is there no domestic intelligence relating even to the very village or town in which he lives,—no tidings from a distance,—no news from the busy world around him,—no interesting religious information, which his wife and children will be pleased to hear? There he, and his family, and circle of relatives and friends are continually affected in a great variety of ways by the dealings of God's providence. These providences, whether merciful or afflictive, afford many topics, constantly, for conversation of the most useful and interesting kind. The habit of noticing them in the domestic circle, and of deriving from them that instruction which they are adapted to afford, is *one of the means of grace* too much overlooked in Christian families, and which, if it were more cultivated, would have a powerful tendency to keep alive the sentiments of a child-like dependence on God, and of a devout gratitude towards him in the breast.

Newspapers and religious periodicals are taken, and books from the library of the Sabbath-school, and these, with other works, are read by the different members of the family. What a fund they furnish for varied and improving conversation! How many judicious, practical reflections can be drawn from them,—how many interesting questions proposed for the procuring of explanation, and of additional knowledge,—how many recitals of what has been learned by one for the entertainment of others who are ignorant of it!

The children attend school, and are pursuing various studies. An occasional short estimate for the young arithmetician to make to assist his father in some little business transaction, a geogra-

phical fact to throw light upon an article in the newspaper, inquiries to be answered from the histories which are studied, and various other subjects connected with the operations of the school that will naturally present themselves,—all these come in for their share in the intercourse of the family at the domestic board.

On the Sabbath it would seem as if there could be no lack of topics to interest and improve. The portion of Scripture read at the morning devotions; the lesson of the Sabbath-school either before or after attending it, and what of information and instruction may have been heard there; the discourses from the pulpit; the religious books which have been read; and especially the oracles of divine truth, afford resources for delightful and profitable conversation at the domestic board, which ought to remove all attempted excuses for silence.

Nor, at proper times and in due proportion, should an innocent sportiveness, and the sallies of a playful, good natured humor be neglected. An occasional repartee, or short, pleasant story, with a little of decorous laughter, will be found to be not only promotive, in an eminent degree, of good digestion, but of the kindly, cheerful, and generous feelings, and serve to make home, and the domestic table, a scene of cherished and never-forgotten delight. In this, and in all other modes of social intercourse, let the younger, even the very youngest, members of the family be encouraged to take a part. Thus all will feel a common interest in this source of mutual happiness and improvement; while the variety of topics occurring day after day, (for a suitable variety should be introduced, and no long, prosing speeches made,) will keep alive this interest; and those who are willing to make the experiment will soon learn that *the season of meal-time around the domestic board is one of the most favored occasions, if rightly used, for elevating the character, promoting the happiness, and cementing the attachments of the family board.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

WAYS OF RECEIVING REPROOF—NO. 3.

WILLIAM and George were brothers. George was a fine, frank, open-hearted boy, full of life and vivacity, and, of course, sometimes getting into mischief. But he was always so ready to acknowledge it, so good humored when reproved, so sorry for his fault, that it was impossible to be long angry with him. William's character will appear in what I am going to relate.

"My son," said his mother, when he came into the house one day, "I am sorry you are not more trustworthy. I only asked you to take care of Mary for half an hour, and now see what a great bump she has on her forehead in consequence of your leaving her."

"George was as much to blame as I was," replied William. "You told us both to take care of her, and he left her too." "I was not speaking of George," said his mother, "but of you. He is younger than you, and might be expected to be more thoughtless; besides, I committed Mary particularly to your charge."

"I am sure I did not know it, ma'am, George"—

"Stop, William. Unless you can say something better than accusing another, say nothing."

One morning when the teacher came to school, he found one of the windows broken. "Who did this?" he inquired of the boys. No one replied; but as it was known that William did it, the boys all looked towards his seat, expecting him to rise and own it. Seeing that there was no hope of his remaining undetected, William rose and began—"George and I, sir." "Where is George this morning?" interrupted the teacher.

"I don't know, sir," replied William. Now this was very near a falsehood, for though he did not know exactly where George was at that moment, he knew that he had been detained at home to go of some errands for his mother.

"Very well," said the teacher, "go on with your story; but you need not tell me about George—tell me what *you* did."

The boys all smiled, for they knew William's habit of accusing

others. William saw and interpreted the smile, and became still more confused than he had been before.

"I—I was playing ball, sir, with George, and the ball flew off, and hit the window, and broke it."

"*The* ball? Whose ball?" There was no evading so direct a question. "My ball, sir."

"Did you not know that I have forbidden your playing ball in that part of the grounds?"

"I—I—George played too, sir."

"I asked nothing about George," said the master, sternly; "even disobedience, when it proceeds from thoughtlessness, is a less fault than this desire of criminating another. I ask, did *you* know that I have forbidden your playing ball in that place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; then bring me your ball; I shall keep it for a fortnight."

At recess that day a group of boys was seen earnestly conversing. "Should you not have thought William would be ashamed," said one, "to put off all the blame on George so, when he was the most to blame himself after all, for I heard him coax George to go and play there." "I know it," said another, "and when George is so generous, and always takes all the blame to himself. Now, you see if when he comes to school to-morrow, he does not tell the master that he broke the window, and say nothing about Willlam." And sure enough, so it was; and the consequence was that George was beloved by every body, while William was always skulking apart, looking anxious and unhappy, and never at ease.

If William's mother said to him, "William, you have spilt some gravy on the table-cloth," he immediately looked over to George's side to see if he had not spilt some too. If she told him his hair needed brushing, it was, "Mustn't George brush his too?" At last his mother made a rule that she would punish him every time he mentioned George's name in such a way; and I suppose this cured him of the wrong habit, if it did not of the wrong feeling.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LITTLE ELLEN.

ELLEN F—— L—— was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 21st of April, 1823. She was the youngest but one of a family of nine children, and carefully trained up by pious parents. Her infancy was feeble and delicate; and she received, in consequence, more than the usual share of indulgence. Her mother had adopted the principle, that submission to parental authority should be established before the completion of the first twelve months. But in the case of little Ellen the subjugating process had been longer deferred. So, when it commenced, it was of course more difficult. She had become strongly addicted to the love of her own way, and displayed great perseverance in the points she resolved to carry. After repeated and severe trials, it was found that her will was more readily subdued by an assurance of God's displeasure than by any personal suffering.

On account of the precarious health of the mother, and her necessary attentions to a younger infant, the eldest sister assumed the whole care of little Ellen. She was committed to her, and received as a sacred gift, and a precious proof of maternal confidence. She became an inmate of her chamber, reposed upon her pillow, brought her little joys or sorrows for sympathy, and was the object of the most faithful, affectionate instructions. Habits of stated prayer, and of frequent conversation on serious subjects, were thus established, and the sisterly influence was visibly blessed to the good of her soul. Would that the eldest sister in all families as fully realised, and as religiously sustained, the responsibilities of her important station. The filial gratitude thus evinced, by relieving the mother of a portion of her cares, not only opens a sweet and tender intercourse with a young immortal, but gives fair promise and lays a durable basis for fidelity in future duty.

The good advice which little Ellen received she took pains to impress on others, even before she was able to speak entirely plain. When not more than three or four years of age, she

would say often, with much gravity, to a young domestic, who now in her womanhood remembers the admonition, "Maria, Maria L——, you must not laugh and play so much: you must learn to pray to God, that he may love you and take you to heaven."

Her own simplicity and trust in prayer were affecting. She spoke freely as to a Father, able and ready to help. Her gratitude for the shelter of a good home, during storms, was fervently poured out, mingled with intercessions for "all poor little children, that God would be pleased to shelter them too, and to let nothing hurt them."

She early imbibed deep reverence for the Sabbath. Once, while walking with her father in the garden at the close of that sacred day, she observed him to remove a weed from the path. Soon after, looking earnestly in his face, she asked, "Is it not wrong to work on the Sabbath?" On being answered in the affirmative, she said, anxiously, "But father, father, is not pulling up weeds work?"

They had a garden full of fine fruit, of which she was very fond. But she never thought of appropriating the smallest portion without direct permission. When strawberries first came, and she requested to gather some, to her father's question, how many she wished to take, the reply would be, "six;" and nothing would induce her to exceed the number she had designated.

She particularly delighted in conversation on religious subjects. She came with many questions to her eldest sister, who felt it a privilege to impart to her, in such fragments as were adapted to her unfolding intellect, a knowledge of the things that accompany salvation. She often made inquiries about the nature of baptism, of the ceremonies connected with the interment of the dead, and, in the simplicity of her heart, wondered who would take care of the last man who should be left upon the earth. One of these conversations, which occurred on the Sabbath, when she was about five years old, was so replete with solemn and tender emotion, as to be circumstantially remembered. It was on the nature of repentance; and her eldest sister labored to give her that view of

its necessity which the Holy Scriptures enforce. She seemed to receive a new and strong impression that "all had sinned, and come short of the glory of God." "Must we all die for ever, sister?—must we all die for ever?" was her anxious inquiry. She was answered that Christ, the Redeemer, had come down upon earth, and borne the penalty. "Shall we all be saved, then?" was her question. The conditions were unfolded to her, and her reply was as from the depths of an overflowing heart, "I do repent. I do love Jesus Christ. I believe in him. I will obey his word." After the public worship of that day, when the Bible was read in the family circle, she was observed to listen with the deepest attention. But when her turn to read came, her lips trembled, and after one or two ineffectual efforts, she burst into into tears. Her mother led her into her own room, and taking her into her lap, inquired the cause of her sorrow. And a hope, mingled with awe, stole over her own soul, that the Holy Spirit might indeed be operating on the heart of her child, when she heard her exclaim, "Mother, mother, I cannot tell. My heart is so full, that I cannot speak my words."

It was observed by all around, that she acted more constantly under the control of religious principle; and that this change in her feelings and character gradually became permanent. Not only by the family, but by the school instructress it was remarked that she "must have grace in her heart." So predominant were these dispositions which by nature she did not possess. She seemed filled with love for every creature, and was ready to give up her own pleasure or comfort for the gratification of others. Her pity for the poor showed itself in forms, very uncommon for so young a child. Her desire for usefulness became a prevalent motive, continually stimulating her to exertion. She would encounter any fatigue, and submit to any privation, if an affirmative answer was given to her question, "will it make me more *useful*?" Thus she was induced to keep in order every article committed to her care. Her shawl was nicely folded and laid with her bonnet and gloves, in their proper place, as soon as she came from school. The very last night of her life, each garment was nicely

arranged and deposited by her own hands, as usual, for she did not desire any one to perform these offices for her; but was anxious to do every thing in her power, both for herself and others.

She early formed habits of secret prayer, besides her regular devotions at rising and retiring. This was first discovered by her mother, who one day in entering her own bedroom found Ellen there, who suddenly changed her attitude, with an appearance of confusion. To the inquiry, what she was doing there, she modestly replied, "I do not like to tell, mother."

"But children who do not like to tell what they are doing, are in great danger of doing something they are ashamed of. I hope it is not so with you."

Grieved at such a suspicion, she closed her eyes and said, in a gentle whisper, "O no, mother, I was only going to pray a little while."

One evening her mother entered her chamber, and supposing her to be asleep, knelt by her bedside, and poured forth a supplication for her child. When she arose, she observed the hands of the little one to be raised and clasped, while the sweet words, "thank you, mother," proved that she had been a listener.

Her reliance on prayer, in all her little troubles, was sincere and affecting. Once, when she had some visitants of her own age, the youngest sister of one of them was troublesome and refractory. After various attempts to make her quiet and happy, Ellen disappeared. She was at length found in an empty parlour, kneeling by a low footstool. "Why have you left your playmates?" said her mother. "Oh, that little girl did behave *so bad*, that I thought I must go and pray for her."

She had been prevented by bad weather, for several successive holidays, from visiting at a place at some distance from her home, where she had been frequently invited, and much desired to go. She asked if it would be wrong for her to pray every day during the next week, that it might not rain on Saturday afternoon, which was her only season of recreation. Being told that it would not, she still wished to converse more on the subject with

her eldest sister in order to gain her opinion more perfectly. She was told that Elijah prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and the request could not have been displeasing to God, since he granted the petition. This seemed to convince her that it might not be improper for her to express a similar desire. The next Saturday afternoon it rained. She felt the disappointment, but bore it meekly. "I have prayed every day through the week that it might not rain this afternoon; and now it rains. So, I think God intends to teach me that it is not right for me to pray for such a thing as that."

It is not pretended that little Ellen, though so remarkable a child, was free from faults; or that the grace of God, which brought forth in her life such rare and lovely fruits, entirely eradicated the infirmities of fallen nature. Her mother had adopted the excellent practice, too much neglected by parents, of counting the teachers of her children as friends, and treating them with attention and confidence. This mutual understanding, by transmitting to each other new traits, or occasional variations of character, as they unfolded, set a double watch over the pupil, and was a powerful aid in promoting the great objects of mental and moral improvement. In consequence of this free intercourse, the mother of little Ellen received information of a fault, which she and one of her intimate friends had committed. She imparted to her, in the morning, her knowledge of the offence, (which had however been committed some time before,) and calmly desired her to retire to her chamber, and meditate in solitude upon her improper conduct. At noon she carried her a slice of bread and a glass of water, and spread her little table for her. No such punishment had ever been inflicted on her before; and she was distressed, and seemed to think it greater than the nature of the fault deserved. But she sat down quietly to her sad and lone repast. In the course of the afternoon, the mother repeated her visit. The little prisoner received her at the door, in the most humble and affectionate manner.

"Oh, mother, can't you forgive me. God has forgiven me. Cant *you* forgive me?"

"Why do you think, my child, that God has forgiven you?"

"Because I have prayed to him. I have prayed to him, and I *know he has forgiven me.*"

The mother took her from confinement; and in restoring her to favour told her that she must solicit the pardon of her instructress, at school, the next morning, with which condition she faithfully complied. One morning her father said to her, "If your mother will permit, you may go to Mr. H——'s store and purchase a Bible for me." She accordingly went; and when it was brought to him he said, "I think I shall give you this book, my daughter." She instantly made a grateful curt'sey, her eyes brightening with delight, and said, "O thank you, dear father;—

"This *is* a precious book indeed,—
Happy the child who learns to read,—
'Tis God's own word, that He hath given,
To show our souls the way to heaven:"

Adding with vivacity, "and I will read it through." In conformity with this promise, she would be found perusing its sacred pages very early in the morning, for she was habitually an early riser. Such pleasure did she derive from this employment, that she was anxious to have her little brother partake in it. When her mother came down in the morning, she often found that she had been some time dressed, and was seated with her arm round his neck, earnestly and patiently teaching him to pronounce the words of her beloved book.

She anticipated with much pleasure the quarterly meetings of the Maternal Association, and profited by the instructions which she there received. She attended devoutly to the prayers, and was happy to unite her voice in a hymn of praise, which was selected for the assembled children.

But especially was her attachment ardent to the Sabbath School. The appointed lessons were diligently studied, and through the week she looked forward with delight to the instructions she was accustomed there to enjoy. One Saturday evening there was a fire in the immediate vicinity of her father's house. She was much distressed in watching the progress of the confla-

gration, lest the little children belonging to the unfortunate family should suffer. In being assured by her eldest sisters, who went to visit them, that they were not hurt, but were quite happy, (it being only a barn, that was consumed)—she became composed, and retired to rest. There was however, in the course of the night, two other fires, so that she became exceedingly alarmed, and the heavy ringing of bells in the neighbourhood, added to the loud cries in the streets, and the glare of the flames, wrought painfully upon her nervous system. The usual means to sooth her, seemed to fail. At length, her eldest sister, told her, that the indulgence of such fears would impair her usefulness, and mentioned the instance of a lady whom she had seen, who when a fire was in her own premises, and her services were needed, was wholly unable to help, and occupied the time and thoughts of others, in taking care of her. It was affecting to see how her strong love of usefulness strove against the terrors that were upon her, and how with trembling lips she said, "I must try to be calm, or else, sister says, I shall be less useful." In the dim light of the next morning she stood by her mother's bedside.

"Oh, mother! I have been *so* troubled, for fear that I should not be well enough to go to the Sabbath school. I have hardly slept all night; and have counted the clock every time, only when it struck five."

She was, however, able to go, and enjoyed the exercises as much as usual. She was particularly interested in the sermon of her pastor, the Rev. Mr. P——. The subject was Family Government, and it was founded on that passage in judges, "How shall we order the child? and how shall we do unto him?" She conversed much about the text, and different parts of the discourse, especially about the sons of Eli, who were deprived of the benefits of judicious parental discipline. In the course of the evening, she asked her sister, if it was her opinion that we should know each other in heaven." "And what will the deaf and dumb do?" said she. "Will they speak then like us? Will they sing there, as we shall? that is, if we are ever permitted to go to heaven."

How little was it imagined by the affectionate group which surrounded her, that the next Sabbath was to be her last on earth. In the course of the ensuing week, she appeared to have a slight cold, but made no complaint, and daily attended school. On Saturday noon she came home, and entering the room with her accustomed curt'sy, said, in a cheerful voice, "Mother, I have learned every word of my Sabbath school lessons. May I invite a few little girls to spend the afternoon with me?" She mentioned the names of those whom she had selected, and was indulged in her request. They came, and the time passed pleasantly together. When they took leave, which was before sunset, she asked permission to attend her favourite friend and neighbour home, and remain half an hour. The mother of that chosen friend, in recurring, after her death, to every little circumstance of this her parting visit, remembers that she requested to be informed the moment when her half hour should expire, that she might promptly obey her mother by a punctual return. As she was tying her bonnet for her, she looked up with a sweet smile, and inquired, "Did you not know that there was a prayer meeting this afternoon at our minister's house?—Yes, there was, and my mother went." The words of the little monitor, though not intended to convey a reproof of forgetfulness, were tenderly treasured up. The next day, while returning from church, as if some presentiment rested on her mind, she said to the same dear little friend, with whom she was walking homeward,—

"Maria, to-morrow you may have all my play-things. I shall not want them any more."

After they separated, it was observed that she lingered upon the steps, fondly looking after this chosen and loved companion,—her last farewell. The evening was spent seriously, but pleasantly in the domestic circle. Her parents had gone to attend a meeting, and the eldest sister gathered around her the younger children, superintending them, and promoting such conversation and reading as were consistent with the duties of that sacred season. Finding herself much fatigued with the duties of her Sabbath school class, which she had walked a considerable dis-

tance to instruct, she proposed to retire early, and little Ellen rose to accompany her. Being accustomed to bid good-night, and make her curt'sy, she did so, though none were present but children. It was observed that she said, in the sweetest tone, and more than once, "Good-night, my dear brothers; a *kind good-night.*" It was her last good-night on earth. We trust she is now where the shadow of night shall fall no more for ever.

She said her prayers, and conversed with her sister on religious subjects, especially inquiring about that most solemn Christian rite, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Her mother, after returning home, hearing her cough in an unusual manner, went to her chamber and gave her an appropriate medicine, which she left by the bedside, to be repeated if necessary. Before midnight she awoke and coughed again. Her elder sister, while tenderly administering to her comfort, discovered that she was convulsed, and felt her head droop upon her shoulder. Supposing that she had fainted, she carried her to the room of her parents, and laid her in her father's arms, while she sought remedies as for a fainting child, which were instantly administered. Medical aid was summoned without delay; but all was too late. There was neither gasp nor sigh.

"The life had gone,—the breath had fled;
And what had been no more must be:
The lovely form, the welcome tread,
Ah! where were they? and where was she?"

Faith answers, "It is well with the child." For surely "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Thus died the dear child of whom this imperfect sketch is given, on the 8th of November, 1830, at the age of seven years. A post mortem examination decided the fatal disease to have been a malformation of the heart.

And were we to inquire what called forth such early loveliness and piety, in a character which at first developed tendencies of a different order, the reply would be, that next to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, next to parental discipline and prayer, was the tender, faithful, and hallowed influence of the ELDEST SISTER.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 28, 1839. L. H. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SABBATH MADE PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE TO CHILDREN.

It is a question of perplexity with some conscientious parents, "How can we make the Sabbath a pleasant and profitable day to our children?" It is almost wonderful that with the Bible, and all the the sacred pleasures which cluster around the Christian's fireside, with the animating exercises of public worship, and the auxiliary labors of the Sabbath-school, that such a perplexity could ever arise. But so it is. And that some aid may be afforded to such parents, allow me to suggest a few methods which have assisted one, in the course of years of experience, with a family of twelve children of all ages.

In this case, as in all others, example is every thing. The parent must be the first to anticipate the return of the Sabbath, welcome it with smiles, and diffuse around the circle of sympathetic hearts a holy tenderness of manner. Perplexing cares and disquieted looks should, in these hallowed hours, give place to a serene and heavenly expression. The soul should be quickened by prayer to feel that it is a great day, a *good day*, and its passing moments should be seized upon with an industrious eagerness, that they be not numbered with those which are lost. A dull and heavy eye, a bitter manner, or unnecessary repose seem inexcusable in the model which is ever presented to the imitative child. We will suppose the duties of public worship over, the house of refreshment, which in the country immediately follows, is past, and a long period is left to be filled up before sunset. What an opportunity for the mother! I say *mother*, for in these days fathers have too willingly, it is feared, resigned this singular privilege to them. Earthly cares are withdrawn, and the loved circle gather around her, ready to listen, and it may be, unusually prepared to *feel* the force of truth—some truth, perhaps, uttered in the sanctuary which yet lingers about the conscience, and which

she may, at this moment, be enabled to send home to the depths of the soul.

Let her take the Bible, and open at almost any place, particularly in the New Testament, and read a verse; then question the auditors in regard to the meaning, in turn, making them the expositors as much as possible, and when their wisdom fails, let her explain and illustrate the sentiment suggested by an anecdote or fact. She will be surprised at the readiness and accuracy of their answers, and the vivacity with which they will pursue this course for a long time.

Another method. Let her request a part or the whole number to prepare themselves with a story to relate from the Bible, and be careful to enjoin upon the young narrators the importance of making it familiar, so that it may not be tedious. She may often show them how to tell a story with interest, by choosing the most simple, familiar, and energetic expressions—by giving the picture as much life and vivacity as possible, never forgetting that the main object, in relating a scriptural truth, is to touch the heart, and excite to duty.

The lesson for the next Sabbath-school affords a third topic of great interest. Here the questions are prepared, and the parent is the teacher. What motive can be wanting to arouse her mind and heart to do their utmost in spreading before the beloved pupils those glorious truths so beautifully arranged by catechisms, maps, Bible dictionaries, &c.?

A fourth method is to call upon such of the children for some part of the sermons to which they have attended on that day; and here let me recommend the practice of taking notes: after long experiment, I am persuaded that it secures attention, and forms the habit of expressing thought clearly, far better than without it; and at this family convocation, each may read the notes with no dread of criticism, for among the group of listeners they behold only the expression of affectionate encouragement. What an opportunity of enforcing truth upon the heart, by the mother, whose own memory is thus refreshed! Another

method is to invite your children to choose some beautiful hymn to commit to memory, to recite or sing at this family meeting.

The songs of Watts have cheered the soul on the sick bed, and, mingling their notes with the dying breath of the Christian, have been exchanged for the anthems of the redeemed. Soft and silent messengers are they to the pilgrim, all the way to the promised land—at home and abroad—by the way-side or the grove —on the deep or in the desert. Let them be held precious. Let them be engraved upon the memories of our children. I know a young lady, now a saint in glory, who, after the age of twenty, committed hundreds of the first and second books of Watts. She often spoke of them as an invaluable treasure, and in return, on her sick bed, they ministered in silent strains of peace and love to her soul, when too weak to listen to the audible voice.

Other plans equally successful I might suggest, but shall weary, and will close with one more.

After closing your instructions with some tender appeal to the conscience, suggest to your children the propriety of forming a little circle of prayer. Kindly encourage them to go together to their Father in Heaven to confess the sins of the week, and renew their resolutions before His throne. I could state most happy results of such a plan, pursued from week to week for more than a year, where the lispings of the infant of four years were laid on the same altar with the applications of the youth of seventeen. And thus have the loving shades of the holy, happy day met them prostrate together before their forgiving Saviour. And as they leave the place of prayer to whisper into the ear of their mother the resolution, "I will love my Saviour more;" "I will be more gentle;" "I will try to be less selfish;" what, think you, were the emotions of that mother's heart?

Yours, dear Mrs. W., B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

RESPONSIBILITY AND AUTHORITY.

DOES the responsibility of parents ever cease? This is a momentous question, and involves another of equal importance. If a parent has responsibility, he must also have authority and influence, for how can he have any thing to answer for in a matter in which he can exercise no control? Can then the authority or influence of a parent wholly cease while life and reason are retained? Will not Scripture sustain the assertion that it cannot?

Adults, as well as the young, are bound by the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother." As then it is the duty of all children to obey, it must consequently be the duty of parents to command or influence all their children. God himself has given a most solemn illustration of these relative duties in the first chapter of the first book of Samuel—an illustration that none can misunderstand. For what was Eli's house so severely judged! "Because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." They were not mere youths. They were men—one, at least, was a married man. And yet was Eli punished, because he did not restrain them by the exercise of that authority and influence with which every parent is invested.

When we have labored for years; when the day has borne witness to our unremitted exertions, and the night has testified to our groans and tears for those we love, and all our labor seems in vain, we grow weary in well doing, and look forward to the period of *legal* maturity to release us from our cares and responsibilities. But I cannot find that the Word of God names any period of emancipation for either parent or child. From whom is parental authority derived? It rests upon the immutable command of the Most High, and unless He abrogates it, must remain in force. Reason as well as Scripture support this position.

Why should the parent exercise authority over the child? Because the wiser should govern; because we *must* obey, in order

to learn self-command; because there must be dependence, and reason dictates that the weaker should lean upon the stronger.

Which of these reasons will cease to operate? Will the parent become less wise with every year's experience, while the faculties are retained with vigor? Will the impetuosity and self-sufficiency of early youth make their possessor the happier for being unchecked? Will manhood no longer need the counsels of the hoary head? Will the comparatively weak and wavering love of the child, diverted into a thousand channels, and at last concentrated upon his own offspring, be one-half so strong as that deathless love that burns in a mother's bosom?

Oh, mothers! beware how you fall into a snare so tempting as the suggestion that your responsibility can ever cease while you have children. God has invested you with authority and influence that none but He can take from you; and with it rests a responsibility from which none but He can release you.

True, it is not always to be exerted in the same manner. Very young children are to be taught that the will of the parent is their *law*, however mildly the law may be enforced. As reason expounds, it can be made a powerful auxiliary; but still let them feel that there is authority which can and will be exerted if necessity require. As the mind matures, and the boy gives place to the man, let faithful admonitions and reproof be given. If circumstances render it necessary, let the parent even feel that it is her duty to say, "My son, your mother lays her solemn injunction upon you." He has been badly brought up who would refuse to obey any reasonable injunction thus given.

"My dear," said a careful mother to her husband, "two of our sons are in the habit of frequenting a billiard table. I beg that you will put a stop to it." They were young men, but still their father's word was law. Ascertaining the time when they would probably be earnestly engaged in play, he entered the room. Without removing his hat, he seated himself, and leaning upon the ivory head of his cane, looked steadfastly at them. This was enough. Not staying to finish the game, they cast aside their instruments of play, and with downcast eyes left the room.

Such was the effect of parental influence. Do these doctrines startle some parents? I appeal to the Word of God. Eli remonstrated with his sons, but they would not hearken unto him. Then God said, "I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Does not his sin seem plainly to have been that he did not exercise authority? And what punishment quickly followed this awful denunciation? The death of Eli, of his two sons, and of the wife and child of one of them.

Parents, if "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," can we believe that the responsibility, and, consequently, the authority, of a parent ever cease?

It may be asked whether married daughters still owe obedience to parents? True, the Word of God addresseth, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord." But even this does not exonerate the parent from all responsibility. A watchful eye must still be upon them. Faithful admonitions, counsel, even reproof, may still be the parent's duty. How often has the wreck of the domestic happiness of a young couple been the consequence of a parent shrinking from performing a parent's duty! While a child has faults, a parent is bound to do all in his or her power to correct them; and if the Word of God is to be our guide, responsibility and authority cease only with life, or what is equivalent to it, the loss of the faculties of mind.

Other portions of Scripture than those already referred to support our position. Should not then parents, at the present day, when liberty is in danger of degenerating into licentiousness, study carefully and with prayer the Word of God and the light of experience, that they may use their influence to guide, instruct, and warn their children, at all periods of their life, in the paths of rectitude and holiness.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

MRS. WHITTELSEY,—The object to which your periodical is devoted, is one of incalculable interest to every class of the community. It has no sectional nor even national limitations, no restrictions of rank nor station; but it takes fast hold of all that gives value to the present life, and of all that gives promise for that better life beyond the grave. We are aware that much has been done, and is now doing to give mothers more just views of the solemn responsibilities resting on them, as those to whom the God of nature has entrusted the early guidance of that immortal principle whose value no numbers can compute. But on a subject like this, it seems there is no danger of doing too much. Is the importance of the mother's station sufficiently understood by those who are called to perform its duties? Is it sufficiently felt, that on the present class of mothers depend, under Providence, the domestic, social, and religious character of the next generation?

It has been said, "there is no escaping from education." And what education is so likely to be permanent, as that commenced with the first dawnings of intellect, and continued to maturity by the untiring affection of a mother? It is, then, of the first importance, that the training, whose influence is to extend to the countless ages of eternity, and to be among the most efficient means of fixing the destinies of undying spirits there, should be directed by wisdom, intelligence, and piety of no ordinary stamp.

It has been said, "the heart of the mother can never grow cold." But of what use is its warmth, if its fires be lighted at the unhallowed shrine of ignorance, vice, superstition, or infidelity? The numerous deeds of cruelty perpetrated by the wretched mothers of eastern and western heathenism, and the still more guilty indifference and neglect of a great majority of mothers, even in the most enlightened communities, must furnish the painful answer.

How much of the difference in character and conduct, between a Newton and a Byron, was the result of a difference in maternal training, eternity alone can unfold.

It has been said, and most truly, that "union is power." So thought the heroes of antiquity in their attempts to enslave the nations; so thought our forefathers when they formed our great national compact; and so think all those noble organizations of the present day, whose object it is to meliorate human suffering, and to convert the world to the faith of that blessed Gospel, which proclaims "peace on earth, and good will to men."

Shall not, then, the mothers of enlightened Christendom avail themselves of every means in their power, to carry forward to a glorious consummation, an enterprise second to none on earth? Shall they not, by combination of effort, communication of counsel, and concert in prayer, seek to strengthen, enlighten, and aid each other in the solemn, yet delightful duties to which, in the providence of God, they are called?

Impressed with these views, at the last meeting of the General Association of New Hampshire, the wives and widows of Congregational and Presbyterian clergymen, present on that occasion, met by previous appointment, and formed themselves into a society to be designated "The New Hampshire Maternal Association." The object proposed by thus associating, as expressed in the constitution, are, "First, That we may be together, 'with one accord, in one place,' unitedly seeking the blessing of God on the services of the occasion, and on the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom in our state, and his grace to enable us to be faithful in all the relations which we sustain. Sccondly, That we may consult together on subjects connected with Christian education, in reference to our own children, and the rising generation about us; and study how we may benefit them, and induce mothers to the faithful discharge of their arduous duties. And, thirdly, That we may promote personal friendly intercourse, and thus strengthen and encourage each other in our toilsome pilgrimage."

The society, after being duly organized, held several meetings during the session of the General Association. These meetings

were solemn, interesting, and, we trust, profitable to all concerned. The subject proposed for discussion at the next annual meeting is, "The best means of securing the cheerful obedience of children, as the foundation of their happiness and improvement."

While we rejoice in the privilege of thus uniting for our own benefit, we would most affectionately recommend similar organizations in our sister states, and solicit a correspondence with them for our own mutual improvement and sanctification, that in the great day of accounts we may all be enabled to say, with joy unspeakable, "Lord, here are we, and the children thou hast given us."

In behalf of the Association,

A. C. CURTIS, Sec.

Pittsfield, N. H., Oct. 2, 1839.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACT.

AND especially would we solicit the aid of MOTHERS in this good work. The maternal influence, you are aware, is great and lasting in its effects. Perhaps there are no considerations which can be brought to bear with such force on the minds of the young as those drawn from a mother's love. How many of the great and good of every age—statesmen—philanthropists—Christians—have borne their testimony to the faithful, affectionate instructions, and blameless example of *a mother*, as the means of preserving them from sin, and leading them into the paths of virtue and peace. A distinguished statesman of our country, who died a few years since, declared that when engaged in the business and bustle of public life, he was on the point of embracing the dogmas of French Atheism, the remembrance of his pious mother, who was in the habit of daily taking him aside when a child, and as she placed his little hands between her own, teach-

ing him to say, "Our Father who art in heaven,"—came afresh to his mind with such power, and such strong and happy associations, as to restrain and save him from error and sin.

It is true, that the scenes by which the child is surrounded—his companions—his brothers and sisters—his father—do their part in forming his character:—but the mother does the most. *Her* eye and voice—*her* smiles and tears—*her* reproofs and commendations—are the first objects of his observation, and the latest in his remembrance. Her expressions, her feelings, her passions become almost imperceptibly a part of his nature, and give a direction to his mind which will go down with him through all his future life. Did our space permit, we might here give illustrations and multiply incidents almost without number, to prove and place in bold relief these plain truths. The history of almost every community, and the experience of many, whom we now address, will, we think, bear testimony to the correctness of these views. The station of a mother is indeed one of as great responsibility as a human being can sustain; and the extent of her influence, on the mortal and immortal interests of those upon whose minds she makes the first impressions, is beyond our conception.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE influence of women is, or ought to be, a moral influence; and that it may have its full effect, the main object of their education ought to be to expand and perfect their moral nature, and to implant deeply the fact of their influence, and their own consequent responsibilities. This foundation being laid, let women be elegant, be accomplished, be everything that society requires of them; but let them not forget that these powers are not given for themselves, but for God's glory and the good of their fellow-creatures. Thus shall they be not only caressed, admired, honored, but happy, happy in the happiness of unselfishness, of devotedness, of love—the only happiness here below which can give us any foretaste of that which is to be enjoyed above.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1840. 2.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MINUTES OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, SURRY CHAPEL, LONDON.

LAMBETH, DEC. 5, 1839.

My dear Friend—

You ask me to furnish you with a short document from the minutes of "Surry Chapel Maternal Society" under an impression that it might be interesting to some of our Transatlantic friends who were the first to act upon the axiom that "Union is strength" in reference to maternal efforts: and as it is always wise to take a review of our past hours, whether of individual or social enjoyment, I cheerfully comply with your request, and will endeavour to give you a brief outline of a few of the most important and interesting subjects which have occupied our attention since the commencement of our association, leaving you to make what use of it you may think proper.

Surry Chapel Maternal association was, as you will remember, formed January 2, 1837. We began with 9 mothers and 43 children, it now consists of 24 mothers and about a hundred children, exclusive of the Maternal associations among the poor, conducted by our own members: which includes about 70 mothers and upwards of 200 children. And here my dear friend surely we have reason to thank God, that nearly a hundred Mothers directly, or indirectly connected with our Church have at least professedly united together to seek the Salvation of their children, and though this is only the seed time with us, we are not without hope that this is a Field of Christian culture "which the Lord hath blessed."

Since the formation of this society some very young persons have joined the Church, whose decision to be "on the Lord's side," we may fairly conclude, has been expedited by the influence of Maternal prayer, example and advice, which have been awakened by these associations, and the following extract from one of the monthly reports of our beloved President in reference to the poor Maternal Association conducted by herself, is very encouraging.

"Though the attendance of Mothers fluctuates in numbers, the testimonies of the benefits of the association decidedly increase: scarcely a meeting occurs in which there is not at least one Mother, who expresses gratitude for the privileges of the association.

Some months since a broken hearted Mother excited the sympathies of her fellow members on account of a son, who was the grief of his parents and friends: it was resolved that the meeting should be one of special prayer on his behalf, and that each Mother should bear him on her heart in *secret daily prayer*.

About a month since, this Mother came with a countenance beaming with joy, and stated that she believed that rebel son was now converted to God: and she attributed it to the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "If two of you shall agree on Earth as touching any thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." We will therefore "thank God and take courage." I trust we have reason to conclude that our Maternal band has been refreshed and invigorated by the showers of holy influence that have of late fallen upon the Church, with which we have the privilege to be connected, and we would unite our earnest prayers that their effects may long be seen in our growth in grace, and in the realization of that delightful promise "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses—one shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob: and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

But in order to stir up our minds by way of remembrance, I will revert to a few of the subjects that have more particularly claimed our attention and excited our feelings. Amongst the first was the following important question.

"What are the encouragements held out in Scripture to the faithful discharge of parental duties?"

The decided and frequent commands of God which involve Parental duty, imply, that *obedience* will be followed with the *blessing*. "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your hearts, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hands, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes; and ye shall teach them diligently to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thy house and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up, that your days may be multiplied and the days of your children," &c. Deut. 6.

God said of Abraham. "For I know him, that he will command his children and his houshold after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." Gen. 18. 19.

With God's repeated commands, are connected his gracious promises: "And I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations for an everlasting covenant to be a God unto thee and thy seed after thee." Gen. 17. 7. On this subject Mr. Hall remarks—

"If God commanded Abraham to educate his family religiously, and entered into covenant with him and them, because he knew he would command his children after him, can a reasonable doubt be entertained with regard to the results, any more than about the faithfulness of God in saving those who believe in Christ?" The next encouragement may be derived from the Bible, which offers striking examples that simple, believing, earnest, effort on the part of Christian Parents, have been attended with the most happy effects.

The history of Samuel in the *old*, and Timothy in the *new* Testament, are beautiful instances of the results of a pious education, not to mention many others where parental fidelity may be

inferred by the distinguished blessings and decided piety that have characterized their offspring, and "as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of our God, that he has been ever mindful of his covenant, with his children, that it should be established for ever."

Of this truth, Christian biography furnishes ample and satisfactory evidence; among others stands conspicuous, Monica, the Mother of St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo, who being herself possessed of very lively faith and hope in Christ, was unwearied in her prayers and endeavours that this her son should be made partaker of the same blessed hope, and though for many years the desire of her soul was withheld, at length she had the happiness to see her prayers answered in his conversion and evident usefulness.

Another beautiful testimony from one who, in mature life, contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and which he utterly dispised is as follows.—

Alluding to his exertions in preaching the gospel he observes, "As to my labours, to a *spectator* I may appear to do much, to *myself* it appears scarcely any thing, I look back with dismay and horror to the time when I led the van in wickedness—

'Dared to attempt the infernal gate
And force my passage to the flames.'

"Regardless of the tears, the prayers, the advice, the groans of a pious Mother, I rushed upon the thick bosses of God's buckler, and in the worst parts of the kingdom of darkness, invented new schemes of wickedness, and dared the Almighty to do his worst. —even now my heart bleeds at the thoughts of the nights when, mad with intoxication, I have returned to my tender and injured Mother between two and three o'clock, burst open the window, poured out a torrent of abuse, and sunk on the bed a monster of iniquity—the next morning at seven I have been aroused by a mournful voice, broken with heavy sobs and tears; I have listened, and to my inexpressible astonishment found it was my mother, pouring out her soul in this language,—'Oh! Lord my

God! have mercy, mercy, mercy upon my poor child.' Lord! *I will not*, cannot give him up! he is still my child! O Lord! surely he is not out of the reach of mercy! hear, hear, hear I beseech thee good Lord, a Mothers prayer,—spare, oh! spare for Christ's sake, the son of her old age.' 'Oh! Absalom, my son Oh! Absalom, my son, my son.'"

"Yes! precious Mother, thy prayers are answered; thy child, thy worthless child still lives a monument of boundless grace, and incomprehensible mercy."

From these instances, we see that the fruits of religious instruction do not always immediately appear, yet though the seed is sown in tears, the harvest shall be reaped in joy.

It appears also in some instances that God designs to make some trophies of distinguished mercy; that in them "Jesus Christ might show forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting;" but God's secret purposes are not to make us indifferent to positive duty, and therefore I would wish to press upon my own mind, and on the minds of my dear friends, another important question that came under the notice of our Society—namely; To what may we attribute the want of success in the religious trainings of our children?

"One thing have I desired of the Lord that will I seek after."

Is the conversion of our children *the one thing* for which we pre-eminently seek for our offspring?

Every Christian Parent will say, "*It is.*" Let the whole tenor of our conduct then show that this is our honest, our fervent, our habitual desire—and let the consciences of our children bear witness to the same truth.

This desire is in accordance with the will of God, and for his own glory, and in humble dependance on the Holy Spirit's teaching and quickening influences, we may use the means in the unpresumptuous expectation of the promised blessing—surely therefore where a professedly religious education fails, it must generally be attributed to a want of a full and cheerful obedience to the commands of God, as it respects the training for and con-

secrating our children to Him, connected with a simple belief in his covenant promises to the righteous and his seed.

Two interesting subjects connected with the religious training of children that have already passed in review, may be noticed here.

How far is it the duty of Parents to teach their children forms of prayer? and how may the duty of self-examination be inforced?

The following observations from the pen of Mr. Babington are fully to the point on the latter subject.—

"Self-examination is indispensible to every Christian, and requiring to be begun at a very early period.

"Of course its circumstances must depend on the age of the child, but its substance ought by no means to be omitted.

"A child of two or three years old, cannot be expected to examine himself; but the Parent must remind him of one or two faults, or one or two victories over present temptation on very recent occasions, and lead him to right feelings respecting them.

"By degrees, if this call to recollection be regularly practised, once or twice a day, the exercises though extremely short at first will become a little longer, and the child's feelings will be drawn into the habit, first of being more easily led into the right course, and after a while of taking it of its own accord.

"It is extremely important that this incipient religious exercise should be made to wear as gentle and amiable an aspect, as is compatible with the holy dispositions which should accompany it; as it is one that after a time a child is to carry on in silence, and solely by his own reflections, if he at all becomes disgusted with it, it will either be neglected entirely, or performed superficially and without advantage.

"Let the tenderness and the patience, no less than the assiduity of the Parent be in any tolerable degree proportioned to the high importance of the habit which he wishes to be established, and there is the fairest prospect of success.

"The object should be to lead the child over the principal events of the day, to recollect his faults with contrition and his blessings with thankfulness."

You will remember my dear friend a little plan of my own which I have found useful to my dear children. I call it *their "journal,"* which is a simple record consisting of questions that I have been in the habit of putting to them of an evening, at the same time requiring them to consider *first*, and then answer, remembering that God knows all their thoughts.

It may be well to illustrate the plan by an example.

After having gained the attention of the child and turned its thoughts a little inward, I should say—now dear, think seriously, and ask yourself, "Did I pray this morning, or only say my prayers?" adding perhaps—*you know*,

> "We never can be said to pray
> From what our lips are saying,
> But when our lips and heart unite—
> Then God beholds us praying."

My child would then answer according to its conviction, "I fear I only said the words," or "I think I did pray," then follows some text of Scripture by way of caution, reproof, or encouragement—now we will see what Isaiah says about prayer, see Isaiah 29th chap. 13th 14th. and what does Soloman say in Prov. 15th chap. 8th ver. After this I put to my child a few other questions, Have I been obedient? Have I been kind to all around, &c. endeavouring, according to Mr. Babington's advice to infuse, as much as possible, cordiality and piety into this course, and to guard the child against every shade of insincerity, by turning its eye from myself to God and from outward appearances to the heart.

This kind of exercise, as Mr. Babington remarks, is a suitable preparation for prayer, a few words from a Parent before a child falls on its knees would frequently give, under God's blessing, the spirit of prayer to a service which may appear likely otherwise to be little better than a mere ceremony.—

Prayer is the exercise of pious affection, the child should breathe as it were in an atmosphere of prayer, it should have its mind imbued with its nature, spirit and efficacy, and be encouraged to express its desire and feelings with childlike simplicity and confidence to the Great Father of all through Jesus Christ.

It seemed the opinion of most of our friends that comprehensive forms of prayer should not be excluded, as aids in forming the habits of prayer.

A beautiful illustration of this important habit early formed is given in the Mother's Magazine for June 1834.

This letter my beloved friend is already very long. I must only record the principal thoughts on one or two more subjects. If I have shot beyond the mark you must pardon me on the consideration, that you gave the first impulse to my feeble efforts to promote the interest of "Maternal Associations:" but to record a few thoughts on the subject of the ways in which parents may violate the command,

"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."

1st. Parents may violate this command by a capricious discipline—censuring one day, what they smile at another.

Mr. James says, "Unvarying consistency should be exhibited by all whom Providence has placed at the head of a household—they should not only be excellent, but consistently excellent; an unbroken uniformity should reign over the whole character; nothing contradictory, irreconcilable, or inexplicable should ever be seen.

2nd. Undue severity may provoke children to wrath.

3rd. Parental partiality.

4th. The habit of constant fault finding.

I think Mr. Hall observes, some parents govern their children too much.

5th. Parents may provoke their children to wrath, by administering punishment or reproof before others, which unless under peculiar circumstances, should be avoided; the child then feels that his character is saved, his feelings regarded, his good sought, and thus most likely his reformation, and grateful veneration for his parent secured.

6th. This command may be violated by an indiscriminate and unreasonable mode of government.

Some offences are to be attributed to heedlessness, some to ignorance, some to sudden passion, some to severe temptation, some

to deliberate design, as excited by the wicked propensities of the heart—it must evidently be in opposition to common sense therefore to treat all offences in the same manner, great pains should be taken to point out the nature, the source, and the consequences of the transgression, and to graduate the punishment accordingly. Oh! my dear friend, who is sufficient for the right discharge of parental duty?

It is one thing to tell our children *this* is right and *that* is wrong: but it is another thing to train the religious and moral affections.

If I tell the child not to fight or quarrel, I *teach* it rightfully; but if I can really impress its mind with the sinfulness and impropriety of such conduct, by saying, How ought children to act when they are provoked? are they to "render railing for railing?" what does the Bible say?—"Be not overcome of evil: but overcome evil with good"—this is training.

Oh! what self discipline, patience, wisdom, does a mother need!

I was much struck with an observation in one of the American Magazines you kindly lent me the other day.—

"A mother should be herself, what she wishes her children to be."

I do not know that I have quoted the sentence accurately, but I am impressed with the importance of the sentiment.

Finally, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," may we be led to "think on these things," till they are embodied in our character, and we become living epistles which may be known, read, and copied by our dear children. Now, my dear Friend, that the prayers, tears and silent, but effectual influence you have used in stiring up Mothers to a sense of their best and sweetest interests, may be as incense in the sight of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," is the earnest and affectionate prayer of

Your sincerely attached friend, M. F.

For the Mother's Magazine.

WAYS OF RECEIVING REPROOF—NO. 4.

I shall tell you of only one wrong way of receiving reproof, and perhaps you will think that is not *very* wrong. I admit that it is not so bad as some of the others, but still it is not the right way.

A little girl, whom I shall call Ellen, once came to spend a month with me, while her parents were gone on a journey. As I knew that she had been a good deal indulged, I was prepared to expect many faults in her; and was very agreeably surprised to find her docile, obedient and good-natured. She was of a lively and happy temperament, and I soon became much attached to her. You may wonder after this, what fault she had. It was this. When I pointed out any thing in which I wished her to do differently, it is true she was never offended; but she listened so carelessly, and promised to do better with so little thought of what she was saying, that it was forgotten the next moment.

In regard to some small matters, I had told her at first, that I should wish her to adopt the habits of my own children; and she assented very readily. One of these habits was that of putting away their hats and bonnets, each on a particular nail, whenever they came in. I had had some trouble in teaching them this habit at first, but now it was thoroughly acquired; and I never had occasion to speak on the subject. But to Ellen, it was every day,

"Ellen dear, where is your bonnet?"

"Oh, I forgot to hang it up, but I will remember next time."

"Ellen, your shawl is thrown down on the floor."

"So it is, but please dont say any thing for this once; next time I will fold it up."

"Ellen, you are late; we have almost done breakfast."

"Yes, I am sorry; I will be up in season to-morrow."

Ellen did not intend to deceive when she made these promises; she intended, so far as she thought at all about the matter, to

fulfil them; but in truth, she did not think much about it. Yet she always spoke so pleasantly, and smiled so sweetly, that it was difficult to reprove her seriously.

One day, however, when we had been conversing about falsehood, and the different modes in which one might be guilty of it, one of my children said that breaking a promise was one species of falsehood. Ellen seemed surprised. "Do you think so, aunt?" said she. She had lately adopted the custom of calling me aunt.

"Yes" said I; "I think that violating a deliberate promise is one species of falsehood. It is falsehood in regard to the future instead of the past."

"Well, I never thought of that, I believe I have broken a great many promises in my life. I used, when I was at home, to be always promising Mammy Lotty that I would do something or other for her, and I did not do it half the time, because I know she used to tell me so afterwards."

"I have observed, my dear Ellen," said I, mildly, "that you make promises without much consideration."

"Have you aunt," she replied, coloring a little, I did not know that I had ever promised any thing to you."

"My dear Ellen, there is not a day when you do not make me many promises."

"How aunt? Do tell me what you mean."

"Don't you know that whenever I point out any little omission or neglect to you, you always *promise* to avoid it in future?"

"Do I? I did not know it—let me think; yes, I believe I do. But aunt, I am sure I did not know that was falsehood."

"I do not think it ought to be called so, in your case, because you make these promises without any reflection; but then it is not right to make promises in that way."

"I see it is not."

"Although the promise may proceed from a laudable desire to give pleasure, yet it is *never* right to make one, without a serious and deliberate intention of fulfiling it."

This conversation seemed to make a deep impression on Ellen, and produced an immediate change in her conduct. Sometimes

she would begin as before, to reply by a careless promise of amendment "next time;" but immediately checking herself after a pause she would repeat, "Yes, I do mean so; I will try to do differently another time." Of course, her promises were now better kept, a gradual and constant improvement was visible in those things in which she had been deficient, and when her parents claimed her on their return, I could hardly bear to part with her.

P.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S READING.

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

A taste for reading, if properly regulated, may be turned to much amount in *Christian Education;* while, on the other hand, if suffered to take the course dictated by the natural feelings of corrupt human nature, or left to the immature judgement of childhood, it may become the fruitful source of incalculable evils. It has been made a question, with some Christian parents, whether they ought to exercise *authority*, in respect to their children's reading; or whether it is not better to point out to them the evil consequences of pernicious reading, express their disapprobation, and then leave the child to act voluntarily. It is said, where the taste for certain kinds of reading is acquired, before the parent is aware of it, that prohibition will not cure the evil, as children will practice deception, and read by stealth, if not allowed to do it openly. To this it may be answered, that the same objection would lie against the exercise of authority in every other case; and hence, it would seem hardly possible that parents who take this ground can be aware of the consequences of permitting the minds and principles of their children to be moulded by pernicious books. Surely, no judicious Christian parent would feel any hesitancy as to the question of admitting into his family, to associate, on terms of familiarity, with his children, a person of corrupt principles or vicious habits; or of permitting them to associate with

such persons elsewhere, to undermine their principles, and corrupt their minds, manners, and morals. Yet, the influence of vicious companions is not at all to be compared with that of pernicious books. The latter is only occasional, the former, constant. Works of imagination are more fascinating, even, than gay company. Moreover, any thing that is printed, in a book, comes to children with more of the air of authority than the voice of a companion.

As to the question of expediency, we are not left at liberty to raise any such question. Abraham secured the favor and confidence of God, because the Lord knew that he would *command* his children and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord; and the Israelites were required to *command* their children to observe to do *all the words of this law.* Any course of conduct, therefore, which is evidently injurious to the child, and tends to counteract the great ends of Christian Education, should be *positively prohibited.* It is far from being certain, however, that prohibition would have the effect supposed. Where the usual commands of a parent are reasonable, they always have great weight with children; and there will be no comparison in their view of the estimation in which any practice is held by their parents, which is simply *disapproved,* and that which is positively *disallowed.* But even if the authority of the parent should be disregarded by the child, the influence of improper reading, pursued under the consciousness of committing the heinous sin of disobedience, will be far less than if done under the eye, though with the disapprobation of the parent. But there is a still stronger view of the case. What parent would hesitate to exercise *positive authority,* in the case of a child who had contracted an appetite for strong drink? Would he leave him, while under the influence of a physical disability of self-control, to act from voluntary choice? Yet, what intoxicating liquors are to the body, certain kinds of reading are to the mind. The cases are quite analogous.

With these preliminary remarks, we propose to consider several points, in reference to children's reading, in the course of which,

we shall endeavor to show the pernicious effects of certain classes of books, which find some favor, even in Christian families. And, in the first place, we remark, that *children may read too much.* Too much reading affects the mind, as too much eating affects the stomach. It enervates, by burdening with a mass of ideas and facts, which it cannot digest. It forms, also, the habit of the passive reception of ideas, without the labor and effort, requisite to examine, classify, adopt, or reject, and thus make our stock of ideas essentially our own. A bookmonger of this description may possess a vast amount of knowledge; yet, his mind will be like a house, with a large stock of furniture, promiscuously stowed away in the lumber room, unavailable for any practical use. It is hence exceedingly important that children's *reading* should bear some proportion to their *study.*

2. If the foregoing position is correct, it will follow that great discrimination should be exercised by parents, in regard to the books which they put into the hands of their children, even those which are not absolutely pernicious. The question has been much agitated, whether *fictitious writings* should be allowed at all. A decision of this question, however, would by no means meet the difficulty. There are certain classes of fictitious writings, which are not only allowable, but of great use and sanctioned by Scripture. Such are parabolical and allegorical representations or illustrations of truth. On the other hand, it is no certain recommendation of a book, that it is a narrative of facts; for there may be many facts, which it is neither important nor useful for us to know; some that would be positively injurious in their influence; and others which would be less profitable than something else. There is a multitude of children's books, which, though not positively hurtful, are but of a negative character, and not the best that may be put into their hands. Then, again, there are classes of works which are profitable, if read to a moderate extent, but injurious, if read immoderately, to the exclusion of others. Such are all the lighter kinds of story-telling books and papers, whether the stories are real facts, or supposed illustrations. They are very useful in their place, to

awaken the attention, rouse the feelings, illustrate and enforce the truth, or to occupy portions of time when the mind has already been sufficiently taxed with severe study. But, if children are permitted to indulge at random their taste for this kind of reading, their minds will be unfitted for close application, and solid reading or study, will be irksome; and there will be created a morbid appetite for mental excitement, which will not be satisfied without more stimulating aliment. The excitement thus created, will act injuriously upon the developement of the mind, and the health of the body. Books, even of an unexceptional character, should not, therefore, be thrown indiscriminately into the hands of children; but parents should either first read the books themselves, or in some other way become acquainted with their character and contents, and make a selection, with reference to a due proportion of the various kinds of reading, and also to the proper regulation and cultivation of the tastes of their children, as different tastes require different treatment. A child, whose appetite for books is voracious, should be furnished with a considerable proportion of the more solid kinds of juvenile reading, such as requires some thought and fixedness of attention; otherwise, the imagination will be cultivated at the expense of every thing else, and the mind will become enervated, light, and frivolous, and averse to vigorous effort. On the other hand, where the appetite for books is deficient, it may be necessary to furnish a greater proportion of what is more stimulating.

3. Great care should be taken in the selection of the family library; or the library of the father, if he is a professional or literary man. The character of the books read by the parents, will have a powerful influence on the minds of the children, in determining the character of their own reading. If books of an exceptionable character are introduced into the library of the parent, it will be difficult to convince the children that they may not read the same or similar ones. On this subject, Mr. Dwight, the author of the *Father's Book*,* has the following excellent remarks;

* A work which ought to be in the hands of every parent.

"The books and other publications to be introduced into a family, should be examined or inquired after with peculiar care. The idea that children should have various views on important subjects, submitted to them, that they may make their own choice, is very dangerous to be acted on, if applied in such a manner as to leave them in doubt concerning the opinions of their parents, or to lead to the belief that they are to be regarded with indifference. Happy is the family which possesses a well selected library, appropriate to the improvement of parents and children, in constant use, and carefully kept in order. When a father is absent from home, he may even take pleasure in the reflection, that some of his favorite authors are pursuing the course of education he has established in his family circle; and while he is among his children, he finds ever at hand a supply of the materials and implements most convenient for use, in prosecuting it himself. But let him admit no books into his collection which opposes his own avowed principles, or intimates a taste in its owner different from that which he inculcates. Every thing immoral and gross should be especially excluded: for, how would it weaken a child's respect for his father, and diminish his confidence in his sincerity, if searching through his library, to find in one of the volumes treasured there, such sentiments as are found in parts of Shakespeare, Swift, Byron, Moore, and too many other authors, retained in elegant and popular editions, in defiance of decency and common sense? I do not doubt that many a parent has lost, unaccountably perhaps to himself, by some such accident, an influence over his child, which he could not easily regain; while, on the contrary, to meet with nothing exceptionable would be eminently calculated to enhance a regard for the parent in the child.

"Frivolous works should also be excluded, and especially those fictitious productions, which inculcate false and exaggerated views of the world and of man. The Arabain Nights, Tales of the Genii, and the old fashioned novels generally, are to youth what Tom Thumb, Blue Beard, Peter Wilkins, Fairy Tales, &c. are to children. They prevert the taste, excite the

imagination, and misdirect the feelings, in a degree, and with numerous evil effects, which few duly appreciate as they deserve. Some of them are peculiarly calculated to effect one of the most baneful results of a faulty education: viz. to form strong and enduring associations between the beautiful scenes of nature, and corrupt thoughts and immoral propensities. How unfortunate is such a result! How opposite to the objects we propose to the good parent assiduously to pursue! How dangerous, not only when abroad in the world, but even while within the sound of the voice of instruction and prayer, are influences so powerful and so injurious! On this subject, many might probably speak from experience. I know a person who lost years of useful reading, through an unhappy devotion to these and similar works, and formed numerous unfounded ideas of himself and others, of life and manners, of duty and happiness, with which he had long to contest, and from which others as well as himself have since been sufferers."

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF UTICA MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, 1839.

To review the past history of our lives, though painful, is often a salutary employment. Such a review is especially appropriate to the members of this Maternal Association. How else can we secure, in the highest degree, the great end of our union, the improvement of our own characters as mothers, and that of the families over which we preside. By the teaching of past experience, we learn to avoid errors, to supply deficiencies, and to aim at greater excellence. Could we then, on the present occasion, and in company, vividly set forth all the circumstances which have transpired in our families during the year past, our words, our deeds, the motives which have actuated us,—should we not discover abundant instances of failure

in duty, of want of wisdom in our plans and conduct; and in this way find ample opportunity for improvement in the future? How interesting and solemn such a review would be! While, then, in the brief hour we spend together, we can only allude to the necessity and desirableness of such a review, let us individually resolve, in our retirement, to scrutinize fully and seriously our past lives, and to set ourselves to our work of self-correction and improvement. Let us remember that not only the short year now closed, but the fifteen years in which we have been united in this association, together with those which may yet be given us, will one and all, without the least shadow of reserve, be brought into judgment by our Great Master, before the assembled universe: and as we hope for a welcome from his lips, let us repent of past sins, and walk henceforward by faith in his name.

Could those beloved ones, who in years past have shared in our plans, our counsels, and our prayers, return to these seats, how thrilling would be the scene! Much, however, as we love their memory, and much as we imagine we should profit by such a visit, we would not for a moment withdraw them from enjoying the full beams of a Saviour's glory. Still, as we recount the long list of their names, and think of by-gone days spent in their sweet society, we would encourage ourselves by their example and their final triumph, to pursue our course through the trials of this world, that we too may finally triumph in redeeming love.

Here, too, the group of dear departed children, once connected with this association, nursed in our bosoms, and borne upon our prayers, rushes in upon our recollections, to increase our thankfulness for His mercies in giving them to us,—our submission to his divine will in taking them away; and our songs of praise that we are spared yet to labor in his kingdom on earth, and for those that remain to us.

Death has indeed been busy the past year in our family circles, in the removal of an unusual number of our children. With our bereaved sisters we deeply sympathize; and our cries ascend to heaven that the God of all comfort would pour into their afflicted bosoms the richest consolations. The sympathy

of friends, though sweet, is as a drop added to the ocean, compared with the exceeding great and precious promises, which support the Bible presents to Christian parents. What they know not now of the gracious designs of their Lord, they will know hereafter. Thanks to His blessed name, he has sustained our mourning sisters, and enabled them to say in the hottest furnace, "the will of the Lord be done." May they yet be brought even to rejoice in tribulation.

While, however, we desire that this association should sustain themselves by faith and trust in God, it becomes them to inquire whether there are not causes existing which have brought down these afflictions as judgments on them. Why is it that the dews of heaven have been withheld from us?—that there have been so few trophies of grace among us?—that instead of these mercies, the angel of death has visited us? "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." Why, then, are these things so? Let us ascertain and lay the truth to our hearts. The Lord is more willing to give his Spirit than we are to give good things to our children. Alas! this world—this vain world! When will it be dethroned in our hearts? When shall we seek first, and above all, the rich blessings of heaven? Have we not felt that when one member suffered, all the members suffer? Are we not sufficiently taught the will of our Master by the providences of the year past? Let us then say, "Dear Jesus, it is enough! We will come and own thy hand, and consecrate ourselves anew to thy blessed service."

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The general interests of the association have progressed very much as usual, except that there have been no additions to our number the year past. We have reason, however, to believe, that with a zeal commensurate with the importance of our object, and by the sweet entreaty, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," most of the mothers in our churches would be persuaded to unite with us. Our meetings have at all times been interesting, although attended by few members. We cannot believe, however, that this fact is owing to indifference in most cases, but to the multiplicity of cares which devolve upon

mothers, and the extreme difficulty of commanding time on all occasions.

We at times hear from certain quarters the question, "What good comes of Maternal Associations? It does not appear that their children are better than others." Some even who have been connected with us may say, that they have derived no benefits from this connection. But why should they? For they who say this are not those who have endeavored to fulfil all their engagements, or to derive all the benefits accruing to such associations. O no! They are those only who, when the feast is spread before them, refuse to partake of it. But we would remind all such objectors, that they cannot tell us what our children would have been without this influence. While we feel confident of the high advantages we ourselves reap, we would ask them, not merely to look at us and our children, a single association, for an answer to their inquiries, but to take up the word of God, and to gather all the promises to *faithful*, and all the threatenings against *unfaithful* parents, to inquire into the extent of the influence such associations exert in our own country, in England, and at our missionary stations; and then to see if, in shutting themselves and their children out, they do not cut themselves off from infinite blessings in this and the world to come.

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Let us then, dear sisters, now and in all future time, remember that our probation on earth is constantly shortening, and that before the next anniversary, we may be laid in the grave, and be influenced to hasten our work in the service of Christ; that at last, having been found faithful in our earthly associations, we may appear among those happy spirits who are still more sweetly associated around the throne of our King.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION IN R——

My dear Mrs. Whittelsey—

I have not sent you a report from the Maternal Association in———for the reason which may operate with others similarly situated, to induce them to withhold from public notice efforts so humble and apparently limited.

We are located in the country, with a thin population. Our Association, formed twele years ago, by only five, scarce exceeds fifteen regular attendants, yet we have mercies to enumerate—blessings received, sufficient at this moment to swell the songs of angels. To encourage other little circles, as retired and limited as our own, I will state a few particulars. A large proportion of our children have become pious I do not mention the number, because the means employed have been various. A stated preacher of the Gospel—repeated and powerful revivals of religion, have contributed their efficient aid, in connexion with parental effort, in past years, to gather our youth into the fold of Christ.

But I wished now to speak of those of our children who have passed away into eternity, and to give you a few details. Several infants have been removed, though one of them was old enough to leave the most cheering consolation, that she dwells in the City where there is no more sin nor death.

Five or six others of a mature age, have departed. The first was Caroline ——, a lovely intelligent girl, who, at an early age, decided that this world would never satisfy her soul, and with a younger sister called upon her Pastor to express her wish to profess the name of Christ. There was no revival at this time, one was, I think, fifteen, the other seventeen. Both these sisters, we have reason to believe, are before the throne of Jesus.

Caroline honored her Saviour a year or two, by a devoted and blameless life. She left her home, for a short visit, in a neighboring town. She was suddenly seized with an alarming complaint at night, as she retired to rest; but alarm was not felt until

it was too late to summon her beloved friends. The next morning, the Physician informed her that "she must die." There was no trembling or fear, and, although, she must go without even looking upon the faces of her parents, yet she was ready—and even cheerful and happy. As they entered the abode of death, and surveyed the remains of their child, the dying farewell, which was communicated, was sufficient to assuage the bursting tide of grief.

Soon after this event, a revival took place, and others of our youth embraced the Saviour. A number of enquirers assembled at the pastor's house, and at the close of the evening, one modest girl arose, and with joyful accents, uttered this one sentence "I have chosen the Lord as my Portion and my Redeemer." None can forget that scene. She was young and timid, but she was not ashamed to avow the choice she had made. It was a wise decision, for Amanda's race was short; she soon married, and her health failed, consumption quickly closed the scene. I visited her on her bed of death, and although a lovely infant lay in her bosom, yet she could smile in the prospect of leaving it, and her husband also, to go to be with them, "whom unseen she had loved." Very interesting and delightful was her conversation, as she spoke of the Hand which led her so gently down to the grave, and opened to her view the portals of Heaven. Amanda was the child of a praying mother.

A youth also, who, descended from an eminent disciple of the Lord Jesus, was the next. He early devoted himself to God, even in childhood, and as the cold damps of death settled on his brow, *one name alone was on his lips.* A crucified Jesus sustained his spirit, and in his last conflicts with sin, cheered him with assurance of pardon. Perhaps your readers remember the "Last hours of Little Mary." In her, they will find another monument to the praise of infinite Goodness.

And again, we are called to mourn even another. The sister of Caroline, who, for a number of years followed her Saviour, was married a year since. A fortnight ago she returned from her distant home, in feeble health, hoping to recover under the ten-

der care of her mother. But it was to die. A sudden and unexpected failure took place, and she survived only a week. But while surrounded with her anxious friends, she could speak only of goodness and mercy, and bade farewell with the greatest cheerfulness, assuring them that she was going to Heaven. These were all children of the Maternal Association. We have only to say, "Oh may all our children receive like precious faith."

"Where are the results of your Maternal Associations?" is a question often asked by those who have no sympathies in the anxieties of a Christian mother. While many may acknowledge with us such rich results, as the above-mentioned, yet may we not, at the commencement of another year, inquire, "Are they altogether such as we ought to expect? Do we find in our families a standard of self-denying, energetic, Christian government, such as the Bible warrants, and such as we profess to adopt? Or, do we mar the beauty of the Divine arrangement, and introduce discord and confusion, by a course of self-gratification, sensual indigence, and weak administration of authority, thus enfeebling the influence with which God has invested the parent, for the purpose of a gentle control over the young spirit committed to her training.

Are our pious children panting for active service for their mother? Do they learn from our example, that the business of life, is *to do good*, that, *to do good* is the motto, and the joy of the disciple, who would fain imitate his Savior, in this most glorious attribute of his character—that *to do good* every day—every hour of life, to every soul that crosses our path is our habitual study and delight? The pious children of Maternal Associations, should surely carry forth into the world, a higher tone of Christian feeling, a less earthly spirit, a more active zeal, a more self-denying temper than others. Children who have been "fed on the milk of the word, nurtured by the maxims of the Bible," should go out with the spirit of the Bible and exhibit it fearlessly in an ungodly world.

Again, as the year 1840 approaches, may not the question properly arise, whether *parental* instruction is such as the

Church demands for its children? are they gathered around the domestic hearth, to receive from a father's lips those truths, which, in past ages, have been blest to thousands; or, is this blessed privilege surrendered to the Sabbath School Teacher, without a regret? Cannot you, my dear Mrs. Whittelsey, with multitudes of others, testify, that divine truth never entered the soul so deeply in our early years, as when uttered in the melting tones, and with the pleading earnestness of a father? Oh, that those golden sabbath hours might return, and bless every family in our land, when, in the true dignity and glory of a Christian, every father might be seen, with the Bible in hand, encircled by the children whom God has given him. If, through eternity the writer is permitted to remember with gratitude, any blessing, it will be, *such sabbath hours, and such a Christian father*!

B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MY YOUNGEST BOY AT PRAYER.

Dear child as on the bended knee,
Thou lisp'st thy infant prayer,
Methinks e'en angels stoop to see,
And thy sweet accents hear.
The blessed Saviour on thee turns
His mild—love beaming eye;
And God, who ne'er an infant spurns,
Will hear thy lisping cry.
Oh! what a task is ours my love,
How full of hope and fear;
To train thee for that Heaven above,
Where God and angels are.
Dear Jesus! thou who lov'st to hear,
The smallest infant pray;
Oh! make this tender lamb thy care,
And never let it stray.
To thee we look, and thee alone,
For strength to act our parts;
Thy all "sufficient grace," make known,
And cheer our fainting hearts.

St. Louis, 1839.

ERRATA.

On page 2. Number for January, 13 lines from the top, for "*There*" read *Then*.
On page 3 at bottom for "*family board*" read *family state*.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. MARCH, 1840. NO. 3.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. WHITTELSEY,

THE following correspondence lies on my files in original letters, which passed between two gentlemen of public character. Should you think the sentiments they express calculated to exert a salutary influence, you are at liberty to transfer them to your pages.

FROM REV. MR. B—— TO DR. W——.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have had it in mind for some time to intrude upon your hours of affliction. Besides a common friendship, we are now united by a common suffering. In the dismemberment of your family, you feel as none can feel except those of similar experience. There are sore sorrows, the depths and bitterness of which can never be estimated in theory. We must taste the cup, and go down into the deep, before the truth can be known, or sympathy for others inspired. Friends have often expressed themselves to me in terms of kindness, and attempted to offer consolation, but they always came short of my feelings, and were miserable comforters. They meant well, but my soul loathed the cup of consolation they offered. Mere civility, cold compliment, the courtesy of a formal intercourse, how empty, stale, offensive, when we come to bury a friend, a companion, a *wife!* He, who would sympathize with such a sufferer, must enter into the sanctuary of his feelings where this world is seen in the distance, and its religious associations are awakened.

You and I have had deep-toned experience in those three great events of life, which may be said to exert a leading influence on the whole social system, and to control the current of our feelings. The first is when in the ardor and freshness of our first love, we fix our wandering affections, and feel that by a solemn pledge of plighted faith we are at no liberty to change our choice. Our love is fixed. From all the fair daughters we have withdrawn our love now devoted to one, who is, hereafter, to concentrate our affections and fidelity until death. A new channel is formed. Our social relations are changed, or greatly modified. We have a little world of our own, and feel now principally interested in all the world beside, in relation to this.

The next event is when we become parents, and feel the warm gushing of parental affection flow forth toward another part of ourselves, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh." Here, we feel a new attachment to the world, and have a new and deeper interest at stake. Life becomes more valuable to us as we, in some sense, have more of it, and it has become more interesting, as we are to live in our children after our bodies moulder in the grave.

The third event is when the mother of our children is torn away by the rude hand of death, and our hearth is left desolate, our family dismembered, our children asking for what we can never give, and our disconsolate hearts are mocked by friends who fain would offer us the consolation, which can never survive such a dismemberment. It is a final stroke. The world is changed. It is not a resolution into original elements; it is the violent disruption of homogeneous bodies;—the fragments remain, cleft asunder and petrified. What new combinations can be expected from such materials?

The young widower may indeed, in some degree, repair his loss. He may, for himself, while his feelings are yet young and fresh, love again, and find a new object on which to rest his affections. He may adapt his habits to one, who may yield suitably to his own, and a new and happy union may be the result. Or those who have made the marriage arrangement one

of mere convenience, that one branch of their business may be the better served, may find another agent to conduct that business. But for you and me, who have lived in our families, who have centred our affections there, and made it the centre of the world to us, who have loved and been beloved in return, who have cherished our family circles with our deepest emotions, and trained our children under a devoted mother's counsel and payers, for us whose habits are so fixed as not easily to yield to new adaptations, what remains for us but the singular desolation we now feel, or a hazardous experiment to rebuild our broken houses, and reorganize by foreign auxiliaries its dismembered government? Time, no doubt, will efface a part of these feelings, which in my own experience, two long years have as yet but served to strengthen. Be that, however, as it may, the world can never again be to us what it has been. The sun will always rise shorn of his beams, and every flower that smiles in our garden will lack a hand to pluck it. That garden may bloom, the fair emblem of Eden, but we are desolate.

There is, however, yet one source of consolation, and we in Christ are admitted to it. The object of our supreme affection lives, and will ever live, and will raise our dead, and make that union which was so blessed to us here, eternal in heaven. I cannot pursue this theme. You need not to have it urged. No doubt you have felt the excellent oil poured upon your fresh and bleeding wounds. May we not say it is enough? Our dear wives were one with us in Christ, and He, who is "the resurrection and the life," will watch the precious dust and raise it incorruptible. In the mean time, he has not left us comfortless. They now live and reign with Christ. We shall join them soon.

DR. W—— TO MR. B——

Dear Sir—I have just received your kind letter. You have entered into the philosophy of my feelings, and analysed them as none but a man of experience could do. All is desolate around me, and the future looks gloomy indeed. A few days after my

overwhelming bereavement, my mind turned to you as the only person who could at all realize the loss sustained, or enter into my feelings. I should have written and requested you to come and spend a few days with me, but knew not where to address you. Will you not now make it convenient to spend a week or two at my house?

Our cases are nearly parallel. What a breaking up of habits, associations, and affections, on which depended what little of happiness we enjoyed! I was ignorant till then of my real situation. Now I see how entirely dependent I was on my wife, and how deeply obliged to her for innumerable kindnesses and affectionate attentions. Think two of five infant children left without a mother! My heart almost breaks when they cling around me.

The last two months have taught me many important truths, some of which, unfortunately, come too late to be available to that temporal enjoyment once within my reach. My dear sir, I need not say to you how my bosom has been, and still is racked. As you justly remark, there is but one source of relief and I humbly trust I may be enabled to apply to that source, and seek for the remnant of life, a closer communion with that friend of sinners, who "never leaves nor forsakes" his own friends.

How affecting to reflect that experience alone can teach the lessons we have so painfully learnt! Nearly allied to paradise is the family circle where harmony, love, and a competency are enjoyed. Yet how insensible are its privileged members, until the spoiler enters, or some sudden calamity wakes them to drink the cup of sorrow! I attempted to tell our mutual friend D——, as he sat last evening by his cheerful parlor fire, with his amiable wife and three cherub children around him how happy he was. He gave a cold assent, which almost chilled my blood. Let death remove the presiding angel of that circle, how heart-felt then would be his confessions of the divine blessings he now coldly, perhaps thanklessly enjoys!

MR. B——TO DR. W——.

My dear friend,—Another year has measured its rapid flight since we exchanged the sympathies of widowed hearts. My hearth is still desolate. You, I learn, have sought in a second marriage to repair your loss. You probably have done right. Your little children have needed a mother's care, and you have a comfortable home to which you can very properly offer many prospects of happiness to a lady. I can congratulate her because I know your kind and generous heart, and although a stranger, I hold her in high estimation because my friend has extended to her his confidence and chosen her for a wife. May she fill the place of her excellent predecessor in your family, and may you continue to be what you have been—and far distant be the day when to either of you the lot may fall "to close the others eyes."

I would avoid a morbid sensibility, but my loss bears more heavily upon me every day. Shall I seek as you have done to unite another to my family cares and enjoyments? There are many difficulties. Duties to myself, to her whose happiness may become thus involved, to my children, and I may say also to their departed mother—produce an aggregate of responsibility which is not so easily discharged. I have feelings, impulses, passions, I may say *affections* still; but they must be controled, and subjected to sober reason; too many important interests are depending to allow them to bear rule. I am often disgusted with the levity practised by some, even over the green grave of a wife or a husband. I cannot jest on such a subject. I cannot entertain a jest, where the associations revive my former social enjoyments and sorrows.

This is not a connection to be hastily formed. Many ladies, who are capable of appearing well, and who would reputably fulfil the duties of a wife and a mother, sadly fail as successors to former wives. I shall not pretend to define all the reasons of this; the fact forces itself on my reflections now; and has its influence on my action. I believe the difficulties as often arise from the errors of imprudent friends, as from the faults of the

lady accused; still the place requires peculiar qualifications. Prudence, in man or woman, but most of all in a woman who is called to be a wife in a second marriage, is the excellent oil, which will assuage the agitated waters of bitterness, and calm the "strife of tongues." This, with a good natural temper, and a sound understanding, will ensure the best, if not successful, efforts to promote peace and harmony in the family. I rejoice to hear that such is the present Mrs. W——. May a good providence realize to you your best hopes, and make your family what it ever has been to all its members, the home of peace, social blessing, and mutual improvement.

B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MARY.

MARY —— was the beloved daughter of parents, who feared God, and whose ardent desire it was, even from her birth, to dedicate her to the Lord; and they had good reason to hope the surrender was accepted, that in very early life the Holy Spirit began to work upon her heart, inclining her to seek his face, and dedicate herself to him. This charge began more distinctly to appear after a long season of personal affliction, with which she was visited when about fourteen. For some time her recovery was doubtful, but it pleased the Lord to hear and answer prayer, and to raise her up again. After this she was subject to frequent attacks of indisposition, which, however, did not excite alarm, till within a few weeks of her death. It was then thought advisable that she should try a change of air, and her anxious friends removed her into the country. This at first appeared to have the desired effect; but the pleasing hope of her recovery was soon after destroyed, and she relapsed into her former state of debility. The Lord intended, by this sickness, to remove her from a world of sin and sorrow, and that in a very sudden and unexpected manner, as she was not confined to her bed a single day. Let the young who may read this memoir enquire, should death receive his commission to arrest them as

suddenly, can they hope they are prepared to exchange worlds? Have they ever thought of the importance of being ready? Many are called while in the flower of youth, and in the bloom of health, to appear before God, and give an account of the deeds done in the body; and to some, it may be feared, death is a very unwelcome messenger. The world and its vanities having occupied the chief of their time and attention, they little think of being called so soon to learn it. On the other hand, not a few have lately left our world who were seeking the Lord in their youth, and giving up their hearts to him, who were viewing death and eternity as solemn subjects, and praying to be found in Jesus, that so they might be prepared either for life or death.

This was the earnest desire of dear Mary. In her diary is found the following dedication of herself to God, at the age of fifteen. "I would now desire, without further delay, to give myself up entirely to the Lord. Oh may he in mercy help me, may I be led to hate sin, to shun the very appearance of it, and to choose the better part. May I remember I have a soul that must live forever; then how much does it concern me to prepare for another world. How long I have been living in the world, without having God for my friend and portion! May I now without reserve give up myself and set my face to seek the Lord. O Lord give me grace to love thee; make me to hate sin and cleave to thee with full purpose of heart; in youth to despise the vanities of the world and turn my back upon them and to seek those things which are above; while I am in the world, Oh keep me from the evil of it. Dear Redeemer thou art still waiting to be gracious; may I feel that happy decision which thou alone canst give."

Thus did she feel the great importance of being herself *decided* in matters relating to the salvation of her soul. She did not satisfy her mind with being *brought up* in the way of God and religion, or rest in any thing that her parents had done for her; but she longed to feel the power of divine grace upon her own heart. Let the youthful reader recollect, the Lord demands the *heart*—'tis not *enough* that the outward deportment be correct, there must be an inward change before we can enter Heaven.

"Ye must be born again," was our Lord's own declaration; but until we feel that we are lost and depraved—we shall never seek after renewing grace, never come to the Fountain till we feel our need of cleansing—never ask for pardon till we feel ourselves *guilty* sinners.

While in her seventeenth year she joined the church and thus publicly declared her desire to be the Lord's. On a sacramental occasion soon after, she thus writes, "again I was permitted to attend at the Lord's table. Oh that the feelings I there had, may not be forgotten. May I be kept and daily taught by the Holy Spirit, my mind more and more enlightened; may sin be a burden. Oh that I may be sincere, that the dear Redeemer would make me one of his own, impress His image on my heart, and give me to see my interest in his dying love. Blessed be his name, he does not despise or forsake the day of small things. I have never felt more of his love than at the close of the ordinance—his love in giving me a place among his children.

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while ther's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

Oh may I never be a Judas, but a Mary indeed. I desire *to know* him, and to love and serve him here, then I shall be made meet to set with dear relatives and friends in the church above.

Let these words, my beloved young friends be recorded as the voice of admonition from the *tomb*. Mary has passed into another world, but let her example serve to stimulate and encourage you to dedicate yourselves in early life to the Saviour. Give him your heart now. On another occasion she writes—"I am determined this day to give up myself to God, let others do as they will, I will seek the Lord. I am persuaded I shall never enjoy the comforts of religion, until I am *decided*. I hope the Lord has enabled me to resign myself to him. O thou compassionate Saviour, thou only canst keep my wandering feet in thy ways; O preserve me —lead me through this wilderness of sin, and prepare me for thyself." She deeply felt her need of divine teaching; she saw

her own weakness and insufficiency, and looked to the Lord for strength, and although so young, yet she considered life as very uncertain; and felt the great necessity of being prepared for death and eternity. While thinking on this solemn subject she remarks, "Oh! how rapid is the flight of time, in a very little while, and I shall know what *eternity* is. Oh! how anxious ought I to be, that I may be found prepared, that such thoughts may engage more of my attention daily; that it may be my earnest desire to *please God*, above every thing else, and to recommend religion by my walk and conduct—Lord help me." When her health began to decline, she thus writes, "Oh! what reason have I for thankfulness, that I am not laid upon a bed of sickness and pain, how great that forbearance, that tender mercy that spares me; Lord help me to devote health and strength and every mercy to thy service, Oh! that my greatest desire may be to be in the hands of the Lord, maturing for Heaven, and to be enabled to *do his will:* O Lord make me thankful for my mercies, but let me not rest satisfied with any thing short of an interest in the precious love of a dear Redeemer: nothing, nothing else will make me happy, may I daily pant and long for this more and more." At another time she says, "I am in the Lord's hands, and all that he does is right; he knows what I need; he may see it necessary to send me more affliction, yet I desire to remain in his hands, that he may make me what he would have me to be." This was written a very short time before her death; she had not an opportunity at the last, to make known her views and feelings, as the closing scene was very *sudden* and, to those about her, *unexpected*, though probably it might not be altogether so to herself; but blessed be God, the great work was not delayed to a dying hour: Oh! that all who may peruse this memoir, may feel as anxious to be prepared for a dying hour as she was, and, beloved young friends, that solemn hour must arrive *to you*, and you cannot tell how soon, or how sudden. Think then of the happiness of being *prepared*, of being *found in Jesus:* we must all appear before the judgement seat of Christ, and think what you would *then* give to have the *Judge* your *friend*. Oh! make this dear Saviour your friend *now*;

seek him as your portion *here;* and then he will be your *portion forever.*

It was dear Mary's great desire to be useful to the young, and as far as her delicate state of health would allow, laid herself out as a diligent Sunday School Teacher, ever kind and attentive to the children of her class, and ardently praying to be made the instrument of good to their souls. She also took much pleasure in the distribution of tracts while able, praying at the same time that the Lord would bless her humble endeavours. May her example stimulate and encourage the young to dedicate themselves to God and his service; to forsake the vanities and trifles of time, which can never satisfy, and seek after those pleasures and enjoyments which are always to be found in real heartfelt religion, and which alone can lead to eternal blessedness; remembering him who has said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early, shall find me." May it be the happiness of some young person who may peruse these pages, to think and believe with the dear subject of this memoir, that true happiness can never be obtained without decision in matters of religion.

"'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply,
Solid comforts when we die."

ANNE.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF C. L. K.

MRS. W.

HAVING been frequently assisted in training my children by suggestions contained in the Mother's Magazine, it occurred to me that I might possibly benefit others, by communicating for its pages a few facts in relation to a dear child of mine whom the Lord has recently taken to himself.

I think she was subdued to obedience, when between eight and ten months old. Well do I remember the first time it seemed necessary to inflict punishment, in order to teach her submission

to parental authority. Never can I forget the loud cries, the pleading looks, the dear little hand stroking my cheek, beseeching me, with all that simplicity and eloquence which is natural to such little ones, to desist. It was trying to a mother's tender feelings; but I knew that conquer I must, or my child would have reason to call me cruel, and that God would not hold me guiltless for neglecting this important duty. I persisted and she yielded, and was ever after an obedient child. She would sometimes manifest strong desires to have her own way, but when she found that her parents were *determined*, she yielded cheerfully, and I remember but one instance to the contrary.

After this victory had been gained, her father and I were ever on the watch to check the first buddings of self-will. We never felt that it was time lost to leave any domestic cares, to attend to the important business of inculcating obedience. We considered unconditional submission to parental authority the first step towards submission to God. We believed that a child who is not thus subdued from its infancy, will be very unlikely ever to yield to the will of its Heavenly Parent. Does scripture warrant any mother, ever to expect the conversion of her children, while she neglects this imperious duty? If she really desires such conversion, must she not require unconditional obedience when *very young*, and before self-will has taken deep root? Is not such a course the highest mark of *kindness* and *love* she can bestow?

In retracing the short history of my child, for she was but a year and eleven months old, when our blessed Savior took her to his bosom, I can see that very much may be accomplished in teaching children self-denial at a very early age. When she was about twenty months old, it became necessary, on account of her health, to deny her fruit and various kinds of food to which she had been accustomed. She seemed to feel it to be a great privation. She would sit on her father's lap at table, and point at certain things of which she was very fond, saying, "I want some that, papa," and watch wishfully as others were helped. When told, however that she could not have any, as we feared

it would make her sick, she would quietly submit, and cheerfully eat whatever was given her. She would frequently come to me, when she saw any thing preparing for the table, and say, "mama, that very dood; pease mama give Lilly little piece." If I denied her, she would walk quietly away, looking sad, yet appearing to be satisfied that I knew best. On one occasion some early apples were sent me, a fruit of which she was exceedingly fond. She put her finger on one, saying, "that so dood." I told her, I feared it would make her sick to eat apples. She looked earnestly at me, and said, "pease, mamma, let Lilly take, back in a minute;" meaning, that she would bring it back to me soon, if I would let her take it. I said, I am afraid you will bite it. She replied, "no, no," shaking her little head with much decision. I gave her one. She took it eagerly and looked quite satisfied, frequently repeating the words, "mama, that so dood." She kept it a long time, and then brought it back to me. Having observed where I had put these apples, she came to me the next day, saying, "pease let Lilly look; pease let Lilly take apple, back in a minute." I gave her permission to take one, and she ran into the yard and was gone from me about an hour, when she brought the apple back untasted. After this she came regularly every day until they were gone, with her little request, always saying "that so dood, mama." Once I recollect she came to me bringing the apple she had taken, in one hand, and a small piece in the other which she had bitten from it; and would not be satisfied till I had placed the forbidden morsel in the vacancy. She then pressed it down, with her little fingers, saying, "Lilly dood dirl now." She would take an orange and other fruit in the same way. I have seen her hold a plumb in her little hand, and when the juice would run through her fingers, and she ventured to taste a little, she would seem to recollect that she ought not, and put it down immediately. She had a sinful heart, and it at times, manifested itself. At one time she asked for a piece of bread, which I gave her. She looked angry and threw it on the floor, saying, "do'nt want that," and pointed to a larger piece. I said, you must eat the piece I gave you, if you eat any. She soon took it up

and ate it very pleasantly, and then came to me saying, "pease, mama, give Lilly, little more piece." This was one of many instances in which she manifested a similar spirit, which was always treated in the same way, and with the same good effect. Oh, how often does a mother need decision and firmness in *little things!* for these all tend to form the character; and that mother who will give up her better judgment to her child's perpetual humors, or fancies, or perhaps to its angry passions, is fostering a spirit of ingratitude, impatience, and disobedience towards herself and unhappiness in its little bosom. My sweet babe was a very happy child, and I attribute her uniform happiness and sweet temper chiefly to her having been early subdued, and always made to feel that her will must be subservient to that of her parents. Consequently she seldom fretted or cried; but always gladdened the hearts of all about her, with her cheerful prattle, her sweet smiles, and happy looks. But health and happiness are no security against death! Death came, and removed the sweet "Lilly" in an unexpected hour from the care and culture of her parents to the garden of God above.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF TROY, N. Y.

TROY, JANUARY 20TH, 1840.

To MRS. W.

DEAR MADAM.—You have expressed a wish to be notified of the formation of Maternal Associations, and made acquainted with incidents of an interesting character connected with their progress.

Without doubt, the reports which from time to time have appeared in your valuable Magazine, have contributed to the formation of similar Societies, and greatly encouraged those already in existence; It may therefore be wise to transmit some account of them, even when conscious that they are feeble in their commencement, and gathering strength but slowly as they advance.

In 1832 a few mothers resolved to organize a Maternal Association, among the members of the first Presbyterian church in Troy. The small number who engaged in its formation were not of the middle aged alone, for among them appeared the venerable disciple, whose children were all adorning a christian profession, as well as the young inexperienced mother, anxious to avail herself of every aid in training her beloved offspring for God.

Not long after our organization the hand of God visited us with affliction, and a beloved Sister who had accepted the office of secretary, was called from her labors on earth, to stand, we doubt not, in the presence of God, with exceeding joy, leaving to our watchfulness and prayers, an infant son, who survived his youthful mother, not many months.

Several years elapsed, and at their close we numbered few more as members, than at our organization. The stated meetings however, were attended with considerable regularity, and at times were deeply interesting. But a brighter day has dawned upon us, The sympathies of the church are in some measure enlisted, and Mothers, beginning to realize the overwhelming force of obligation resting upon them, are anxiously looking for light, to guide them in the fulfilment of their arduous and difficult duties.

If our meetings have been productive of no result, more favorable, than a spirit of enquiry, respecting the most appropriate means for educating the young immortals intrusted to us for God, and promoting habits of reflection and watchfulness on subjects most deeply interesting to the maternal heart, the benefits already conferred are incalculable. But we trust these are not all that will follow our social meetings. The friendly interchange of thought characterised by a spirit of kindness, has a strong tendency to bind more closely the chords of Christian affection and there are probably but few of our number, but can readily say when we separate, that we are nerved anew to encounter the difficulties, and through grace aiding us, to surmount the obstacles in the path of duty.

Our association now comprises 36 Mothers, and 106 children.

Ten of the latter have been the hopeful subjects of renewing grace. Two of the partners of our members have been brought from darkness to light, one of whom, to use the language of the bereaved widow, "is now we trust in heaven, beholding the face of that Saviour whom not having seen he loved, and in whom he was permitted to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

During the existence of this Society twelve deaths have occurred among the children, four sisters have been called to their rest, all of whom died in the triumphs of faith, and three husbands have been laid in the grave. In conclusion we would entreat the kind remembrance and the fervent prayers of our Sister Associations, that the little strength we have may be greatly encreased, that our faith and love may abound, while our unwearied efforts to glorify God, by training our children according to his commandments, may be succeeded and blessed, and to him be the glory forever and ever.

M. J. C., *Secretary.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE FIRST MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, NEWARK.

The arrival of the twenty-first Anniversary of this Society calls upon us once more to look upon the past, and to record the mercies or the judgments by which, as an Association, we have been visited. That death has not been permitted to invade this little circle of mothers, is surely cause for grateful acknowledgment. Some of us can speak of restoring mercy. When disease had laid them low, and there seemed but a step between them and death, then came the Great Physician and laid his healing hand upon them, and they are here to-day monuments of his power and love. There is a circumstance connected with the sickness of one of our sisters, which we cannot and should not forget. Just in the crisis of her disease, when life seemed like a flickering taper ready to expire, our meeting occurred, and we were permitted unitedly to commend her to the Saviour's healing

touch. That night her recovery commenced; and as we rejoice in its completion, shall we not record it to the honor of Him who hears and answers prayer?

But while with grateful hearts we look around on this unbroken circle, we cannot forget that death has entered more than one of our dwellings, and borne away three of the objects of our prayers, and of our love. Yes, we mourn the youth cut down amidst the hopes and usefulness of early manhood; the babe whose home was the bosom of its mother; and the little prattler suddenly snatched away in all the loveliness of opening childhood. But thanks be to God we mourn not without hope. She who has seen the grave closed upon one on whose arm she had hoped to lean, when enfeebled by age, and perchance when breathing out her last sigh, weeps indeed, but the tear of joy mingles with that of sorrow; for she remembers that the social and affectionate child, the amiable and moral youth, was by the grace of God, transformed into the professed and decided follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that too, when youth and health gave promise of lengthened life, and all of worldly good, that industry and enterprise have to offer; and when consumption, with its insidious dart, pierced his vitals, she saw him calmly relinquish the hope of life, and, fixing his eye upon the heavenly inheritance, and upon the Saviour who bought it for him, patiently and peacefully awaiting the coming of his Lord.

The mother whose tears fall at the remembrance of a first-born and only son, may rejoice in the hope that he was taken from her arms to the bosom of his Saviour; and that though he was not permitted while here to see the face of the mother whom he loved,* he may now gaze on the unveiled glory of the Saviour who redeemed him; and she from whom a Benjamin has been suddenly taken, just when he had learned to lisp the name of his Father in heaven, may rest in the belief that that Father has taken him to his own home, and will Himself teach him the great things that pertain to his kingdom. To such mourners we would say, *sorrow not*, as those who have no hope.

* A little blind child.

Four of the children, who were the last year written motherless, were made orphans by the death of their father, in August. One of them has recently become the wife of a clergyman whose mother was once numbered with us. Shall we not follow them both with our daily prayers for their eminent and lasting usefulness in their responsible station in the church of Christ?

We would record with gratitude the admission to the church of two of the children of this association; one of whom is the only son of a deceased sister, whose children, three in number, have all made a public profession since her death. One dear babe has been added to this fold. May he be early enclosed within that of the Saviour.

The introduction of Quarterly Meetings with the children, forms an important item in the history of the past year. We have held four, which have become increasingly interesting both to parents and children. At the last, we were favored with the presence of the Rev. George Whiting, missionary from Jerusalem, who addressed the children in a simple and impressive manner, and explained to them some of the eastern customs referred to in the Bible. We hope they will never forget him or the cause to which his life is devoted.

At our Quarterly meeting in June, the Second Association were invited to meet with us, and also Mrs. W. who addressed the children. An address to Mothers was then read by one of our members, which was afterwards published in the Mother's Magazine.

In this connexion we cannot but express our confidence in the increasing excellence of this periodical, and commend it to the perusal and prayers, and intellectual contributions of christian mothers.

Among the excellent articles brought before us, we may number "Humphrey's Letters." Indeed there is so much written on the subject of education, that it would seem that neither we nor our children need, *through ignorance*, go astray. But is this generation wiser or better than their fathers? Is there no danger that the multiplied paths to knowledge will perplex the minds

of the young, and at the same time tempt parents to relax in mental efforts and vigilant training, and leave their children to educate themselves? Above all, is there no danger that the simple and long familiar precepts of the Bible will be almost forgotten? These are questions of solemn import, as it respects not our children only, but the nation and the world.

Let but the time come when the Bible shall be the acknowledged statute-book of the parent and child, the master and servant, the ruler and subject, and you will see the reign of *righteousness*, and peace and order, established throughout the nations. On the other hand, let this blessed book be thrown aside, and the superstructures of modern philosophy, or infidelity, or false religion raised upon its ruins, and our families, our nation, the world, will present one scene of selfishness, misrule and crime. What gives such sanctity to the *domestic* relations as the precepts of this holy book? What voice can speak like that which says; "Provoke not your children to wrath, but train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "Children, obey your parents in all things." And what law could cement the *social* compact so firmly as that which enjoins "Honour to whom honour is due, tribute to whom tribute, fear to whom fear?" There can be no doubt that she who "*knows*, and knows *no more*, her Bible true," and has its precepts written on her heart, is better fitted to train up those who shall be blessings to the community, to the church and to the world, than she who possesses all other knowledge without this. Far be it from us to underrate intellectual cultivation. Indeed we hold it to be the duty of every woman to improve and add to her mental stores as she has opportunity. Neither do we undervalue the christian philanthropy which has added so much to the juvenile literature of our day. The names of a Gallaudet, an Abbot, a Sigourney, and a Todd, deserve a place in the grateful remembrance of both parents and children. In these refreshing streams we would rejoice; only let us not forget the fountain, but daily repair thither that we may drink and be satisfied with the unadulterated waters of salvation.

F. L. S. *Secretary.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS.

The substance of an Address, by the Rev. N. E. Johnson, made before the New-York City Maternal Association, Feb. 26, 1840.

There is scarcely any topic of reflection more deeply interesting to the Christian, than the relation which the present generation of Christian Mothers sustain to the progress of redemption, and to the great events for which the pious are looking as near at hand. In order to obtain a just view of this relation, it will be necessary to fix upon some grand point in the future, from which we can gain a correct view. For several reasons, which our course of thought will make sufficiently manifest, we select that great and solemn event, the DOWNFALL OF BABYLON, or the Destructon of the Beast, the termination of the great *Anti-Christian Apostacy*. It is not our design to urge any new theory, nor with any tone of unwarrantable confidence, insist upon a particular date; but adopting the interpretation of Newton and Scott, as not less probable than some more recent expositions, we are led to consider the year A. D. 1866 as the predicted time of that event. The Bishop of Rome was constituted universal Bishop and supreme head of the church, by the decree of Phocas, in the year of our Lord 606, from which, calculating the notable period of 1260 years, we obtain the date mentioned above.

Taking our station, then, twenty-six years from the present time we behold, in fulfilment of the 18th chapter of Revelation, the storm of Divine wrath descending upon Babylon. All nations are awakened and astonished by the event. When God, in former times, came down to destroy great systems of oppression, he manifested his wrath by special, visible, and literal judgments upon those places which had been the powerful seats, strong holds, and head quarters, of their respective systems. The whole earth was deluged with the flood. The plain of sodom itself was visited by the curse that was called down upon its inhabitants. The city of

Jerusalem felt the plagues which punished the unbelief of the nation. The great globe will be burned up in the day of general judgment. There is, therefore nothing in the order of Divine government to militate against a literal interpretation of the curse denounced against the New Testament Babylon

The curse that withered the Chaldean Empire, fell upon Babylon. The curse that hangs on the whole system of Ecclesiastical oppression, will fall most visibly upon the head quarters of its influence—upon the seat of the papacy. Stand, then, a moment by the burning city which has boasted herself eternal. Behold the ruin descending, and hear the shout, Babylon, the great is fallen!

What is to follow that event! The subversion of the whole kingdom and influence of *tyrannical*, national, and church government. The Word of God will ride forth, to make himself King of kings and Lord of lords. The church will be purified. The Beast and False Prophet will be destroyed. The Mohammedan power also will be overthrown, the enemies of God will be all slain, or converted, and the whole world come under the control of the gospel. The subversion of the Mohammedanism may come in 1894. The general restoration of the Jews, and their conversion, in 1941; and the full blaze of millennial glory in the commencement of the Sabbath of the world,—the last thousand years of time. Something like this will *probably* be the order of events for one hundred and thirty-four years *succeeding* the destruction of Babylon.

What is to precede that event! Twenty-six years of time—great purification of the church—great increase of knowledge—great revivals of religion—wonderful outpourings of the Divine Spirit—the gathering in of God's elect from the Protestant and Catholic nations.

This has been a principal of Divine administration in all former ages. First, mercy offered, then judgment following. So it was with the antediluvians, the Sodomites, and the Jerusalemites; so it is with individual cases; so it is with probation in the course of time and the general judgment.

Suppose this general representation to be correct, and then

Contemplate the present children, in their relations to these events.

The child, born in 1840, will be twenty-six years old at the burning of Rome. The child now ten years of age will then be thirty-six—the child now four will then be thirty—from thirty to seventy years of age they will pass through the dreadful slaughter of opposing nations—will mingle in the work of the Jews' conversion, and probably witness the destruction of Mohammedan imposture.

What is the bearing of all this, upon the present relations of mothers?

To the mother, it is given to sway the affections of the child, from their earliest development. From its birth to ten years of age, and even upward, the child is in her forming hand. The children of the church, at the present period, under ten or fifteen years of age, are in the hands of Christian mothers. The children, who are now nursed at the breast, or rocked in our cradles, or dandled upon our knees, or taught the first rudiments of knowledge, are to grow up amidst all this succession of sublime events,—are to be converted in early life, or early abandoned to destruction;—are to be employed, if converted early, in the deliverance of the church, and in the conversion of the Jews. They are to stand up amidst wonders, judgments, mercies, and revolutions.

Ought the mother of Moses, who was not so near the introduction of the Israelites into the land of Canaan, as the present generation of mothers is to the restoration of the Jews, to have exercised all her faith in behalf of her infant—then how ought mothers now to feel? Ought Mary, the mother of our Lord, to have rejoiced over the infant Jesus, in view of the atonement and the christian dispensation;—how ought also the mothers of the present day, with all the interest of a genuine faith, to look upon their children, who, in 26 years, are to be effected by the events connected with the termination of the remarkable period of 1260 years, and the destruction of Antichrist?

Mothers in Israel, let us recommend to you the example of

Mary, who *pondered in her heart* the predictions respecting her son. Reader, that your influence shall be good, exercise strong faith in the promises; contemplate the value of the Abrahamic Covenant; behold it about to develop the might of its gracious principles in the construction and preservation of its *thousand year's glory*? Let your prayers, and labors, and expectations, be all imbued with the spirit of that rich covenant of promise. Our limits forbid us to extend our remarks. We earnestly entreat all the mothers in Israel, to read and to think of these remarks. Have you Scott's Commentaries? Read carefully his notes on Daniel and on Revelation. The dates given above may be erroneous; but the great principle at all events is safe, that mothers are now training up their children for scenes of high and thrilling responsibilities!

Christian mothers in America! Realize your relation to the conversion of the world as you ought, and you can save the nation. Moral influence we must have, or the nation will sink. In connection with the present showers of divine grace, let the question be asked, Is it well with the *child?* and then, if the answer is affirmative, may we be assured it will be well with the nation, and with the world.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PLEA FOR DOMESTIC MISSIONARIES.

My family is one of those which has been laid under great obligations by the gratuitous transmission of the Mother's Magazine, through the liberality of favored christian friends in America. May I therefore be excused, while expressing my continued obligations for this most welcome donation, to plead for another class of Mothers, certainly as equally destitute of the means of paying for these monthly clusters of mature maternal counsels, and scarcely less in need of them? I mean the wives of our Home Missionaries.

Are there not enough generous hearted Ladies and Dorcases, and mother Eunices, and grandmother Loises, who will extend this rich charity to them? A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Lesson 21. History of Joseph.—Gen. xxxvii. 1—22.

In what land was Jacob's father a stranger?
How old was Joseph when he was feeding the flock with his brethren?
Who brought an evil report of him to his father?
Why did Israel love Joseph more than all his children?
What did he make for his beloved child?
How did his brethren feel, at this manifestation of his father's love?
How did they feel when he told them of his dream?
What was the dream which Joseph related?
What reply did his brethren make, on hearing his dream?
What was the other dream, which Joseph had?
To whom did he relate this dream?
What did his father say to him?
What feeling rankled in the bosoms of his brethren?
What is said of his father, in relation to this dream?
Where did his brethren go to feed their father's flock?
What proposal did Israel make to Joseph?
What reply did Joseph give to the proposal?
What was the father's object in sending Joseph to his brethren?
When he was found wandering in the field, what question was proposed to him?
What reply did Joseph make?
What information did the stranger give him?
Where did Joseph find his brethren?
When they saw him coming afar off, what did they say?
What did they propose to do with him?
What did they intend to say, to cover up their wickedness?
Who delivered Joseph out of their hands?
What proposition did Reuben make to his brethren?
What was Reuben's object in making this proposal?

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"How sweet to gaze upon thy placid brow,
My child! my child! like some unfolding bud
Of stainless snowdrop. Ah, how sweet to catch
Thy gentle breath upon my cheek, and feel
The bright redundance of thy silken hair,
My beautiful first-born! Life seems more fair
Since thou art mine. For soon amid its flowers
Thy little feet will gambol by my side.
Mine own pet lamb; and then, to train thee up
To be an angel, and to live for God,
O glorious hope!"

Fast fell the tears of joy
As the young mother spake. But deep within,
A foe was busy at the seat of life,
And other language than her own fond hopes
Was traced by dire disease. A hollow voice
In midnight visions warned her of the tomb.
The surge rolled heavy—yet there was a Rock
On which her soul found rest, though the frail flesh
Wasted away.

"The cup my father gives,
Shall I not drink it?"

So she bowed her down,
While that new tie which bound her to the earth
So tenderly, was cut—then stretched her hand
To the Redeemer, whom in days of youth
She served and honored, and went home—*went home.*
And now, Heaven bless thee, babe, whose tiny bark
Is launched, so lonely, on this tossing sea
Of time and change, and mid thy future course,
If here in our chill clime thy years unfold,
Bind her fair image to thy loving heart,
My little one, and let thy father hear
From thy young lips, the same rejoicing words
Of piety and peace, which thrilled his heart
With grateful prayer, when by his fireside sat
The chosen idol of his early love.

THE

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For the Mother's Magazine.

EDUCATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AFFECTIONS.

BY DR. HUMPHREY.

By the benevolent affections I mean all those kindly feelings towards others, which are so comprehensively summed up in the second table of the Law—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But for the apostacy, that bitter inheritance of the whole human family, these affections would early and spontaneously expand into full maturity, in every bosom. But alas, our children, dearly as we love them, closely as they twine around our hearts, "are children of wrath even as others." They are depraved and supremely selfish from the birth; and if the grace of God do not prevent, will certainly perish in their selfishness.

But, although no child comes into the world with a spark of Christian benevolence in its heart, the fall has not utterly obliterated those susceptibilities, which when quickened by the Holy Spirit, gradually ripen into the "fulfilling of the law." The first great object of parents should be, to educate their children for heaven; and when this is the case, they will "travail in birth with them again, till Christ be formed in them." But while they pray and wait for the blessing, there is much to be done in the way of moral culture. Children, while unconverted, have reason and conscience to be wrought upon; and by the presentation of proper motives, the selfish principle may not only be counteracted, but their little bosoms be made to swell with generous emotions. And here the moral instinct of a pious mother, is worth more than a whole volume of the wisest rules and suggestions. From

morning to evening, she watches every budding emotion, and even while she sleeps, "her heart waketh." Every selfish outbreak she instantly and almost magically represses. Every little plaything she transforms into a teacher of self-denial and benevolence. And what sight can be more charming, or instructive, than to witness the process. The child, 'ere it is capable of articulating a word, clings to its rattle with convulsive tenacity, and the mother wants it for another child that happens to be brought into the nursery, or she wishes to accustom her darling little boy to give up whatever he seems most fond of so early, that he may never remember when he was first induced to make the sacrifice. And what course does she pursue? Does she force the toy from her child? Nothing would be easier than to do it; but would such a compulsory process excite the slightest emotion of pleasure in his palpitating bosom? Would it not have directly the contrary tendency? The fond, but judicious parent, knows infinitely better how to touch the cords of benevolent emotion. While the tenderest affection beams in her own eye, and plays upon every feature of her countenance, she contrives by the soft and winning tones of her voice, to overcome the reluctance of the child, too young, indeed, to know why it yields, but not too young to feel the power by which its heart is so sweetly captivated. Experience has proved a thousand times over, that a mother who has the time, and will take the trouble, (shall I call it!) can bring her infant of a few months old, to give up any thing, not only without resistance, but with the greatest apparent cheerfulness; and this is what I call the first important series of lessons, in the education of the benevolent affections.

When, a year or two later, children begin to amuse themselves with larger toys, and to vociferate with a jerk and a scowl, "This is mine, and you sha'nt have it," then is the critical moment to interpose. Cost what it will, of patient effort and personal inconvenience, the parent must not leave the selfish little creature, till he is induced voluntarily to surrender the very thing which he most fondly clings to. And he must give it up for the sake of imparting pleasure to the playmate who wants it. The moment he

comes to this point, the selfish principle is vanquished, and the benevolent emotion which springs up and takes its place in his bosom, is a rich compensation for the struggle which preceded it. As in every trade and art, "practice makes perfect," so here, by accustoming your child to give up whatever another wants, and to seek his own happiness in the pleasure which he imparts by the sacrifice, you wean him, (so to speak,) from himself; and add new strength, from day to day, to the benevolent affections of his heart.

When he is old enough to look still further, and to understand that he was not born to wrap himself up in the silken folds of self-indulgence, but to do good, to relieve as much human distress as he can, you tell him how much better off he is than many other children in the world, and even in your own town, or neighborhood. You describe to him some scene of poverty and sickness which you have witnessed. It may be of a destitute family which you have just visited, when, in the depth of winter, the children have no shoes, nor rags enough to cover their nakedness, nor a house to keep out the snow, nor fire enough to keep them warm, nor bread when they cry for their suppers, nor comfortable beds, when they crawl away at night, to forget their hunger till morning. Or you make him sit down by you, on his little stool, while you tell him about a child like himself, that lies parched with fever, upon a few rags, in one corner of a miserable cabin, and destitute of almost every comfort. Or you describe to him another scene of destitution and suffering, still more deplorable, where a widowed mother, by the recent death of her husband, or thrice widowed, by his intemperance and brutality, lies pale and emaciated, on a hard couch without a nurse, or friend to minister to her necessities, and surrounded by her dependent and starving children. She supported them by her labor as long as she could drag her wasted and wasting limbs about the neighborhood, where her services were wanted. But that day is over. Her deep, hoarse cough, and laborious breathing but too plainly reveal the nature of her disease, and she cannot live.

Thus you describe what you have witnessed to your child, and his whole soul is moved within him. The tear of compassion glistens in his bright eye, and he instinctively asks, where that poor mother and her starving children are. "I wish I had something to give them. I hope the people will take care of them. I am sure they will not let them suffer." This is just what you wanted; is just the point to which you wished to bring your own sweet child. You tell him where the poor sick family is, and if not too far off, ask him whether he would like to carry them something for their relief. You see all his heart in his answer. He brushes away the tear, and wants wings to fly to their lowly dwelling. He wants to go on the same errand again and again, and you gratify him. You might carry comforts to the sick yourself, or might send by the hand of a domestic, but you have two objects in view: one is to relieve a poor distressed family, and the other is to draw forth and educate the benevolent affections of your own child. This last, you cannot accomplish, without employing him as the almoner of your bounty. He might weep over your picture of real distress, as he would over any fictitious recital of human woe, but to impress it deeply on his mind, he must be permitted to take an active part in relieving it. And here comes in that very important distinction, between active and passive *habits*. While repetition strengthens the former, it weakens the latter, that is, by merely listening to tales of woe, or even witnessing scenes of distress, without doing any thing to relieve the sufferers, the benevolent affections are blunted, while on the other hand, the active habit of ministering to the wants of the sick and the poor, imparts new energy to those affections.

Some parents make it a point, to take one, or more of their children along with them, when they visit the abodes of want and distress, that "the eye may effect the heart;" and this is a most excellent habit. What finer topic can a mother wish for, to discourse with them upon, when they get home, and by which to enforce upon their tender minds the claims and pleasures of benevolence, than such a scene furnishes? And when she has made

the most she can of it, in this way, how does it deepen the impression, to send the little messengers of kindness back, with such nice comforts, as they can carry. It is all the better, if they have something of their own, to put into the basket, with their mother's charities; for it will make them still happier, and more directly call into exercise their benevolent affections.

When a destitute family needs relief, or a number of poor children are to be fitted up for the sabbath school, or there is any other similar call for charity, it has a very happy effect, for parents to consult their children about the ways and means. "What can you do, *George?* Hav'nt you something you would like to give, *Charlotte?* How much of your little pin money have you got left, *Emily?* You were going to buy a new spy-glass, *Alfred?* Suppose you should give it up and see how much we can all make out for this emergency?" Such an appeal can never fail of exciting a lively interest, in the dear little home circle, and though the amount given should be of no great intrinsic value, it is one of the best practical lessons that a parent can give, in that branch of education, which we are here considering.

So in reference to all the great benevolent movements of the day, in which we live—it is a matter of pre-eminent importance, that our children should be educated to meet the demands that are coming upon them. Our low standard of giving, will never do for them. They are to stand nearer to the millenium than we do, and we shall have much to answer for, besides the meagerness of our own contributions, if we do not make the impression as deep as we can upon their minds, that the great use of property is, to *do good.* To this end, it behoves us to make them acquainted, as early as possible, with the miserable and guilty condition of the world, and to wake up their compassion, for the hundreds of millions, who have no sabbaths, no Bibles and no Saviour. To this end, let us put them, at the earliest period, upon earning, or saving something every month, for charitable purposes. Whenever the claims of our great societies are brought forward, let us accustom them to regard it as an appeal to them, as well as to us; and let us see that they always

have something to cast into the Lord's treasury. In one word, let us as parents, set a bright example of benevolent action, whenever there is a legitimate call for our personal services, or our money; and let it be our grand aim, in the education of our children, to train them up for the highest and best services of benevolence here, and for glory and honor and immortality hereafter."

For the Mother's Magazine.

A NIGHT ON BOARD A STEAM-BOAT.

It is a trite, but just remark, that every man is in some sense the maker of his own fortune. It cannot be denied that much of the happiness or misery that we suffer is the fruit of our own choice.—Still I think the remark peculiarly applicable to mothers and heads of families. Happy indeed would it be for the juvenile part of the community, if the ill effects of a wrong choice were wholly confined to the one who makes it. I was led to this reflection, on my return home from an excursion to the country, in that little Emporium of the great world,—*a Steamboat.* As the boat did not leave the wharf till late in the evening, being an invalid, and finding myself too weary to read, I took my station, at an early hour, in the ladies cabin, with little else to occupy myself, but to observe the different passengers as they from time to time sought their quarters for the night. Of all other places, I know of none, where a well bred lady may so readily be discerned from the common throng, as in a crowded steamboat cabin, at night; not so much by her external appearance, or "costly array," as by her easy, quiet, unobtrusive, dignified mien, and by her cheerful submission to the little inconveniences inseparable from such limited accommodations, and her refined and polite attention to the comfort and convenience of her fellow passengers. While the gay, bedizened, but vulgar woman seems to feel herself privileged to lay aside, even the common courtesies of life, with her outer garments, and to exhibit without

restraint her volubility, ill temper, selfishness, and an utter recklessness of the comfort and happiness, of every body else. I had scarcely seated myself, when a neatly dressed lady with a modest cheerful aspect, entered the cabin, leading by the hand a sprightly, rosy cheeked little fellow, of some eighteen or twenty months, who came laughing and bounding along as if every change was to him a fresh cause of happiness. I observed as the little fellow stopped at the door of the cabin, to take a parting kiss from "papa," that his mother with a manner which at once won her a place in my affections, entreated her husband not to lose the enjoyment of so fine an evening on deck, should it be necessary for her to remain below. Her husband merely observed that he would read awhile, but his countenance plainly intimated that the full moon, reflecting her bright and beautiful beams, across the wide expanse of waters, if beheld unaccompanied by the "bright particular star" of his own destiny, would be divested of half her glory. I at once drew a favorable opinion of this couple, and from the time of this seemingly trivial incident, I was led to observe more closely the conduct of this mother and son. The little creature seemed pleased with the novelty of the place, and his eye wandered rapidly from object to object, but he was particularly attracted by the gay silk hangings, and gilt ornaments, which decorated the room. His next impulse was to handle and examine every object. Instead of chiding or repressing this curiosity, his mother pleasantly led him to every part of the room where he wished to go, and permitted him to examine and even touch whatever he desired, at the same time impressing upon his mind the lesson, that nothing should be misplaced or injured. The child's curiosity was soon satisfied, and his mother proceeded to undress and wash him, without any resistance on his part, beyond a continued playfulness, which she neither attempted to restrain, nor yet suffered to prevent her from accomplishing her object. She then laid herself down by his side, and commenced singing a favorite hymn, in a low sweet voice in which the child attempted to join; and if his performance was not according to rule, it was evidently the out-gushing of a young

and happy spirit, and reminded me of the sun-set carrol of a summer bird, that is hushed to repose by its own melody. And so it was with this blue-eyed boy, for in a few moments he was slumbering so placidly by his mothers side, that I felt assured that if there were any complaints of "noisy children" that night, the disturbance would not proceed from that quarter. On perceiving that her husband was still waiting for her, she rose and gently drawing the curtains, she, stood for a moment, as if undetermined whether to leave her child; upon observing which, I offered to sit by his side, which offer she gratefully accepted, remarking that she might appear to be an over-anxious mother, but as her child had evinced a very nervous and irritable temperament, she felt that proper care now might save him from great suffering hereafter. For my own part, I took great pleasure in watching the countenance of this lovely infant, and now and then observed a transient smile flit over his features. I thought how sweet was the sleep—and how pleasant must be the dreams of such a guileless spirit, while under the fostering care of such a mother. And as I endeavored to contemplate his future destiny, I could not but think after the lapse of years, how the youth, and young man would probably love and reverence such a mother, and lay open his bosom with all its young aspirations, his fears and hopes to her, as his best and truest friend, and most able counsellor. Time wore away, till the hour hand pointed to ten, and the faithful mother was again at her post, when suddenly my musings were interrupted by the entrance of a noisy company, consisting of several women and children.

I learnt from the remarks of the elder part of the company, that they had been on a long jaunt the preceding day, and came there very weary and over-heated; but they seemed to forget that many besides themselves were seeking repose and refreshment in the same apartment. Two of the little girls belonging to this party excited my sympathy. The youngest could not have been more than three or four years old. They, as well as their mother, were expensively dressed, and had I taken merely a cursory glance of this group, I might have supposed them to

move in an elevated sphere. The children had evidently been kept awake much longer than usual, and being very tired and sleepy, they were consequently peevish and irritable. The mother was likewise weary and exceedingly fretful. After observing that she was too tired to undress them, she thrust them both into a low, uncomfortable berth, answering their intreaties for a glass of water, by a slap on the ear, and the promise of another if they did not instantly stop their noise. She then threw herself on a settee and was soon in a profound sleep. Not so with the children. The youngest of the two especially, continued restless and complaining.

At length I ventured to awaken the mother, and to suggest to her, that as her little girl was wakeful and appeared uncomfortable, perhaps something might be done to soothe her. But this was apparently considered an unwarrantable interference on my part, and produced no other reply than an angry reprimand to the child, and the promise of a "whipping" when she got home. This cruel conduct awakened the deepest sympathy in the breast of my friend of the preceding evening, and as soon as this unnatural guardian was again insensible, she softly glided from her berth and speaking in a soothing tone to the little sufferer, she gently lifted her from her uneasy couch. She then supplied her wants, and afterwards bathed her hot limbs in water. And after a few moments fanning her to sleep on her own lap, she laid her quietly back into her bed. How I wished that sleeping woman, who deserved not the name of mother, could have witnessed this simple, and unostentatious act of kindness in an utter stranger. What a reproof must this gentle treatment have conveyed, were she capable of one generous emotion. Morning came, such a morning, as must be actually seen and felt, in order to be fully appreciated. Oh the luxury of a mid-night hour after a sultry day! The rosy light came sparkling and shining across the ripling waters, and the neighboring landscape looked as if it had imbibed the first freshness of Eden. My nameless friend was already up, and her toilet soon made, and then bending over her sleeping boy in silence; I could not but fancy she was

breathing a hallowed prayer to that throne where "the petition of the righteous availeth much."

She parted back the bright clustering curls of the young sleeper, and with some emphasis spoke his name. Long will it be ere I forget the laughing joyous shout with which the little fellow started from his pillow,—as if the very consciousness of existence was perfect blessedness to him. He was soon dressed, though like the playful kitten, he twice broke from his mother and ran away with the towel, and once seized the hair brush and brushed her hair the wrong way. Yet there was no irritation, no ill-temper, and soon the rosy boy went bounding and singing to the deck, where the glad fresh morning was a fit emblem of his young and happy existence. I shall not attempt to describe the scenes, which two hours afterwards occurred in the same cabin. Disobedience and fretfulness on the one hand, and the hasty slap and promises of punishment, never meant to be inflicted, on the other, made up the principle part of the sad exhibition. My heart ached as I contemplated the probable fate of this miserable family. There sat a little girl whose sullen and determined look showed that she waited but for a fit opportunity to throw off the galling yoke of parental authority—And close beside her stood a cowering, timid, broken spirited child, who in spite of her fitful moods still clung to her mother. But I could not help thinking how easy it would be, in after life, for the smooth deceiver to steal the heart of this girl, and allure her from the abode, where of all others, she ought to have found sweet peace and security.

After having witnessed such a melancholy picture, my thoughts reverted to the many disordered and confused households, where smiling peace and confidence alone should dwell. I thought of alienated husbands; discontented and termagant wives and mothers; deceptive, unlovely and ungovered children; till my heart went up in fervent aspirations, that the female character might be so elevated and refined, that the name of woman should cease to be coupled with imbecility, and the bare mention of a family of children, conjure to the imagination a host of evils. When the minds of mothers shall be more universally enlightened,

and brought under the gentle sway of that charity which suffereth long and *is kind*—when they shall be more awake to the true interests of their children, and to the influence and necessity of a pure example—when they are willing to take more pains to seek and to deserve the confidence of their children; then may we hope to see the waves of infidelity and moral corruption stayed in their course, and the streams of pollution dried at their fountain. P. W. L.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HOW TO MAKE THE SABBATH PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE TO THE YOUNG.

There is scarcely any question more frequently, and seriously asked by mother's than, "How may the Sabbath be made pleasant and profitable to the young." The following excellent remarks on this topic were the production of Rev. E. Crisp, Missionary at Madras.

It must have occurred to almost every reflecting mind, that the work of bringing up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is one which requires much consideration; nor is there any question, connected with that work, more difficult, or more important, than this—"How may the Lord's day be employed so as to make it pleasant, and at the same time profitable? how can we combine that measure of restraint which the sanctity of the day requires, with that attention to the wishes, and the pleasing associations of the minds of children, which shall lead them to rejoice in it as 'a delight,' while they regard it as 'the holy of the Lord, and honorable?'"

If these two be separated, it is comparatively easy to secure either the one or the other. It would not be difficult to mark out a course of exercises and instructions, which should fill up the entire day; or it would be very easy to show how the day might be rendered agreeable; but how to combine the two, is a point which requires much consideration, and which deserves all it requires.

There can be no doubt, that by a want of judicious proceeding, on the part of some parents and instructors of youth, the Sabbath has sometimes been made so entirely irksome to the youthful mind—has been so entirely filled up with exercises comparatively dry and uninteresting—that its approach has been regarded with dislike, and its continuance felt to be only a weariness. We admit that this arises from the fact that the "carnal mind," even in youth and childhood, is "enmity against God;" but if what is prescribed to children, or required of them, be not suited to their age and capacity, and if no pains be taken to make the study of inspired truth interesting to them, we are chargeable with proceeding in a manner which unnecessarily excites and aggravates this enmity. It must be confessed, that the system pursued in some families would weary even a spiritual-minded Christian. Can we be surprised that it is felt to be irksome by the minds of children, not yet brought savingly under the influence of the gospel, so as to have any relish for divine truth for its own sake? No one can look upon such a family, and the melancholy restraint which attends the whole of the Sabbath, without inquiring, "Is this the day which the Lord hath made, that we should rejoice and be glad in it?"

On the other hand, nothing can be more plain, even to a superficial observer, than the necessity of proceeding in some way, which shall always mark the difference between the Sabbath and other days.

The amusements of the young must be discontinued, and their hilarity restrained, and they must be made to feel that, as on other days they are left at liberty to follow such pursuits as shall tend to fit them either to discharge the duties, or enjoy the mercies, of the present life; on this day, their thoughts are to be directed to another state, upon which they must soon enter, and for which they need a complete and divine preparation. Wo to the family, in which the opening of the Sabbath has nothing to distinguish it from the dawn of other days, but in which, lest the young should be disgusted with religion, the claims of God, and of eternity, are not pressed on them at all. How then shall we

proceed, so as to combine the two? How shall we make the Sabbath sacred as the day of God, and yet give it a cheerful and inviting aspect? We reply—

1. *As much as possible, supersede, rather than forbid, what you wish to have avoided.*

Whatever there be in the employments of other days, to which the young might be inclined to turn aside on this day, but from which you desire to withdraw their attention, let it be studiously considered what can be best put in their place; how shall we fill up the day usefully and happily, so that the want of those things which would pass time away may not be felt? It will be well to have every thing put out of sight, on the evening of Saturday, which is likely to excite wishes that we desire to prevent, and thus the occasion of evil may be in a measure taken away; but even when that has been done, if there be nothing else provided, we know that as surely as "nature abhors a vacuum," so surely will the young seek to fill up all unemployed time with what is injurious or unprofitable, if nothing better be systematically provided. It may be necessary, therefore, for those who have the care of young persons, to have at least in their minds—though they need not make it known—some *plan* of proceeding, which shall embrace a sufficient number of objects, and variety of employments, for the various branches of the family, who look up to them for their guidance, so that by directing one to one pursuit, and another to another, no one may have time to think of choosing for himself what may afterwards have to be forbidden, nor be left in that unemployed, and therefore unhappy state of mind, which must naturally tend to evil.

2. *Make the devotions of the family not only holy and profitable, but interesting.*

And so let us induce our children to delight to take part in them. Let our selections of scripture, and of the remarks of any commentator, have a reference not merely to our own edification, but an adaptation to the capacity, taste, and improvement, of all the members of our family who are likely to be present. And if we can with propriety assign a part to each elder child, and do

this as a distinction and a privilege, a great and important point would be gained. Fathers who are engaged in business, are sometimes obliged, or at least think they are obliged, by the pressure of other calls, to make the season of family devotion comparatively short: but on the Sabbath, happily free from the restraint and calls of business, they have more leisure to instruct and bless their household; and by this means a tone may be given to the whole family circle, which shall prove a salutary preparation for more public engagements.

3. *Consider what number and kind of public services can be profitable to the minds of children.*

They are generally fond of going to public services. If left to their own choice, they will prefer filling up the entire day, and the evening too, in this manner: but it must be very evident, that from the general, and perhaps unavoidable, character of public services, they are but partially calculated for the real improvement of those who are very young; and two services in the day, at the very farthest, are as many as they can be made to profit by. If they are taken to three services, there cannot be time for explaining and digesting what has been heard, nor can there be leisure for the employment of the more private, and equally important means of domestic instruction.

If, then, the *utile* and *dulce* are to be combined, there must not be a rapid and indiscriminate taking of children to public services: but there should be care in considering how far such services are in themselves advantageous, and what auxiliary means can be employed to increase their profitable tendency.

If public addresses and services were more adapted to the wants of the young, the case would be very different—but public services being what they are, it becomes every judicious parent and guardian of youth, to consider well, before he gratifies fully that love of attending them, by which, in too many cases, the opportunity for more private instruction is lost, and its obligation evaded. Let us, then, try to follow up and simplify in private, what has been heard and taken down in public, and do it in such a way as shall give a fresh relish to divine truth, and induce the

children to treasure up what they hear, in the hope of having it more fully explained to them at home.

4. *As to the interval of worship, or the time at commencement and close of the day, let there be a happy medium observed.*

Requiring no more than with assiduity may be easily learnt, and using arguments which shall carry conviction with them, and make the heart to feel that there is reasonableness and propriety in the whole. There is such a variety of works in poetry and prose, that no one need be at a loss in selecting what will suit the age of each of his family, and it is well always to accompany the recited lesson with some little explanation, or an illustrative anecdote, if one can be remembered at the time; and as it is impossible that the attention can be kept up during the whole day, there should be a season for unbending in an easy and quiet manner. Exercise in the open air in a retired situation will fit the mind for coming again, and with fresh energy, to profitable pursuits, and should not be withheld if it can possibly be given.

It has been suggested that a child of eight or ten years old may very profitably spend a part of the Lord's day in writing an exercise on some important portions of Scripture history, stating the facts with their reasons and consequences, in his own words. This is noticed by Abbot in his Fire Side, (Chapter 2, Part 2) and, as well as many other of his remarks, well deserves consideration. Whatever appeals to, and exercises the intellectual powers of children, will generally excite their interest, and may be made useful to them. If the evening of the day is devoted to domestic instruction, according to the good old custom, it may be well to form the whole family into a Bible Class, and have a free and unrestrained conversation on some selected portions of Scripture, inviting the remarks, and encouraging the inquiries of all; and there is scarcely any species of employment, which in general, will be more acceptable or profitable to the young than this.

The writer visited a church in Shropshire, in which the children of most of the members are accustomed to attend the Sabbath-school in the afternoon, and this plan has been found to be both pleasing and profitable. It is however, very difficult, per-

haps impossible, to lay down any rule, or suggest any plan, universally applicable. Circumstances vary with situations. All we are anxious for is, to direct attention to the subject; and if any of the numerous readers of the Evangelical Magazine can offer some additional suggestions as to the best and most profitable mode of proceeding, such remarks will be truly valuable and welcome.

Heads of families or parents, will see that a practical attention to the subject requires much of careful thought and patient industry. No great and important good is to be secured without a considerable sacrifice of time and labor, and the end proposed in this instance is so great, that no truly enlightened mind will shrink from the effort on account of the self-denial it involves. Put this down among the many things for which you feel your insufficiency, but for which you are warranted and encouraged to seek the Divine help and guidance. If you lack this wisdom, ask it of God, and he will give it liberally.

You feel the greatness and difficulty of the work, and the insufficiency of all human means to secure the concurrence of the mind, or produce any saving effect on the heart. Of this you have often been reminded, as we have proceeded—but let it not produce any thing like despondency. Let us rather go about our duty, feeling that there is a natural and established connexion between our employing the means God has ordained, and our securing the results he has promised. Very rarely will such a system of kind, cheerful, spiritual instruction as this, be pursued, without securing the good-will of the children, and producing benefits commensurate with eternity.

For the Mother's Magazine.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

From the Diary, of Mr. Cherry, Missionary to Southern India.

THE day on land had been calm and beautiful, at sea the wind had blown very strong but we knew it not, till informed by Dr. Steele who remained on board the brig.

We sailed four miles and reached the mouth of the river, a little after dark attempted to pass out to sea to go on board the vessel. We had our "long boat," which the captain assured me was perfectly safe; we found, when it was too late, that from some cause unknown to us, the surf had risen to a tremendous height. To attempt to return would jeopard our lives. The surf rose higher, wave upon wave rolled and broke as our little bark rode triumphantly onward. It was a fearful time, but go we must; there was no remedy. Now the waters dashed and foamed like the rushing of a mighty cataract! We were nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, and just about to pass the outer and highest surf, when lo, it rose high above us and in an instant we were swallowed in the sea. Our sascars (native boatmen) were like fish in the water, but their screams as they rolled upon the night air mingled with the roar of warring waves were dreadful; they started immediately for the shore. One of them dragged the captain with him to the beach and saved his life. Several times as I rose I caught hold of the boat, and was as often dashed from it. It whirled as if it were a feather and in my efforts to hold on I received several severe bruises. Finding that it was worse than useless I let the boat go and resolved to take hold on Jesus Christ with no prospect of saving my life. I lifted my heart to God and and stretched my arms for the shore. Sumatra's shore was not the shore of Canaan, still it was my duty to toil and struggle on while the Lord gave me strength. Every nerve was exerted to the utmost in struggling upward and downward, and by the blessing of God *onward*, as surf upon surf rolled and rose and broke and fell upon me with a torrent force. Amid my struggles I thought of dear brother T. D. Weld, while near drowning in Alum River; his mother at that same hour was at home praying for her son. The reflection forced itself upon me, I too have a praying mother and it may be that she is now kneeling at the altar of prayer pleading for me.

The Lord hears a mother's prayer and it may be I shall be saved. I thought too, of dear Brother Steele and rejoiced that he remained on board the brig. Did Jesus ever appear precious to

my soul, it was in that hour of deepest peril. Oh what a time was that! I felt myself to be between this and the world of spirits, probably never to return. Yet the language of my soul was, though the waves swallow me up and drown this body, yet will I trust in Jesus. When nearly an hour had passed away to the surprise of the captain and his men I reached the shore. They had given me up as lost. I had drunk so much salt water and was so entirely exhausted that I was unable to stand. In a little while a fire was built and by it we dried our clothes as well as we could and staid on the beach all night. Just before reaching the shore I saw a boat and asked for help but the hard unfeeling China men replied "we are going to our junk, help yourself." They soon found they could not go and came back. From one of them I bought a native cloth and was glad to wear it in native style as a shelter from the wind. The next day we hired a large native boat and the surf having fallen considerably, we crossed safely and again were on our vessel. The China men waited till night and then with some ten or twelve men in their boat they attempted to cross, in vain, for their boat was swamped and all were drowned! When I heard of it, I was much moved and felt that if I had been near them I would have plunged in for their rescue and rejoiced in an opportunity to show them the difference *between* a *Budhist's* and a Christian's heart.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER OF MRS. JOHNSTON.

TREMZOND, OCTOBER 10TH, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITTELSEY,

PLEASE to accept our warmest thanks for the four bound volumes of the Mother's Magazine you were so kind as to send us. No other present would have pleased me so well. I have been favored with the reading of the Magazine through the kindness of Mrs. Goodell, and no publication have I read with so much interest and profit. I read, and think, and ask myself what influ-

ence I am exerting over my own dear children, and lay down my book with the resolution that (with the help of God) I will hereafter try to be more faithful, more persevering in training them up for God.

But my dear Mrs. W. we live in a dark land. In Trebizond there are no praying mothers. Since the removal of Mrs. Jackson to Erzroom, I am the only female in the place who speaks the English language. Solitary and alone, my thoughts often revert to my own dear native land, where there are such a host of praying mothers, so many Maternal Associations, and so many well educated, serious minded children with whom my own could associate, and not be in danger of being ruined: But here, how changed the scene! no mother in Israel approaches our dwelling to cheer and comfort us. We never behold the cheerful countenances of a band of mothers met for prayer and praise, and a child well disciplined and religiously instructed is no where to be found. While the Missionary mother forgets not the many precious privileges her christian home affords to the proper and religious training of a family, she would raise her heart in thankfulness and gratitude to God, that she, in her early days enjoyed those privileges and that now, though in a foreign land surrounded by a wicked people, she be still disposed to gather her children around her and teach them of the only true God and salvation through Jesus Christ.

You will, perhaps, like to hear a few particulars with regard to the females of this city, and first, I will begin with the little infant. A short time since I called to see the mother of an infant but a few days old. It lay, bound hand and foot in a cradle upon a high bed filled with straw or fine shavings, its head was bound with two or three cotton handkerchiefs, its face covered with a piece of quilt, and the whole cradle covered with a large shawl. I thought the child would suffocate and told the mother her child needed pure air, and that if she kept it bound in that position it would suffer exceedingly. She laughed, and said that was their custom. The mother nurses her babe in this position by just turning the cradle one side, thus the child must eat without being permitted

to move its little hands and feet, which it so well loves to do, and which so much tends to promote its comfort and its health. Some time since I saw a child two years old which had never borne its weight upon its feet. The mother knew not the cause of its weakness, but it was no doubt occasioned by cold, and not having a free use of its limbs when very small. How often has my heart ached thinking of these poor babes, and when I see them thus bound, I often get the mother to unloose them, that I may give them one toss, thus relieving the little creature as well as my own feelings for the moment. The daughter remains with her mother till the age of eleven or twelve years when she is married. She never sees her husband before marriage. At the time of her wedding she is not permitted to see, speak, move, or hardly breathe. She is attended by one or two older females, who bid her when to sit and when to rise, and present her to the Bridegroom, who knows not whether he is taking Rachel or Lear or somebody else. After the marriage ceremony is over the young bride is taken to the house of her father-in-law, where she is placed under the tuition of her mother-in-law, in whom she often finds a hard mistress. For some years she is not permitted to speak aloud in her presence, and I am told, she is often chastised with the rod. She waits on her husband in all silence, and if she be intrusted with children, and her husband die, she can have no authority over them without the consent of her mother-in-law. Often the mother-in-law has three daughters-in-law under her care at the same time, and together with their children her household becomes large, quarrels ensue, and her family becomes a scene of discord and confusion. The condition of the young mother here is indeed to be pitied, and nothing can change it for the better but an enlightened mind, and a saving knowledge of the truth. What Christian mother can cease praying that the precious truths of the gospel may be made known to them, and its many blessings descend upon them? Before I close, I wish to give you a brief account of the funeral of a young Galin (Bride) which I attended the other day. At the time of her death we distinctly heard the cries and lamentations of her mother and

female friends. The men seldom raise their voices in lamentations; their expressions of grief are of a silent rational kind. The funeral took place a few hours after her death. The corpse was conveyed to the Greek Church, which was lighted, and the priests read for half an hour. I very much wished to enter the church, but as it is the custom for the women to stand without, I stood without also. As soon as the services of church were over a large copper platter filled with boiled wheat sprinkled with loaf sugar, was placed upon a shelf in the wall of the grave yard, a handful of which was given to each person to secure their prayers for the dead. All was confusion. The children were ungovernable, and the man who gave out the repast threatened to drive them away by force, some were talking, and some laughing, while all were seeking for a portion of the food with uplifted hands. When the corpse was brought out of the church the female relatives drew near, uncovered the face of the deceased, kissed her and made great lamentation over her. Notwithstanding there was so much going on unlike death and solemnity, this part of the scene was touching. I felt like weeping and did weep. They clung to the departed one till forced away to their homes. After they had gone, the corpse, which was placed upon a bier decorated with flowers, was lifted by a small carpet and laid upon the ground. It was laid out in a silk under garment, yellow silk gown, gold pieces of money were strung about her neck, and forehead, colored hankerchiefs around her head, under which was a pillow covered with deep red silk. The gold was taken from the neck and forehead, and placing three small candles in the clay cold hand of the dead, they wrapt her in a large piece of thick figured muslin, and conveyed the body to the side of the grave, into which a priest descended and taking the body in his arms, without coffin, laid it in its narrow house. The bones of other dead persons were first thrown upon the corpse, then the priest sprinkling on some dirt, and repeating something I did not understand proceeded to fill the grave. I was among the last to leave the church-yard. Plague and other things have prevented me from so minutely witnessing a funeral

scene before. The more I see, the more I am convinced that I live in a land full of ignorance and superstition. We beg your prayers for ourselves and for this people.

Affectionately yours, M. C. Johnston.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, OF SALEM STREET CHURCH, BOSTON, FOR 1839.

THE return of another year calls upon the members of this Association for a renewed expression of gratitude to Him who "hath hitherto been our helper."

In numbering this our twelfth anniversary, it becomes us to look back upon the way in which God hath led us: and make mention of the abundant goodness and tender mercies of our heavenly Father. As we look round upon our Association we find, with two exceptions, that no mother's heart has been made sad and desolate, because the ruthless destroyer has torn from her bleeding bosom some dear, cherished child; neither do the streaming eyes and disconsolate moan of orphan ones, remind us that, she around whom they were wont to cling with delight, and upon whose lips hung the words of reproof, correction, and instruction, to guide their erring feet in Wisdom's ways, is now cold in the slumbers of the grave. Still our mothers are left an unbroken band, and still most of our children are spared as prisoners of hope. While disease has been in our midst, in some of its most dreadful forms during the past year, surely we have much cause for gratitude that "the destroying angel" has numbered but *two* of our lambs among his victims. "What can we render unto the Lord for all his mercies?" But while we thus feel, let there be, also, thorough searchings of heart and deep contrition, for our unfaithfulness in that we have done so *little* to clothe our children with the "robe of Christ's righteousness."

We can record but *one* hopeful conversion among our number during the past year. Would it have been thus had our children

seen by our every day deportment and conversation that it was our *great* object to train them up for Heaven?

Let us mourn over our coldness and apathy, and here in this united manner pledge ourselves to greater diligence and faithfulness in future. Let the bereavement of our sister, remind us that *our* children *too* are mortal, and what we do for the salvation of their souls "must be done quickly."

But while we mingle our thanksgiving together, that *we* may yet hear the sweet sound "*my mother*," we would not forget to "mourn with those who mourn." Most *deeply* would we sympathize, and most *tenderly* would we feel for our sister who, in a manner so sudden and unexpected, has been called to perform her last office of love, and gaze with her *last fond* look of affection, upon those precious gems of her earthly treasure. But we would say to her, sister, mourn not, for

"Their death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care:
And he will *surely, safely* keep
Your lambs who're resting there."

"Yes, and there comes a joyful hour,
When you shall *meet* again—
When the last trumpet's roaring voice
Shall rend the tombs in twain."

But another of our mother's too, sits in tears and clothes herself in weeds. But wherefore does *she* weep? Not that her little ones are sleeping in the dust, no, but—ah! a *stronger* cord is broken, a *tenderer* tie is severed. He upon whom she was wont to lean as her staff and depend as her counsellor, he who was wont to sympathize in her sorrows and participate in her joys, with whom she walked to the house of God, and knelt around the family altar, upon whose knees her *children* sported, and whose presence lighted up her home with smiles and gladness, even *he* has gone to the land of silence.* Well may she weep, for Jesus wept at Lazarus' grave. But, sister, your husband "is

* Mr. C. W. Woolsey, one of the passengers of the ill-fated Lexington. He left a wife and seven young children to mourn his loss.

not dead but sleepeth." A few more sorrows and a few more joys, and the morning of the resurrection comes and he shall wait to greet you home, to *his* home in Heaven. While we as a band of wives and mothers mingle our tears with those of our mourning sisters, let these afflictive dispensations excite us all to greater diligence in our Master's service.

The quarterly meetings of our association have been pretty well attended, averaging sixteen mothers and from sixteen to twenty-eight children. Our Pastor has usually been present, which has contributed very much to heighten and increase the interest. Our monthly meetings have averaged from five to ten in attendance. In April it was thought expedient to change the day of our meeting from Wednesday to Thursday hoping in this way to increase our number, but they remained about the same until September, when another effort was made and we have since averaged from twenty to twenty-three. But even this number seems by far two small, when we remember that we have the names of fifty four mothers, enrolled as members of our association. If *mothers* wake not to their duty, where is the future hope of the church?

At the commencement of the year there were remaining in the treasury ten dollars seventy cents. To this, an addition, of fifteen dollars fifty-five cents, has been made by the mothers and children, making twenty-six dollars twenty-five cents, which has been appropriated for the purpose of constituting, our Pastor, the Rev. J. H. Towne, a life member of the Children's Friend Society. A contribution, of two dollars, *has*, also, been made by the mothers for the purpose of obtaining a little work, entitled "My Baptism," for the children of the association. May the spirit of God accompany these little messengers, and lead the readers to unite in the consecration made by their parents.

C. L. G. A.

Boston, January 29, 1840.

THE

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For the Mother's Magazine.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

THE ordinary province of Natural Theology, is to prove the existence of a God from nature, and set forth certain attributes of the Deity, as such, it is the first step in all religion, and becomes the basis upon which the superstructure of Christianity is afterwards erected. As a means of establishing our faith—of rearing barriers against which the waves of infidelity cannot prevail, it is a subject of infinite importance in the circle of religious study and contemplation. It has, however, another use, which is, to teach us ever to connect the ideas of God with his works; to get us into the familiar habit of viewing the natural objects around us, as speaking witnesses of the intelligence, activity, and presence of the Great Creator, Preserver, and Governor.

The importance of Natural Theology, in this view, becomes especially manifest, as a matter of education. It is in youth that habits are formed; that tracks are laid in the mind and heart, upon which the locomotives of thought and feeling aptly and easily run. Let us see then that good habits are established in our children; while we are expending such vast sums on rail roads to expedite the traveler, let us not forget the high interests of these immortal travelers, bound to another world, and committed to our guidance.

With these brief prefatory suggestions as to the influence which natural Religion may be made to exert, we shall present a series of articles on this subject, from the author of Peter Parley's Tales. These will consist of a Lecture which he has delivered in several places, and a part of which has been incorporated into Parley's Farewell.

We particularly commend these chapters to Mothers; if they wish to peruse the subject more in detail, we refer them to Parley's Farewell. EDITOR.

THE AUTHOR OF NATURE, A THINKING AND ACTIVE BEING.

CHAPTER I.

IF you present an ingenious or curious toy to a child, one of his first questions is "who made it?—*who made it?*" as if it must have a maker. Now, who taught the child this philosophy? who taught him that where there is an effect, there must be a

cause; who taught him that whatever exists must have an author, and that whatever shows contrivance and design, must be the work of a contriver—a designer—an intelligent and thinking being? Did the child learn this mighty truth from observation?—or is it one of those instincts which can only be traced to Heaven, as light is ever seen to flow from the sun?

However this may be, it is an universal fact that mankind do believe that whatever exists is produced by some adequate power; that whatever is designed to accomplish some end, is the work of intelligence.

This is an universal belief of mankind; it is a belief which comes upon us whether we will or no. If you see a stream of water conducted through a trough, so as to fall upon a wheel, and that wheel so constructed as to be turned round by it, you know that these are the work of intelligence. You see design, contrivance—and you believe, in spite of yourself, that these had a designer and contriver. You cannot resist this belief—If you see a clock, with hands pointing out the hours and minutes of the day, and measuring the motions of the sun, even though you have never seen it before, you mark the design—the contrivance—you see that here is a thing intended to accomplish a certain end—you see that this end is attained by the use of various ingenious devices; and you therefore know that it is the work of a thinking, intelligent designer and contriver. You know that such a thing could not be the work of accident—and you adopt, without hesitation, the belief that it is the work of a being that thinks, plans, and executes—a being of mind and action.

All this is obvious and admits of no dispute. But are our habits of thought and action consistent with this principle? In speaking of the various objects which meet our view, we are accustomed to make a distinction between works of art and works of nature. Of the former, we habitually speak as if they are *made*, and seem to feel an instinctive interest in their makers; of the latter, we are accustomed to speak as if they are the result of accident or chance, or some blind law of the universe, and therefore demand not our investigation, or claim our sympathy. A traveller, who

meets with the relics of some ruined city of antiquity, pauses and looks with intense interest upon the scene. He marks the dilapidated temples, the mouldering columns, the crumbling corridors. He sees and knows that these are the results of contrivance and design; he knows this as well as if an angel from Heaven assured him of it, and his imagination becomes busy with the contrivers and designers of these works. He goes back to the period when this spot, now marked with desolation and solitude, was peopled with living and breathing men. He endeavors to recal the scene over which time has thrown its mist. He sits down by some fluted column, and marks the still lingering traces of admirable workmanship. His sympathy is kindled for the artist, tho' he has mouldered in the dust for ages. He knows that a mind was once there; he knows that there was a fellow man, endowed with a glowing imagination and a skilful hand. He knows all this, and such is his interest in this unseen individual, that he yearns to see him, to hold personal intercourse with him. "Would that I could have seen this artist" says he, in his reverie. "Would that I could have known him—that I could have spoken with him—that I could have grasped his hand in fellowship." And such is the vivacity of interest thus excited, that the imagination, ever obedient to our wishes, presents the living form of one who has slumbered for centuries, and to this creation of the brain, the heart of the dreamer pours out its sympathy.

Such is the train of thought excited by the works of man: of these works, we never doubt that they are the result of intelligence. We always speak of them as *made*, and feel a lively interest in their makers; even the child wishes to hear something of him who designed and executed his toy. But we act otherwise in respect to the works of nature. If a man is passing over a field, and there finds the skeleton of some animal, a horse, or an ox, he does not pause to examine its ingenious workmanship and seek, through a study of it to learn something of him who contrived and designed it. Yet that skeleton is well worthy of such a study. Look at it as a mere piece of machinery, and tell me where there is a more ingenious contrivance—mark the jointed back-bone and see how

anxiously it is wrought. Mark the whole structure, and see how every joint is shaped and polished, for its purpose, and how one part is fitted to another. And could all this be the result of accident? As well might the water wheel of the mill be the result of accident. Why then is it that the observer does not feel an interest in the author of this wonderful machine, and why is he not led by a deep and earnest intent to study into this work, that he may learn something of its author? Why does not nature habitually lead us up to nature's God?

The answer to this question would lead to a field of enquiry, too wide for our limits. It is sufficient for our purpose to mention the fact that we are accustomed to speak of the works of nature as the result of blind accident, or unthinking destiny. We are not apt to connect trees, and plants, and animals, and all the phenomena of earth and heaven with an intelligent author. We do not habitually see in the springing flower the hand that designs, creates and sustains it; In truth, our current habits of speech and thought lead us to separate creation from the creator. We speak of every thing as the work of nature, and this, seeming to lay no claim to our sympathy, becomes the impassible gulf which arrests the farther progress of our thoughts.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

GREAT EVENTS HANG ON LITTLE THINGS.

SUPPOSING a little boy was walking out into the fields on some fair day of autumn.

As he bounds along, he sees something on the ground, which looks round, smooth like an egg. He picks it up. It is an acorn. He carries it a little while, and then throws it away. It is a small affair, and useless. The poor little acorn lies forgotten. The ox comes along, and treads it in the ground, without ever knowing it. It lies and sleeps there in the ox track during the

cold winter. In the spring it swells. The little sprout peeps out; a root grows down, and two little leaves open on top of the ground. It lives and grows, while men live and die, and while many a storm beats upon it. It is now a giant oak. It is made into a mighty ship, and laden with goods; she sails round the world, and does her errands at many hundred places. She bears the flag of her nation at her mast, and her nation is honored for her sake. What great things may spring from small ones! Who would have thought that such a little thing could contain the mighty oak in it? Besides this, that one tree bears acorns enough every year, to raise a thousand more oaks, and these, every year bear enough to rear ten thousand more.—Thus a whole forest may be shut up in the little bud of a single acorn;—what great things may be found in little things!

I wish to have you see this so clearly, that you cannot forget it, because it will be of great use to you all the way through life.

In a dark night, there was once a ship coming into one of our harbors. She had been to India on a long voyage, and had been gone a year or two. She had a very costly cargo, or load on board. The captain and all in her, were hoping and expecting soon to see their friends and their homes. The sailors had brought out their best clothes, and were clean and neat. As they came bounding along over the foaming waters, and drew near to the land, the captain told a man to go up to the top of the mast, and "look out for the light house." The light-house is a high, round kind of a tower, built on the points of the land, with great lamps lighted every night in its top, so that vessels may see it before they get too near the land. This light-house stood at the entrance of the harbor. Pretty soon, the man cried out, "light ahead!" Then they all rejoiced, and knew that they were near the harbor.

Now, while they had been gone, this light house had been removed to another place. But the captain knew nothing about that. So they kept sailing in what they supposed was the old way. In a short time, the man at the mast head cries out—"Breakers ahead!" That is, rocks just before us, and the ship is

just on them. The captain just cast his eye out on the dark waters and saw the white foam over the rocks. In a moment he cries out, "Starboard the helm!" Now see how much may hang on one little word. The man at the helm mistook the word and thought the captain said "Larboard the helm." So he turned it the wrong way. It was done in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye. But it was turned the wrong way, and the ship struck on the rocks the next moment, and was dashed into a thousand pieces. The cargo was lost, and every soul on board, except one or two, were drowned. All this hung upon one little word, one little mistake. If that word had been understood right, she would not have been lost. One single mistake, small as it seemed to be, brought about all this ruin and death. Do you not see how plain it is, that great results may turn upon very small things? One moment of time turned the scale, and property and lives all go down into the deep. There the goods are destroyed, and there the human beings sleep till the great morning of the resurrection day.

In the New country—that is, in those new states where the great forests are now cut down, and where only a few people live, the fire sometimes, when it is dry in the autumn, gets into the woods. It burns the dry leaves, the dry limbs and twigs, and dry trees, and even the green grass. Sometimes it gets so hot that no body can go near it. It leaps from tree to tree, burning and cracking, and rushing on like a fierce army to battle. A thousand war horses could not make more noise; and in the night it throws up its flames, and is seen a great way off. Sometimes it goes almost a hundred miles before it can be stopped. Now, see what this has to do with my lecture.

A little boy was playing one day just at the edge of the woods. His mother was gone; and though he knew it was wrong yet he went into the house and brought out some fire. He felt that it was wrong, but thought that nobody would ever know it.—He played with the fire awhile, and it did no harm. At length, the wind blew a spark into the woods, and the dry leaves caught—they blazed—the whole woods were on fire. On the fire went,

kindled into a great flame, raging and burning all before it. For whole days, and even weeks, it roared and raged without hurting any body. But one day when the wind blew hard, it burned on faster and more awfully. And as it swept through the forest, it passed by a small new house, which a poor man had just built; almost in the middle of the forest, on some land which he had just bought. The man was gone away. When at a great distance—he saw the fire, and hastened as fast as possible. But O, what a sight! The woods were all burned black. Not a leaf was left. They looked like a funeral. His little house and barn were burnt up, and what was worse—his faithful wife and little child—all were burnt up. On the spot where he left them happy in the morning, nothing was left but a pile of smoking ashes.

All this, all this, because that little boy disobeyed his mother, and played with the fire! How much—how very much, may hang on little things!—*Todd's Lectures to Children.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

* * * "The last thing I have to say about the character of Jesus Christ is, he loved his mother. * * * The Saviour was nailed to the cross. The whole weight of his body was suspended from his lacerated limbs, and here he had to hang, hour after hour, till life actually sunk under the power of suffering. But even here he did not forget his mother. He gave in the most touching manner possible, his dearest friend a charge to be kind to her, to protect her, to take care of her as long as she should live. He did this, however, almost by a word, for under such circumstances it was torture to speak. 'BEHOLD THY MOTHER.' That was all; but it was enough. Now let me ask each one of my readers, whether young or old, who has a mother still in life, as you shut this book at the close of this chapter, to go and devise some act of kindness and affection for her in imitation of the dying example which the Saviour set us. Do something to cheer

and comfort her; even if it is no very substantial act of kindness, it will bring gladness to her heart, as a memorial of your remembrance and affection."

THE CORNER STONE, page 70.

MY MOTHER.

How to my mother, shall I fully prove
Th' extent and power of my filial love;
For words and actions feebly and in part
Reveal the deep affections of the heart?
Perplexed, I turn to Him, the living Way
And Guide to truth, to Him, I'll humbly pray:—
Saviour! who didst thy mother with affection view,
Oh, deign to look upon and bless *my mother* too?

H. M. S.

New York, February 28th, 1840.

For the Mother's Magazine.

SELECTIONS FROM FENELON,

BY A LADY.

SOME thoughts and passages contained in this Book are, I think very appropriate for Mothers, especially the chapter on the education of girls. He says, "Of all the difficulties in Education, none are comparable to that of educating children who are difficient in sensibility.

Children of lively sensibility are liable to terrible faults, passion and presumption lead them astray, but they possess great resources; and often return from afar.—We can stimulate them by a principle of honor—whereas on indolent minds we have no hold. All their thoughts, are wandering; they are never where they ought to be.

In some children we are very much deceived at first: we mistake animal spirits for intelligence. Hence it is that promising children who are educated at five years of age, fall into neglect and are forgotten as they grow older. Of all the faculties of

children, reason is the only one on which we can depend; if we cultivate it carefully it always grows with them."

The chapter on "Piety" is also very good, particularly the latter part, where he leads us to examine ourselves upon these four questions; whether our zeal be not imprudence under the pretext of religion? Our *prudence* is not earthly-mindedness? Our devotion, is not the effect of natural temperament. Our charity, is not an amusement? Under the third question he says, "Every where we see men who disfigure religion by vain attempts to make it accord with their own caprices. One is fervent in prayer, but he is insensible to the miseries and weakness of his neighbor. This woman is fervent and scrupulous in works of supererogation, but unfaithful in the most common and positive duties; she fasts and prays, but she does not restrain her pride or the violence of her temper."

In reading the stormy debates in Congress, and our State legislatures, where so much uncontrolled, ungoverned temper is manifested, I feel that the evil commenced far back in the *nursery*,—that the mother *there* failed to subdue the *will* and control the temper, suppress pride and conquer selfishness. If not done then, the case is almost hopeless,—grace will assist some to know and conquer self, but the instances are rare; the housekeeper will continue to scold, fret and fume, the statesmen and the politician to vituperate and condemn, and all the worst passions of our nature be exercised.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION IN THE ELEVENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

MRS. WHITTELSEY,

IT is with mingled emotions of humiliation, gratitude, and praise that we enter on a review of by-gone years, as we now in the good providence of God are permitted to assemble on the *third* anniversary of our Maternal Association. It was with much

weakness and trembling that we were led to enter upon a union of this nature. The labor of conducting such a meeting profitably—the disposition manifested by many to shrink from responsibilities in sustaining such an effort, and the unbelieving fear that we should fail at last, operated for a long time to prevent our attempting to do, what we are free to confess, was not only our imperions duty but our high privilege.

During the autumn of 1836, the minds of two or three mothers in our church, being deeply impressed with a sense of their obligations to their offspring, invited the co-operation of their sisters in the formation of an association for mutual counsel and prayer, to which twelve others cheerfully responded, and soon after organized themselves into a society called "The Maternal Association of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia." We continued to meet weekly for more than two years, but finding it inconvenient to attend the various social meetings in the church, and to sustain our Maternal meeting with interest, we have recently met on the afternoon of the first Monday of the month, for conversation, reading and prayer, with the hope of securing the divine blessing upon our endeavors to train up our children in the fear of the Lord, and to encourage each other by our experience and sympathies to persevere in our arduous work.

Of the many mothers who have signed the constitution at, and since our organization, only twenty-two remain upon our list, and these twenty-two mothers (two of whom are widows) are the natural and spiritual guardians of ninety-one children, most of whom are still strangers to grace. We would record the goodness and mercy of the God of the covenant, in permitting us to see three of our dear charge coming out from the world, and publicly devoting themselves to the Lord, and another during a long and distressing illness, evinced so much of the spirit of christian meekness and submission, such a knowledge of the plan of salvation through the merits of a crucified Saviour, and an entire willingness to depart,—that we doubt not he is now among the redeemed in glory; and may we not indulge the pleasing thought that he is there as among the first fruits of our prayers and efforts? the

case of this dear boy of eleven years of age, and three lonely infants are all, that have been removed by death; and no mother has been called to render up her solemn account. We have a small library which is kept in constant circulation; together with the Mother's Magazine, which is eagerly sought and diligently perused, and hearing of the formation of a Maternal Association in Southern India, at a station where two members of our church are laboring, we were happy to forward from our very limited number a few volumes for their use.

And now when we call to mind the refreshing seasons we have enjoyed while at the mercy seat, the strength we have obtained for times of trial and conflict, the doubts that have been chased away by the seasonable presentation of some precious promise from the God of the covenant in his holy word; we are ashamed of our former sloth and unbelief, and desire amidst all discouragements to persevere in our duty, and we would say to our sisters, to whom with us are intrusted the training of the Lambs of the flock "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

We would fain make such an appeal to the mothers who are in the communion of our church (more than one hundred and twenty-five in number) as would arouse them to action—we would remind them of the nature of the trust committed to their hands—we would speak of their solemn responsibility to Him who has thus placed under their immediate influence and control, im mortal beings, who will witness for or against them at the judgment day. O did we but feel the value of the trust reposed, the honor conferred upon erring mortals like ourselves in thus becoming co-workers with God in leading our offspring into the pastures of his grace—did we pray more *with* and *for* our beloved children in private, and watch more diligently the first indulgence in acts of disobedience and crime of every sort—did we realize as we should the uncertainty of our stay on earth, and the waves of guilt that will dash upon us when we pillar our heads in death if we live in the neglect of known duty, how would we awake from this sinful apathy and gird up our loins and betake ourselves to our Bibles, our closets, and to the place where united supplication is

joined with deep Maternal solicitude, and there renew our covenant vows, and call upon Him who is evermore ready to bestow than we are to solicit.

In conclusion, we desire at all times to cherish a sense of our own unfaithfulness, while we have a strong conviction that every mother owes it to her Maker, to whom she has dedicated her children in holy baptism, and also, to herself and her *dedicated ones*, both as it relates to this life and the life to come, to avail herself of all and every help within her reach, to assist her in discharging such high and weighty obligations,—and does she not shut her eyes against the light and refuse the aid a kind providence is holding out for her assistance, while she habitually refuses to join the Maternal Association, which unites prayer and instruction with holy christian fellowship, and thus secures the co-operation of united wisdom and piety. Dear sisters at this interesting season when the Lord is evidently among us, humbling his children, and awakening careless sinners, shall we not present these objects of our fond affection to the Saviour for his blessing? here are our children, we may be the means of saving them, and then they will shine as stars in our crown forever and ever—*we* shall shine as stars or sink in endless night. Shall we be as stars or blots in creation? E. G.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE NEW-YORK CITY MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Extracts from the Report presented at the twenty first Anniversary of the New-York City Maternal Association held in the Broadway Tabernacle, Feb. 26, 1840.

[This Association consists of the members belonging to the individual Associations pertaining to the several Congregations of the city in which they have been organized.]

* * * * * * * The happy influence of our semi-annual prayer-meeting, on the last Wednesday in October, will long be remembered. For a few preceding years, the numbers that attended had been greater than could be accommodated in any

private apartments, and in accordance with a vote passed at our last annual meeting, the morning of that day witnessed three bands of mothers assembled in different parts of the city for humiliation and prayer; but though visibly separated, we believe one spirit animated each heart.

One of the secretaries writes thus:

We rejoice to say it was a sweet season of christian communion. We contemplated the Saviour's readiness to grant the petitions of every heart, and of his condescension in saying to each of us, "What wilt thou?" Thank-offerings were presented by some of our number in view of various tokens of God's favor during the year. Requests were made by several mothers for their unconverted children, and for orphan children in the Association. Our attention was also directed to the rich blessings embraced in the covenant made with Abraham. The time was chiefly spent in prayer, interspersed with selections from scripture, and we felt it to be a hallowed season. We had come together in much weakness and with trembling hearts, but we trust we received the fulfilment of the Saviour's promise, and that he was indeed in the midst of us. He seemed to whisper peace to our souls, and show us that while waiting on the Lord, our strength was renewed.

We have had the happiness of hearing within a few weeks of the conversion of two individuals, who were made special subjects of prayer at that time, one of them the son of one of the earliest members of this Association, who has often been remembered in our united prayers at the mercy-seat.

Of another meeting, says the Secretary, "I am persuaded none left that praying circle without the impress of the Spirit's power upon her heart. The 51st Psalm was read. It seemed appropriate to our lips to utter the language of penitence and self-abasement, as we remembered our unfaithfulness to the spiritual interests of our children.

The mingled magnitude and delicacy of the part assigned the mother, in guiding the development of infant affections, oppressed our hearts with anxiety; but Christ, our strength and righteous-

ness, was revealed to us in a manner calculated to refresh our faltering faith, and lead us to confide in him as a perfect Saviour, through whose mediation our dear children would be sanctified and fitted for his service.

"The importance of encouraging those we meet in the daily walks of life to share with us the benefits of social communion and prayer, was urged upon each of us, that we might cheer the obscure and way-worn mother, whose daily toil prevents the fulfilment of duties which her burdened heart craves; and by this means these rich blessings may be more sanctified to ourselves."

A third Secretary writes thus:

"While every heart seemed sweetly subdued at the foot of the cross, there was manifested unusual freedom in prayer and conversation; the whole tenor of this meeting reminded us of the sweet breathings of desire for spiritual blessings expressed by the Poet:

> "As in soft silence, vernal showers
> Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
> So in the secrecy of love,
> Falls the sweet influence from above."

"The first topic of prayer was the salvation of our *own* dear children. This object was felt to be of infinite moment, and this a favored spot, and now an accepted time, to present our requests at the mercy-seat on their behalf. We appeal to every mother present, when we say, did not our hearts burn within us, as we communed together; and did not Jesus, who was crucified, seemingly draw near, and in the fulness and freeness of his love whisper to our trembling hearts, 'Ask what thou wilt and it shall be done unto thee?' 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.'

"Feeling it to be a sweet privilege thus to come together as a band of christian sisters, to weep together, to bear one another's burdens, we were led to consider the trials and deprivations of our missionary sisters, sitting solitary, beholding their children daily exposed to the perils of heathen examples; we felt constrained next to bear them on our hearts to a throne of grace; and also two sons of missionaries, who for the last four years

have been under the care of Maternal Associations in this city, that they might speedily be converted to God."

In this connection, we beg leave to present an extract of a letter lately received from one of these youth, now in Quebec, to a member of one of these Associations, in which he speaks of attending a social meeting on New Year's evening, consisting of those belonging to the church, and says, "I may almost dare to say, this was the means in the hands of God of my confessing myself on the Lord's side; at least I hope it was. When I came home, I opened my mind to Mr. L——, and propose to-morrow to visit my pastor. If this has been the case, we will have reason ever to be thankful to the kind providence of God in sending me here. In the meantime, my dear friend, do pray for me, that the impressions I have received may not be in vain; pray that I may not resist the Holy Spirit now, lest he should flee from me, and *I be lost, for ever lost!* And do not, I beg of you, forget my dear brother; remember in what a situation he is, surrounded by temptation; pray for him, exhort him, entreat him to turn to the Lord 'now, while it is an accepted time, and a day of salvation.'"

The reports of the last year that have been received are from only a portion of the Associations; but we have occasion for gratitude for the evidence they give, that on so many the dews of heaven have gently distilled, and that the smiles of our covenant-keeping God have rested on us all.

One Secretary says, "We have been permitted to maintain the even tenor of our way, with almost unbroken ranks. Though death has taken one little lamb from our fold, yet we rejoice in the confidence, that she is safely enclosed in the fold of the good Shepherd above. We have invited our pastor to be present at the quarterly meetings, to examine and instruct the children; and this arrangement promises to be productive of much good, as there is evidently an increased interest excited, and a much fuller attendance secured. He also preaches to the children once a month: and we now number four or five among them who have given their hearts to Christ since our last report; and others are

inquiring. Our Association numbers thirty-one mothers, and ninety-two children.

Another remarks, "In retrospect of the past year, we have cause for deep humility; there has not been that interest manifested on the part of mothers which there would have been, did we realize that every soul committed to our care is a *soul saved*, or a *soul lost*. We have had three new members added to our Association and five little ones; death has also been in our midst, and called away two of our children, one in early infancy, another after the waves of trouble and sorrow had passed over her, but we have the precious consolation that she has entered into her rest, and is safe in the arms of her blessed Saviour, who was all her trust. There has been one conversion among our children.

From one Association, whose report came to us a year since, with the lamentation that so few of the youth had recognized their obligations as children of the covenant, we now receive the pleasing intelligence that a number of their little ones entertain the hope that they have passed from death unto life, and others are seriously inquiring what they shall do to be saved. This Association has been privileged in aiding to strengthen new Associations in two feeble churches, in consequence of which, the number of mothers now attending on their meetings is somewhat reduced; but even by this number more than thirty-six dollars have been contributed during the year for the support of two children of missionaries. We cannot but believe, that as they have long sown in tears, they will soon come rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

Another report says, "While as a maternal band we look back upon the way in which the Lord hath led us, we may truly say, 'goodness and mercy have followed us.' Eight years ago our Association was formed, since which period it has pleased our heavenly Father to call away only one of our members; the lambs of our flock are all spared. Nine have been received into the church militant, and are preparing, we trust, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit for the church triumphant.

"Six new members have been recently added to our number.

We cannot but hope there is a growing interest amongst us in this precious cause. We have the countenance of our beloved pastor to encourage us, and his public as well as private prayers in our behalf. We consider that to this, under the influence of a higher power, we owe in a great measure the blessings we have hitherto enjoyed. In compliance with his divine Master's parting requisition, he gathers the lambs together and feeds them with the 'milk of the word.'

"We desire to record with gratitude the recent conversion of the son of our directress. Himself a parent, he has been the object of a mother's solicitude and of our united supplications for many years. Let this encourage us to persevere in prayer for our children; believing that 'in *due season* we shall reap if we faint not.' We also acknowledge our Father's goodness in answering our *repeated* petitions in behalf of an only daughter. To use her own words, she is enabled, through grace, to say, 'I *know* that *my* Redeemer liveth!' It may not be improper to add, that in both these cases the first impressions were manifested on the day in which their believing mothers sought the prayers of this Association in their behalf. Many of our children are more than usually tender on the subject of religion at this time, and of one little boy we entertain the sweet hope that he has been born of the Spirit."

One Association, that has for five successive years acknowledged the tender mercy of God in preserving all its families unbroken, now calls upon us to sympathize with them in the loss of one of its earliest members, and says, "she has gone to render her account before God, not only of all the relations she sustained in life, but what renders her death peculiarly solemn to us, is that she has also gone to render her account of her meetings with us.* We cannot doubt that her heart was in this object, for while her health permitted, it was her delight to be with us. During the month of August, her little son of four years old was suddenly removed from earth to bloom in the paradise of God. Under this

* Mrs. Mead formerly of Canandaigua.

severe trial she was calm and submissive; he was a peculiarly lovely child, and possessed in a great degree those endearments which were calculated to entwine around him the tenderest fibres of her heart; yet when the Saviour called, she gave him back: though the struggle was severe, faith triumphed, and she could exclaim, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his holy name.' Ten days after she had committed her little one to the tomb, she was called to a still greater test of her faith, to yield herself into the hands of God; the summons came, but it found her neither dismayed nor terrified, but with sweet composure she committed the partner of her bosom and the children of her love to the care and protection of her covenant-keeping God, and fell asleep in Jesus. She has left two children, who by this providence are thrown upon the sympathy and prayers of this Association.

"One mother has had the privilege of seeing her daughter make a public consecration of herself to Christ; some of our children give hopeful evidence of conversion, and others are now deeply anxious. We cannot feel that we meet in vain, while some of our members assure us, that as they retire from these scenes of prayer, their love for their children increased, their confidence in God's promises strengthened, their cares lightened, and their homes and family circles more endeared to them. We believe our prayers have not been hindered by one discordant feeling; but these seasons will be remembered, if we are ever so happy as to meet in glory, as some of the sweetest moments spent by us in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears."

From another report we collect the following instances of encouragement—"The devoted faithfulness of a mother has been signally blessed in the deep religious impressions on the minds of two of her children. The heart of the youngest, now absent from home, has for a long time been much affected concerning the interests of his soul, and his tenderness on the subject so great, that for more than a year past he has been unable to converse on the state of his feelings without being overcome with emotion; but from time to time he writes to his mother a full

expression of his heart; his piety has been as gradual as it is mature. It will probably not be long before these two brothers unite with the church. There are many, we trust, belonging to this Association who are endeavoring to train up their children in the fear of the Lord, and already some of our little ones have that love for prayer, and sorrow for sin, that in the course of the day they have taken their mother's hand, to ask her to go and pray with them."

One Association which was organized a year since, with seven mothers and seventeen children, has received additions till its number is nearly doubled. The Secretary writes, "We find our meetings both pleasant and profitable; and it would rejoice our hearts to see all who have the same weighty responsibilities resting on them, which we have on us, looking for aid from the same source. Our pastor has usually been present at our quarterly meetings, and has been very successful in gaining the attention of the children, and in adapting his instructions to the youthful capacity."

Another, after acknowledging with gratitude the preservation of both mothers and children through the year, the addition of new members, and the happy influence of their social interviews and seasons of prayer on the hearts of all, adds, "We feel convinced that our mistake, and perhaps that of many others, has chiefly consisted in failing to reach the conscience in our attempts to convey religious truth; and when we have secured some degree of feeling and attention, in remitting our earnestness, from the persuasion we had gained a vantage-ground, which the adversary of souls would not be able to wrest from us.

"We encourage ourselves with the hope that Christ has recently become the portion of a few of the dear children connected with our Association.

"The contributions of the children have been appropriated to the education of a heathen child in India."

From one Association which was formly united with us, but in consequence of the disbanding of the church was dissolved, and its members scattered in other circles, we have received this testi-

mony: "Those of us who know the preciousness of such meetings could not sever the ties which so tenderly united us, as mothers, without deep regret and sorrow. We shall never cease to be grateful that we were thus united, and trust we, and our offspring with us, will rejoice in it through eternity. Two or three professed their faith in Christ, and there is reason to believe that some others have given their hearts to the blessed Saviour. During the last year of our meeting, we were permitted to rejoice in the conversion of a *mother*, who seemed much interested in our object, and was desirous to attend our meetings. We felt that it was an encouragement to welcome all such as had a desire to come. Though we cannot change the hearts of our children, we can sow the seed and water it with our prayers and tears; and if faithful, the blessing will surely come; but if, through sloth or self-indulgence, or any other sin, we fail of securing the blessing in early life, what years of sorrow and days and nights of anguish must we endure while we watch their downward course; and if God in his infinite mercy should at length pluck them as brands from the burning, how will the beauty of the Saviour's image, which might have been fairly imprinted in childhood, be marred by a long course of sin; how will the precious plant, which might have been beautiful and strong, and abundantly fruitful in its growth, become deformed and blighted, and comparatively fruitless."

Some feeble Associations have been revived during the year; and one, which has just been formed, begs to be taken under your maternal wing. They say, "Do we not need the prayers and tears of matured, maternal piety, to water, to nourish, and cherish us? The church, to which this infant Association belongs, is likewise in its infancy, having been organized within the year. For the last few weeks the spirit of God has descended like showers upon the mown grass. The words of our youthful pastor have distilled as the dew upon the newly gathered congregation; and under these interesting circumstances, mothers were inclined to meet and unite themselves together to pray for their children, feeling that now, while the Saviour is near, they should bring their little ones to him, who said, Suffer them to come unto me,

and forbid them not. Sixteen mothers, with fifty-seven children, we now number, and expect more at the next meeting. Five mothers, with interesting young families, have, as we hope, recently passed from death unto life; they have listened to the word of God, 'Come thou and thy house into the ark.' Twelve family altars have been erected by heads of families recently converted.

"We are expecting great things at the hand of our covenant God; a rich cloud of mercy is over our little church, and shall not the strong faith of mothers drain its precious moisture for the lambs of the fold? Was it not to a mother that the blessed Redeemer said, 'Oh woman, great is thy faith?'"

In addition to the efforts of these Maternal Associations, semi-monthly meetings have been established by some of our number in connection with the Tract effort for the instruction of indigent mothers, who toil for their daily bread. Two of our mothers have opened their doors to receive such, and it is truly affecting to see them assemble, and sit with their babes in their arms to listen to the words of christian counsel and love.

Another circle of the some class are collected by an untiring laborer in the Sabbath-school cause. It has been a sweet privilege to solace these care-worn mothers by directing them to the sinner's Friend. In many of them we recognize the chastened unrepining spirit of the Gospel, and tears of maternal affection flow freely while they inquire how they shall bring their children to Christ.

One of this number, who is the mother of nine children, with heart-stricken tenderness poured out her secret sorrows and seemed to crave direction; we could only point her to Him who has power to subdue the heart of a ruffian. She thinks she has recently found her way to the Saviour's feet, and her pale, sunken face and delicate frame seem to bespeak an early resting-place in the grave.

Another who presented her impenitent son as a subject of prayer, remarked, "I have never until within a few days felt my awful responsibility as a mother." She has since had the unspeakable happiness of witnessing this son returning to the Saviour.

More privileged mothers may, in this sphere of labor, sympa-

thize with their condescending Lord, as they contemplate him washing his disciples feet. We cherish the hope that the time is not far distant when a mother's prayer-meeting of this kind will be established in every ward in our city.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

LESSON 22. HISTORY OF JOSEPH.—GEN. XXXVII. 23—26.

When Joseph came to his brethren, what did they do to him?
What is said of the coat which Joseph wore?
After stripping him of his coat, what did his brethren do with him?
What is said of the pit into which they cast him?
What did they do after they had cast Joseph into the pit?
What company did they behold approaching them?
From what place did they come?
With what were their camels loaded?
To what place were these Ishmaelites going?
What question did Judah suggest to his brethren?
What proposal did he make, concerning Joseph?
By what consideration did Judah urge his proposal?
What was the employment of the Midianites who were passing by?
Why were these Ishmaelites also called Midianites?
What did Joseph's brethren do with him?
For how much money did they sell Joseph?
To what place did the Ishmaelites take Joseph?
What did Reuben discover when he returned to the pit?
How did he express his sorrow, when he found that Joseph was not there?
What did Reuben say to his brethren?
What did they do with Joseph's coat? [bring it?
After they had dipped it in the blood of the kid, to whom did they
What did they say to their father? What reply did Jacob make?
What did he think, had become of Joseph?
What did Jacob do, when he though Joseph had been killed?
What did his children try to do for their father?

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ——.

[Our readers, who have been interested in perusing the articles in the Magazine signed CITHERA, will doubtless be gratified by the following tribute to her excellent character.]

"We shall all know what it is to pass alone through the dark valley of Death."

What art thou, dark and fearful Death,
Unknown—mysterious power—
Still dreaded, though thy withering breath
Draws nearer every hour!
Millions, thou conqueror of kings
Have passed thy gates of gloom
And every fleeting moment brings
New travellers to the tomb.
O! that from yon eternal sphere
Some soul might bend below,
And whisper to my longing ear,
What none, but spirits know.
And tell me of the valley drear.
O'er which thine arm hath sway,
The pangs unknown—the gloomy fear,
The terrors of the way.
But late there was an angel mind
That sought its native Heaven,
And left the beauteous clay behind,
For its frail dwelling given.
In the lone stillness of the night
I stood beside the bed,
Where shrouded in celestial white
Reposed the lovely dead.
There was no trace of anguish there,
By the last pang impressed
But all was calm and heavenly fair
E'en like an angel's rest.
"How blest thy lot," twas thus I spake,
Thou gentle child of song,
Thus early called, thy lyre to wake,
Among the angelic throng!
Too fair a flower for earth's bleak clime
Where gathering storms o'erwhelm,
Transplanted in thy sweet spring time
To yonder cloudless realm!

Tis not for thee, a seraph bright
This tear of sorrow falls,
Tis for the hearts that break to night
Within those lonely walls!
Thou wert their hope—their joy erewhile
Companion—daughter—wife!
How can they tread without thy smile
The dreary path of life.—
They'll miss thy voice so silvery sweet
Thy mildly beaming eye
And starting at approaching feet
Will fondly think thee nigh.
O come when night its shadow flings
Though beautiful, and blest,
Come hover on thy shining wings
Around their place of rest.
Sweet guardian, all their steps attend
Till life's dark stream be past,
Then with an angel band descend
And bear them home at last.
To heaven, that fair, unchanging sphere
Whose bliss, I long to know,
And yet I shrink with boding fear
Through death's dim vale to go.
Thou, who hast past the gloomy shade
And reached eternal day,
Say, was thy heaven-bound soul dismayed
Along the fearful way?
Would that those silent lips might speak
An answer to my heart,
But thou art voiceless— what I seek,
The dead can ne'er impart.
Voiceless! O no thou dearest best,
That smile makes kind reply
"Supported on my Saviour's breast
I found it sweet to die."
O! will no fears *my* soul assail,
On that approaching night,
When the dark monarch shall unveil
His *terrors* to my sight?
Jesus kind helper from above,
In that dread hour of doom,
O bear me in thine arms of love
Securely *through* the gloom.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

Is this habit of mind, to which we alluded in the preceding chapter, either wise or philosophical? What is nature of which we speak so often, and to whose agency we attribute such vast and varied results? The seed is cast into the earth, and it shoots up into a stalk, and this puts forth leaves, and flowers, and fruits; and we say this is nature's work. Now what do we mean in such a case? Do we mean that some power that does not think, that does not plan, devise, contrive, or execute—some power that does not act—produces these wonderful results? If we mean this, then we are involved in the absurdity of attributing actions to that which does not act; of assigning contrivance to that which does not contrive; of imputing thought, where there is no mind. We reason as unwisely as he who attributes a water wheel, a watch or a clock, to blind accident or unthinking chance.

To place this subject in its true light, and correct this current error, let us enter into a cursory examination of some of the works of creation, as exhibited in what are called the three kingdoms of nature, and see how clearly they are the works of a designing mind. In the first place, we turn to the vegetable kingdom. This we find distributed into an almost infinite variety of shrubs, plants, and trees. Every region is thronged with its appropriate vegetation. The meadows are decorated with flowers of every graceful form, and tinted with all the glowing hues of the

rainbow. The valley and the hill side, the marsh and the mountain have all their varied and appropriate garniture. Every climate, from the tropics to the frozen zone—every spot of earth—every portion of the sea, is marked with the energies of vegetable life.

In this boundless kingdom of nature there are, at least, one hundred thousand different species, and probably more. Yet throughout all these, it is to be remarked that they are propagated by seeds. Upon these, therefore, their continuance, their multiplication, and their dissemination chiefly depend.

Now let us go into the fields, and see how carefully the author of these works has provided for bringing these seeds to maturity. Let us go into a field of wheat, and observe how nicely the head, or ear, is wrapped up by the leaves to protect it from the chill evenings of spring, from the rain and driving tempest, and from the midday sun, until it is sufficiently hardy to bear exposure. The leaves are then gradually unfolded, and each seed, still protected with a case, is opened to the ripening influence of the season. Look at the peas in the garden, and see how they are encased in pods, lined with a pellicle, as smooth as velvet. Look at the ears of Indian corn; how securely they are wrapped in the husk, and tasselled with silk to admit the air, and yet exclude the rain. Look at the cotton plant, which folds its seeds in a luxurious bed as soft as down, seeming like the tender care of a mother for her infant. Look at the bur of the chesnut which defends the nut from birds and squirrels till it is ripened, and then opens to the magic touch of November's frost. Look at the walnut, encased in a bitter rind till it has reached maturity, and then shelled freely down upon the earth. Look at the acorn, the butternut, the apple, the peach, the pear, the plum, and see in all these, even while they are destined to contribute to the support of animal life, with what vigilant care, by what endless contrivance, what diversified expedients, the maturity and perfection of their various seeds, are secured. In all these, from the humblest plant, to the richest production of the garden, we see a fertility of invention, and a skill in execution which knows no bounds. In each

and all of these, we see incontestible proofs of a mind that thinks, plans and contrives—of a Being who resolves, acts and executes.

Let us go one step farther back, and consider the seeds themselves. How enfinitely varied are these in their forms and structures, and what surpassing ingenuity is displayed in every one of them. Consider the single seed of clover, and remember that within that little globe, not larger than the smallest pin's head, there is all the minute mechanism of the future stem, and leaves, and flowers. What ingenuity of contrivance is shown in this single instrument of nature's works! How infinitely does even this transcend the boasted ingenuity of man! How strongly does it set forth the fact that every portion of the vegetable kingdom is the work of a Being that thinks, contrives, and acts! How conclusively does it show that even in those silent processes which are going on beneath the soil, and which we pass by as too common to merit observation, the almighty gardner is at work, planting, watering and warming into life the myriad objects of his care.

And let us not omit another consideration which is, that every seed must receive that mysterious gift which we call life. But for this, it is only the shrouded corse that must forever sleep the sleep of death. If there be not some voice that bids it awake and arise from its lowly bed; some voice like that which said, "Lazarus come forth" and was obeyed—some voice that said, "Peace! be still, and even the winds and waves listened"—if there be not some voice like this to bid the silent elements stir the seed into life—its stem will never rise—its leaves will never shoot forth—its flowers will never be unfolded. Let the author of life withold his spirit from the vegetable kingdom, and every seed will rest in its tomb forever. In vain will it call upon nature, or nature's laws, for these live but upon the lips of the Almighty.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

RESTRAINING AND GOVERNING CHILDREN'S APPETITES AND PASSIONS.

BY DR. HUMPHREY.

THIS is a very important branch of domestic education, as well as of personal duty and discipline; so that upon every parent rests a two fold obligation. He is bound, not only to govern his own appetites and passions, but those of his children also. The process is different, and the degree of responsibility is different; but the duty, in each case, is imperative. If a parent does not govern himself; if he does not keep his own appetite within the limits of temperate and lawful indulgence; if he does not restrain and conquer his own evil passions, he is criminal, in the first degree, because he has a *direct* power over himself. He may "keep under" not only his body, but his "carnal mind," if he will. There is no antagonist power, but what exists in his own bosom—no other will, to overrule his purposes, or frustrate his efforts. If he does not govern the appetites and passions of his children, or in other words, if he does not succeed in educating them to self-government, and can honestly plead that he has been faithful in the use of all the appropriate means, including the influence of of his own bright example, they must answer for the rest, and not he. He has not their propensities and moral agency under his control, as he has his own. This is the difference. But still, he can exert a mighty influence upon the character of his children in this department of home education, as well as every other, and God will hold him accountable to the full extent of his ability.

It is surprising to remark, how early the appetites for food and drink, become vitiated by parental neglect, or overweaning indulgence. Every healthy child, has a natural relish for plain, nutritive food, simply prepared, without gravies, or condiments; and is it not the obvious duty of every parent to preserve this unvitiated appetite as long as he can? Do not the continued health and growth and happiness of young children require it? Can any body help seeing, that those who are brought up upon bread and milk and vegetables, with a sparing use of meat, and every

thing prepared in a simple way, are more vigorous and can endure all kinds of hardship and exposure much better, than those whose appetites are pampered, at a full and luxurious table? Confining children habitually to the diet which is best for them, is partly a matter of persuasion and partly of authority. It would be easy enough, were it not, that in most families, there are so many tempting articles always in sight, of which others partake with a high relish; and were they not too often secretly indulged, by nurses and housekeepers. With suitable pains, taken in season, almost any child might be induced cheerfully to abstain from rich and high seasoned food, or rather, might be so brought up, as to dislike it. Nature is simple in her demands, and where she is not thwarted, generally confers blooming health and length of days upon her children. Even after the mischief is done, that is, after a child has been injudiciously indulged for some time, in the use of rich pastry, preserves, &c. much may be done to check him, and to assist him in forming a habit of self-denial, by affectionately and frequently representing to him, how much it would be for his health and comfort, to partake of luxuries very sparingly, if at all. Under such a winning educational influence, he would find a moral power springing up within his breast which he had not been conscious of possessing, and by beginning early, would ultimately become the master of his appetites, and wean himself with less and less trouble, from whatever might justly be regarded as contraband. And where the resolution of the child is found too weak, to resist the hankering of a morbid appetite, it is the unquestionable duty of parents to interpose their authority; to remove the objects of temptation, and to prohibit the use of such things as are hurtful. The boy may think himself hardly dealt by, at first, and may plead for the indulgence with an importunity, which a fond mother does not know how to resist; but if she perseveres, till she has gained her point, he will thank her, all the best days of his life.

But how very different from this parental watchfulness and restraint, is the course pursued by many parents in the bringing up of their children. They are so far from resorting to restraint,

or repression, that they think the dear creatures ought to have as many nice little delicacies, as they want—especially when they happen to be unwell and their appetites are poor. A mother of this class, loves to see how exquisitely her sweet William and Mary seem to enjoy their raisins, fruit cake, and beautiful jellies. and cannot find it in her heart to deny them. Present gratification is allowed to overrule all the teachings of nature and experience. And what is the consequence? They lose their relish for every kind of simple and nutrimental diet. Their appetites soon become as morbid, as the most indulgent pampering can make them. Their digestive organs are cruelly, if not fatally injured. Pale and pimping, they present to every eye the melancholy results of that overweaning parental fondness, which alone fails to discover the mischief; but which, on the contrary, is pleased with an extreme delicateness of form and complexion, that promises nothing so surely, as a sickly life, and an early grave.

The appetite for drink, as well as for food, needs to be watched in early childhood, and confined, as much as possible, to the simple beverages of nature. In infancy, the child requires nothing but what it draws from the pure fountain of the maternal bosom: and afterwards, nothing, I am persuaded, is so grateful to the taste while unvitiated by stimulating drinks, as cold water, fresh and sparkling from the living fountain. Nothing quenches thirst like it; and what else does any body want to drink for? My belief is, that children would never relish either tea or coffee, if it were not for the beguiling infusion of milk and sugar; and I am quite confident, they would forever loathe and reject intoxicating drinks, if they were not cruelly cheated, at first, by various diluting and sweetening processes. Bring up your child in habits of the strictest temperance. Teach him to shun and abhor alcohol, as he would ratsbane. Let him see in his father, an example of total abstinence from inebriating beverages of every sort. Let them never appear upon your dinner table, nor be handed round among your friends, and it will be strange, indeed, if he does not grow up a hale and perfectly temperate young man. I know it is possible, that he may be surreptitiously brought under malign in-

fluences. The poisoned chalice may be presented to his lips, under sweet and aromatic disguises, and having once tasted it, he may taste again and again, till he likes it; till he hankers after it, and if not rescued, when he begins to reel upon the brink of the precipice, he may go over, or be dashed to pieces. It is *possible* that a son may be thus "snared and taken" and perish, as a reprobate, when the parent has, both by precept and example, guarded him as well as he could, against the danger. But it is not at all *probable*. There is, on the contrary strong reason to hope, that he will eschew all the diluted and villainous mixtures with which he may be tempted; and that he will live and die a sober, virtuous man. I believe, that in nearly every instance, where children imbibe the love of strong drink, it may be traced back to some neglect, to some indulgence, or to some indiscretion, on the part of parents. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

But the passions of children are to be restrained and governed, as well as their appetites; and the sooner you commence the process, in the nursery, the better. I have time only to glance at *Anger*, *Revenge*, and *Envy*.

To begin with *Anger*. We cannot pronounce this absolutely sinful, in all cases, because an apostle has said, "Be ye angry and sin not," but there is too much reason to believe, that in nine cases out of ten, the emphatical part of this injunction, is violated. Men are angry often enough—much too often—but rarely, I am afraid, without sinning. It is surprising to observe, how early and decisively, this emotion, or passion, begins to show itself. The very infant in your arms, will sometimes redden and strike, and throw back its head, and stiffen its little rebellious will, to your utter astonishment. After all the palliating explanations that maternal affection can suggest, there will still remain too much evidence to be got over, in any way, that the child's temper is up—in other words that it is really *angry* at something; and here the curb should be put on. Strong measures are not called for—they would be injudicious and absurd; but something may be done, to check and abate the emotion. Simply holding the little

fellow still for a few moments, till he feels that he is in a vice and cannot get out, may save many a mark of the plantain rod, when he comes to be two, or three years older.

Some children are naturally much more irritable than others. If they are not constantly watched and checked, their tempers get the mastery of them, long before reason and conscience come to their aid. The least cross, or affront, makes them angry; and if let alone, they grow up bond slaves to one of the most tyranical masters in the world. Till your child is old enough to rule his own spirit, it is your duty to rule it for him; and if you neglect this duty, he will have reason to complain of your unfaithfulness, when in after life, it costs him infinite trouble to conquer that bad temper which you might so easily have repressed, by a judicious and decided course of early discipline. The process is a very plain one; and when undertaken and steadily pursued, in the fear of God, rarely proves unsuccessful. Try it—it will cost time and some trouble—but try it faithfully. Check the first angry emotion which you perceive in your child, however early; and the next, and the next, and let nothing of this sort escape you. As soon as he is old enough to comprehend the simplest appeals to his reason and conscience, be ready to avail yourself of the advantage, and to follow it up, from time to time, and from year to year, till the habit of self government, is thoroughly formed. Almost any child, in its third or fourth year, can be made to see, that it is wrong to fall into a passion and strike, or in any way to injure other children. You can convince him, that the indulgence of such a temper, is a sin against God, and that he will punish it. As he advances, and his mind expands, you can reason and remonstrate with him, still more earnestly. You can show him that by giving way to an irrasible temper, he will make himself and his friends extremely unhappy; will forfeit the respect and confidence of all the best people in society, and put it in the power of every miserable blackguard, to disarm him of his self respect, and hold him up to ridicule and contempt. Such appeals, presented in the simple language of parental affection and solicitude, a lad ten, or twelve years old can understand per-

fectly; and how much sin and misery might be prevented, if all parents would watch over their children's tempers, and check every eruption of anger, with as much solicitude, as they commonly feel for their physical comfort.

Revenge, or the inflicting of pain upon any person who has injured us, for the sake of seeing him suffer, is always wrong. It would be hardly correct, perhaps, to say, that children are naturally revengeful; for revenge is sweet, only to a very depraved mind. At the same time, they commence their moral existence with so much native depravity, that under irritation, and in the absence of restraint, the odious passion is sometimes very early developed. The first step, perhaps, is mere retaliation. "The boy struck me and I will strike him." But this does not satisfy. If one boy is hurt a little, he must hurt the aggressor a great deal; and he soon comes, not only to think it perfectly right, to return every injury with double interest, but to feel a secret satisfaction in the pain which he inflicts. This is revenge. It may not be of a very decisive character, in its incipient manifestations; but if allowed to go on unchecked by moral restraints, it will ere long ripen into absolute malignity.

Now what is wanted, is a quick parental eye to detect it, the instant it shows itself, and a judicious and strong hand to repress it. Indeed, if you would guard your child effectually against the springing up and growth of this hateful passion in his bosom, you must go back to first principles, and teach him from the gospel, that retaliation in every degree is wrong; that instead of striking back, when smitten on one cheek, he ought rather to turn the other also. A very young child can be made to feel, that it is nobler to forgive, than to resent an injury. Undoubtedly, "line must be upon line and precept upon precept." You must enlighten his conscience. You must appeal, whenever resentment begins to swell in his breast, to the better feelings of his heart; and if in spite of all your vigilance and counteraction, he gets angry and begins to meditate retaliation, and to roll his little revenge "as a sweet morsel under his tongue," it places you at once in a very responsible position. Not a moment is to be lost. The en-

emy has gained a lodgement in his bosom and must be expelled. Give him time to fortify, and the deliverance of your child may become hopeless. Take up the matter at once, most seriously and earnestly. Show him from the Bible, how wicked it is to harbor a revengeful spirit against any living being. Dwell upon the subject till a deep impression is made on his mind. Exhort and assist him to form the opposite habits of gentleness, kindness, magnanimity and universal good will. Were all parents to pursue this course with their children, and to inforce their precepts by a corresponding example of forbearance and forgiveness of injuries, how rarely would those violent outbreaks of revenge, which are so frequent with misery and crime, be witnessed, or heard of.

Envy, though less violent and less malignant than revenge, is more common, as it winds its way more insidiously into the youthful mind, parents cannot be too much on the alert, to detect and crush it in the bud. It often erects its snaky crest in the nursery. One child has a prettier rattle, or a handsomer doll, or a nicer top than another, and it begets envy. So when children begin to go abroad, and compare what they have, with what they see in more wealthy families, their envy is very apt to be excited. Other children's clothes are handsomer and better than theirs, and they live in finer houses, and ride in beautiful carriages, and have nothing to do but play and enjoy themselves. All this and much more, that they see and want, is food for envy; and here the watchful and judicious parent, will feel the importance of guarding his children against a passion, which in its maturity becomes at once so hateful and tormenting, by reminding them, how many things they have to be thankful for, and showing them how sinful it is to look, with an envious eye, upon those whom God has been pleased to place in easier circumstances. Thus, by beginning early, and repressing the emotion in all its germinant manifestations, may parents prevent it from ever bringing forth those bitter fruits, which are seminally wrapped up in the bud. I might offer similar remarks upon the importance of restraining and governing all the passions, that lurk in the infant bosom, but it is unnecessary.

For the Mother's Magazine.

NOVEL READING.

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

The following article was prepared for the third edition of the "Young Ladies Guide," which is not yet published; and is inserted in the Magazine with the permission of the publisher; to follow up the remarks already published on the subject of *Children's Reading*:

It would hardly seem necessary to caution the class of persons I am addressing, against the reading of pernicious books; because serious piety generates a chastened taste, which turns away from whatever contravenes its spirit. Yet, as the question as to what kinds of reading are pernicious, is by no means settled, in the Christian community; and as the "last new novel" finds a place on the center tables of many professedly religious people, I have thought it might be useful for me, in this place, to enter into a discussion of the tendencies of this kind of reading. I shall not stop to define the terms *novels* and *romances*, because their popular acceptation is sufficiently definite for my purpose. Nor is it necessary to inquire whether there may not be exceptions to the charges preferred against them; because the objections lie against the general character of a whole class of writings, and grow naturally out of this general character. It would be strange, indeed, if there were no gems of intellect, no fine sentiments, in the deluge of productions, emanating from the exuberent imaginations of novel writers; but, to attempt to separate the precious from the vile, would be like diving into a common sewer, to hunt for pearls. "A judicious historian," says Mr. Hall,* "has said respecting the fictitious works of the last century,—and those of the present are no improvement upon them,—that, if we should divide them into a *thousand parts*, five hundred of these parts must be at once condemned, as so contemptibly frivolous, as to render the perusal of them a most criminal waste of time." *Four*

* Rev. S. R. Hall, late principal of the Andover Seminary for Teachers. I quote from his *Lectures to Parents*.

hundred and ninety-nine of the remaining *five hundred* parts, be pronounced positively corrupting in their influence. He describes them as full of representations which can have no other tendency than to mislead, corrupt, and destroy those who habitually peruse them, and especially those who give them a favorable reception. There remains then but the *thousandth* part, in defence of which any thing can be said. Even for these, it is impossible to claim any higher character than that of 'innocent and amusing compositions.' *This merit*, small as it is, is greater than can be conceded. All works are not *innocent*, which may be exempt from the charge of disseminating irreligion and licentiousness. If they convey false impressions of life, excite a distaste for its duties, and divert the mind from *real* scenes to images of its own creation, they are decidedly pernicious. This, to a greater or less extent, is the effect of all novels. Every habitual reader of them *knows* it to be the fact."

But, without further preliminary remarks, I proceed to specify some of the objections to novel reading; and in doing so, I shall endeavor to establish my positions by the testimony of compotent witnesses.

1. First, then, I remark, that *Novel reading produces an undue developement of the imagination.* That profound thinker, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm,"* &c., in his invaluable treatise on "Home Education," remarks that "The imagination and the imaginative sentiments are the very last to be developed, where nature takes her own course. It is the rich-colored chrysanthenum of the intellectual parterre. So late in their appearance are the genuine imaginative emotions, and so nearly do they bear upon the confines of personal or adult mental culture, that except in regard to certain commencements and preparations, the subject might altogether have been excluded as not belonging to Home Education." An American Medical writer, in a treatise on the influence of mental cultivation upon health, says the nervous system, being connected with the brain,

* Mr. Isaac Taylor.

is early developed, and becomes the predominating system, in youth; while predominence is necessary during the periods devoted to the increase of the body; but this great and early developement very much increases the liability to disease. He therefore concludes that, during this period, strong excitement of the feelings is in danger of producing such a preponderance of the nervous system, as to make it always easily excited, and disposed to sympathize with disorder in any part of the body; thus generating a predisposition to hypochondriasis and numerous afflicting nervous diseases. "Mental excitement," he says, "increases the flow of the blood to the head, and augments the size and power of the brain, just as the exercise of the limbs increases and strengthens the muscles of the limbs exercised." And, Dr. James Jackson says, "Extra developement and sensibility of the brain cannot take place, but at the expense of some function or structure in the animal or organic system; when, therefore, an undue share of the vital energy of an individual is directed to a particular organ, a proportionate subduction is made from some other."

Any sort of light reading is supposed to be less injurious to health than close study. But if these principles are correct, works of fiction, which strongly excite the imagination and feelings, must be much more injurious than study; and in the period of youth, highly dangerous. As the predominence of the nervous system is necessary, during the growth of the body, the opinion of Mr. Taylor, as to the late developement of the imagination, agrees with the analogy of nature; for it is the imagination which acts most directly on the nervous system; and we should naturally conclude that the wisdom of the Creator would delay its developement during the predominance of the nervous system. What, then, must be the physical effects of strong stimulants applied to the imaginative powers of girls in their teens? For this is generally the period when the taste for novels is acquired, and when their deleterious influence, in the permanent deterioration of character, is most severely felt. The danger is very great, at this critical period, as to the health of females, either that fatal diseases will be induced, or that such a permanent preponderance

of the nervous system will be created, as greatly to enfeeble the constitution, and destroy all balance of character. Just such injurious excitement is furnished by novel reading; and we need not go far to find examples of just such ruinous effects. "That excessive predominance of feeling and imagination," says Mr. Hall, "for which the infidel Rosseau was noted, is thought to have been chiefly owing to such a cause. Nearly his whole life, till eight years of age, was spent in listening to romances, read to him by his father."

The effects of this kind of reading upon girls, in the premature and disproportionate developement of the imagination, is thus described by Hannah More, whose extensive acquaintance with fashionable society, will give due weight to her opinions on such a subject:

"Frivolous reading will produce its correspondent effect in much less time than books of solid instruction; the imagination being liable to be wrought upon, and the feelings to be set agoing, much faster than the understanding can be opened, and the judgment enlightened. A talent for conversation should be the *result* of instruction, not its *precurser;* it is a golden fruit, when suffered to ripen gradually in the tree of knowledge; but, if forced in the hotbed of a circulating library, it will turn out worthless and rapid in proportion as it was artificial and premature. Girls, who have been accustomed to devour a multitude of frivolous books, will converse and write with a far greater appearance of skill, as to style and sentiment, at twelve or fourteen years old, than those of a more advanced age, who are under the discipline of severe studies; but the former, having early attained to that low standard which had been held out to them, become stationary; while the latter, quietly progressive, are passing through just gradations to a higher strain of mind; and those who early begin with talking and writing like women, commonly end with thinking and acting like children."

The following remarks of the same writer, apply with equal force, after the period of youth is passed. Speaking of the education of females, she says, "Though their imagination is already

too lively, and their judgment naturally incorrect, in educating them, we go on to stimulate the imagination, while we neglect the regulation of the judgment. They already want ballast, and we make their education consist in continually crowding more sail than they can carry. Their intellectual powers being so little strengthened by exercise, makes every little petty business appear a hardship to them; whereas, serious study would be useful, were it only that it leads the mind to the habit of conquering difficulties. But it is peculiarly hard to turn at once from the indolent repose of light reading, from the concern of mere animal life, the objects of sense, or the frivolousness of female chit-chat; it is peculiarly hard I say, to a mind so softened, to rescue itself from the dominion of self-indulgence, to resume its powers, to call home its scattered strength, to shut out every foreign intrusion, to force back a sprig so unnaturally bent, and to devote itself to religious reading, to active business, to sober reflection, to self-examination. Whereas, to an intellect accustomed to think at all, the difficulty of thinking seriously is obviously lessened."

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

No relative duty is of paramount importance to filial obedience—including, by implication, the counterpart duty of parents to children. Domestic relations regulate all others. You may judge pretty nearly what is the condition of a people, and what their prospects, if you can get a glimpse into their domestic polity. If all be right here, you need not have any very serious apprehension that there is much radical wrong elsewhere. The child, that has been brought once to yield to parental rule, is in no very great danger of being disobedient and refractory to *the powers that be.* He will make a good citizen. If, under the parental roof, he have learnt rightly to discharge family duties—if he have acted well

the part of a child, a brother, a sister, or inmate of a household, he will scarcely fail to make a good citizen, a good neighbor, friend, or parent. Every family is a society, a government or kingdom in miniature. The family economy, therefore affords a criterion of what the political economy of a people is, or shall be.

Hence the propriety, in an abstract of relative duties, of placing *the duty of children to their parents* at the head, and giving it a representative position of the whole class. So it is done in the fifth commandment.

There is scarcely any where a more melancholy defection of duty than here—perhaps nowhere unless it be that of the duty of parents to children. Here is to be seen one of the most fearful signs of our times.

1. *Children ought to respect and love their parents.* "Honor thy father and thy mother." They must *think* well of their parents. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." No one will long manifest a right deportment towards a parent who does not entertain respectful and kind thoughts of him. The exceptions are very few where the parent does not *design* to promote the good of his child. He may sadly err in judgment, yet he has a blessing in his heart. Hence a reason for filial love and esteem. The child ought to love, with undying affection, those who have done him nothing but good. Nor is there a less foundation for their *respect.* Parents occupy in their respective households a high and honorable station. They are their children's *superiors.* Or, if in any thing children have risen in rank above their parents, they nevertheless, in a great measure, owe their prosperity to their parents. Parents are, both in nature and in law, constituted head of their offspring. They have a right to command, and therefore ought to be feared and reverenced.

It is as unjust as it is unbecoming, to *speak* lightly, or jestingly, or disrespectfully of a parent; or to pursue any course that can dishonor him, or does not express a becoming regard. Many children, who would not for the world injure a parent in his property or reputation, treat him with indifference or neglect—perhaps

with ridicule. Filial respect and honor are comparatively easy where there is no great disparity of circumstances in the parties. Where parents are timely honorable and worthy the esteem of all, there is scarcely a necessity of enforcing such an injunction. The difficulty lies in the ready and cheerful discharge of duty towards froward and worthless parents. Their bad character does not absolve their offspring from duty. In no case may they treat them with disrespect and levity. They must esteem all but their vices.

2. *Children must obey their parents.* Filial obedience is one of the first laws of nature and of God. The duty is absolute and unconditional, with a single exception: it may never conflict with duty to God. A parent has no right to impose a duty that contravenes the claims of God. Parents, magistrates, kings, must here alike put their shoes from off their feet, for the ground on which they stand is holy. They may, under no pretence, encroach on the divine prerogative. Obedience under such circumstances ceases to be a duty. Other appeal from parental authority there is none.

3. *Children should receive and regard the instructions* of their parents—submit to their rebukes, and improve under their chastisements. Their wants, weaknesses, age and circumstances demand just what a kind Providence has furnished them in the person of a parent. They need the guardianship of some one who shall blend the character of absolute authority and ardent disinterested affection. These he finds beautifully blended in the parental character. Had the supreme power, so necessary for the successful control of children, been rested on any other hands, the child would be the pitiable object of tyrany. His relation would be that of a slave and not of a child.

We cannot look amiss to discover the benevolent provisions of a superintending Deity; yet in nothing perhaps do we see more wisdom and benevolence blended, than in the security the child has, in the undying affection of its parent—security, first, against the abuse of absolute dominion, secondly, security for those instructions, rebukes and corrections, which the character and situation

of the child so imperatively demand, and which nothing short of a parent's untiring patience and unceasing love can furnish.

How strong then, how natural the obligation of children to give the most diligent heed to the voice of parental admonition. It is as truly their interest as it is obviously their duty. No counsel is so salutary—none so disinterested.

4. *Children ought as far as possible to repay the debt they owe to parental care and kindness.* They can never *pay the debt.* yet they may show, by all possible efforts to comfort and solace those to whom they are so deeply indebted, that they are feelingly alive to the priceless favors of parental goodness and to their own undischarged and undischargeable obligations. This is the richest compensation a child can render.

No one but a parent may pretend to know what are a parent's cares, anxieties and toils on account of children. They need an alleviation. They merit it. Yet this they can only have in the gratitude and kind attentions of their children, and the right improvement they make of what has been bestowed. Though no adequate return can be made, yet much, very much may be done to make the lives of parents easy and happy—to smooth their pathway down the declivity of life. Had children no other motives for well doing, this would seem enough to ensure it.

Disobedience to parents is as unnatural as it is ungracious. Humanity and religion, gratitude and common justice combine in loud remonstance against so unhallowed an act. All the laws of nature and of grace are outraged by the violation of the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

But there other reasons for the observance of this command, which must not be overlooked; the most prominent of which is appended to the injunction itself viz, "That thy days may be long on the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Here is no doubt a promise of *temporal* good. Obedient children *shall prolong their days—shall live longer*—shall live in the enjoyment of more earthly good, and bask in the sunshine of God's benignant face.—But more of this in our next.

H. R.

THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD, OF BOSTON.

THE common notion about politeness is, that it is a thing of the body and not of the mind, and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner, and at proper times and places. But the truth is, that we degrade politeness by making it any thing less than a cardinal virtue. The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things, and not of startling events and great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations, and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice, or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances, every day of his life, to show whether he be polite or not. The value of a thing, too, is great in proportion to its rarity; and true politeness is a very rare thing, gentle reader, stare though you may. I have seen many graceful men, many agreeable, many who were even fascinating, but very few who were polite, as the word is defined in my dictionary. Sometimes there is a deficiency in certain things; sometimes the quality extends to a certain point after which you enter into that "kingdom of me," spoken of in one of Dryden's plays, and a large kingdom it is too. Sometimes there is a fault of omission and sometimes of commission; so that, on the whole, the quality is about as rare as greatness, and, indeed, they have many ingredients in common. A truly polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not to do so; for it is equally a mark of weakness to be a slave to these forms or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough to adapt his conversation and

manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room, may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or the stage-coach, as well as the converse. Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self knowledge, and the parent of benevolence, (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy-glass,) which, not content with bowing low to this rich man or that fine lady, respects the rights, and does justice to the claims of every member of the great human family. As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power as themselves, and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style or visit in certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the alphabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill, assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of barley in his granary, or for some other equally cogent reason.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered, that may be seen in Washington-street any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the Fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well-dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and in walking with

a lady they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, so good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or no. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady, and a country clergy-man with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with, may be, a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washer-woman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steam-boats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who are exposed without protection to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man; and I am sorry to say there are very few who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing-rooms. Any man must be an idiot not to be polite in society, so called, for how else would he get his oysters and champagne.

Politeness is a national as well as an individual characteristic: and it would be a curious subject of speculation to enquire what degree of cultivation and refinement is most favorable to it, for the extremes of both civilization and savageness do not seem to be propitious. I am inclined to think the Greeks were a more polite people than any of modern times, when we take into consideration the advantage we have in the greater respect which women now both deserve and receive, and the favorable influence exerted upon our manners in consequence. There is something extremely touching in the respect they paid to old age. If I were inclined to display a little learning, I might illustrate my position by examples drawn from their history; but there are many that every schoolboy is familiar with, and they need not be repeated here for the ten-thousandth time. The Jews were a polite people, and the Old Testament (with reverence I say it) contains many striking instances of it. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the Scriptures, that all the graces and embellishments of life may be learned from them, as well as its most solemn duties and highest obligations, and that they contain every thing requisite to form a perfect man. How delicate and feeling is the conduct of Jacob at his first meeting with Rachel, at the well of Haran, and how unlike what would be expected in our refined times. The self-denial of David, recorded in the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in refusing to drink of the water which his "three mightiest" captains had procured with the peril of their lives, is an instance of politeness sublimed into magnanimity. And, to mention but one example more, how beautiful and touching is the behavior of the three friends of Job, who "sat down with him upon the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

We call ourselves a polite people, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps we are so. It is allowed, I believe, that Americans, both at home and abroad, are remarkably attentive to women, though Captain Hall thinks otherwise. Still we commit some offences against good breeding. We have a bad trick of staring at strangers, as any one must have noticed, who has been in a country

church when any one entered. And then we ask a great many idle, and not a few impertinent questions. The habit we have of cutting and defacing every fixture that is penetrable to steel, is so universal and so abominable, that it deserves to be scourged out of us by a pestilence or a famine. The manners, too, of our common people towards each other, are marked by great roughness, and an entire inattention to the little courtesies of life. Perhaps we owe this to our English descent; for John Bull thinks that if a man is polite to him, he has a design upon his purse.

There are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined; and it is equally unpolite to refuse a request or invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once: if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say, "any part—it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies to talk in the presence of gentlemen of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest without asking his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he wants. It is not polite to stare under ladies' bonnets, as if you suspected they had stolen the linings from you. It is—but let me remember it is not polite to be a bore, epescially in print.

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Let no man imagine that his rank, or station, or talents, excuse him from an attention to those rules of good-breeding, which cost nothing but a little care, and which make a great deal of difference in the sum total of human happiness. They are as imperative as the rules of morality; and there is no one, however great or high, that does not owe to society a liberal recompense for what

he receives from it. There is now and then a man so weak as to affect to be rough, or forgetful, or absent, from a notion that his deficiencies in these little things will be ascribed to the largeness of the objects with which he is habitually conversant, and that his mind will be supposed unable to come down from the airy regions of contemplation, to such low matters. But such an one should be put into the same state-room of the great ship of fools with those who twisted their necks to look like Alexander, or spoke thick to resemble Hotspur. A man that can do great things and not little ones, is an imperfect man; and there is no more inconsistency between the two, than there is in a great poet's being able to write a promissory note, or a great orator's having the power to talk about the weather.

I will only remark, in conclusion, that good-breeding should form a part of every system of education. Not that children should be made to barter their native simplicity for a set of artificial airs and graces, but that they should be early impressed with the deformity of selfishness, and the necessity of thinking of others as well as themselves. Care should be taken that their intercourse with each other be in a spirit of courtesy and mildness. He who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery, can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household, in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others. How many marriages are made wretched by a neglect of those little mutual attentions, so scrupulously paid in the days of courtship. Let it be borne in mind, that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together, that neither life, nor death, nor time, nor eternity, can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.—*London Family Magazine.*

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For the Mother's Magazine.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

If we turn our attention to the animal kingdom, we shall see still more wonderful marks of devising skill, and creative power. Let us consider the insects. These are by far the most numerous of nature's works. There are more insects than plants—nay—they are more numerous than the very leaves. It is estimated by naturalists that there are four hundred thousand different kinds of insects. In the cabinet of Natural History at Berlin, in Prussia, there are specimens of twenty-eight thousand different kinds of beetles alone. Upon a single plant, there are often several millions of insects. They are dispersed over every part of the earth. They swarm in the fields,—they teem in the soil—they are on every leaf—in every flower. In a drop of water, there are a thousand living creatures; in a tea-spoonful, there are millions; in every wave of the sea, there are more than human conception can compass. In the words of the Poet—

> "Full nature swarms with life.
> Through subterranean cells
> Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way
> Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
> Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
> Within its winding citadel, the stone
> Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs
> That dance unnumbered to the playful breeze,
> The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
> Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure, millions stray;
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people."

Such is the amazing extent of this branch of animal creation; but its extent is far less wonderful than the structure, habits and instincts of the several species. Many of them are too minute to be seen by the naked eye, and their existence is only revealed by the powers of the microscope. This instrument has unfolded to us even more wonders than the telescope. The latter has indeed disclosed to us worlds which are too distant for the reach of unaided vision, but the other has unfolded myriads of living things, whose existence we had never imagined, yet whose properties excite intense admiration. It takes us into a world, which from its very littleness is as much beyond our conception as is the starry canopy of Heaven from its vastness. We look into a drop of water, and see a nation of busy, eating, drinking, toiling and sporting creatures. We look into the stalk of a plant, or the germ of a flower, and we find whole colonies, carrying on their various works of labor or amusement. And as the telescope tells us of worlds beyond its mighty reach, and concealed behind the curtain of immensity, the microscope whispers of innumerable races which shrink from its searching gaze, and hide within recesses too deep—too minute for human penetration.

But let us turn from these general views to an examination of some particular species of insects. Several of these have been the objects of elaborate investigation and research. Lyonnet devoted several years to the anatomical examination of a single insect; Straus Durkheim spent almost an equal amount of labor in investigating the Cockchaffer. Kirby occupied his life in the study of bees. Latreille was equally devoted to the natural history of ants. The spider has occupied the attention of many learned individuals;

and butterflies have been the wondering theme of several untiring naturalists.

Minute as these objects may seem, they have all rewarded the investigation bestowed upon them, for they show that in these lesser works of creation, the skill and power of the all-designing mind and all-working Hand are as wonderfully displayed, as in those larger objects which obtrude themselves upon our attention.

The structure of insects first claims our notice. Being destitute of a bony skeleton within, like that of birds, quadrupeds, &c, they have generally a scaly covering, adapted to their mode of life. Some, which are very short lived, as the Aphides and Ephemera, have a soft skin, while those which live beneath stones, under the bark of trees, or in the water are more strongly defended.

The bodies of all insects consist of a series of rings, connected by muscular membranes, which expand and contract, and enable the creature to shorten, or lengthen, narrow or dilate its body, thus accommodating all its various movements. The head is a sort of horny box, or case, united to the thorax by fine muscles. The skull consists of several distinct regions, sufficient to satisfy, or puzzle the most credulous phrenologist.

The organs affixed to the head, are

1. The Ocelli, or single eyes.
2. The Composite eyes.
3. The Antennæ, or feelers.
4. The Tophi, or organs of the mouth.

In some insects, the eye is entirely wanting, but most of them are supplied with abundant organs of vision. The Ocelli, or single eyes, are minute, and almost globular lenses, placed upon the forehead. In some insects, these appear to be necessary to sight, for the naturalist, Reaumer, varnished over these eyes in about twenty bees, and he observed that not one of them could find the hive, nor indeed did they seem to search for it.

The composite eyes of insects consist of a great number of eight sided lenses, appearing through the microscope like a piece of fine net work, or gauze. Each of these lenses operates as a distinct organ of vision. In some insects, these are very numerous.

In the ant, there are - - - - - - 50.
In the common house fly, - - - - - 4000.
In the moth of the silk worm, - - - 6236.
In the moth of the goat fly, - - - - 11,300.
In a dragon fly, - - - - - - 12,544.
In a butterfly, - - - - - - - 17,355.

It will be observed, therefore, that each of these insects has as many organs of vision as it possesses of these lenses. When one of them is detached from the head and cleaned, it is found to be as clear as crystal. Reaumer fitted one of them to a frame, and found that he could see through it, the object being greatly magnified.

The antennæ of insects, commonly called horns, or feelers, are attached to the head, by means of a ball and socket, and fastened with muscles. The form of these is various, but in all cases, they consist of joints, ingeniously fitted together. The use of these curious appendages is not yet ascertained.

The mouths of insects vary in the different species. If a beetle and a butterfly, a house fly, or a bug, be examined whilst feeding, a totally different apparatus will be found in each, although perfectly adapted to the mode of feeding. The beetle is employed in gnawing and tearing in pieces hard or fleshy substances; its instruments of manducation are therefore horny and robust. The butterfly, on the contrary, has to suck its food at the bottom of the tubes of flowers, and here, in the glowing beams of the sun, it revels in its existence, and sips the most delicious nectar. It is necessary for this purpose that it should be provided with a long and slender instrument; but from the very structure of this apparatus it is essential for its defence, that, so soon as the insect has ceased feeding, the instrument should be lodged in a place of safety. It is therefore rolled up in a spiral direction, and laid to rest between a pair of hairy appendages, which defend it from injury. If we observe a common fly sipping up a drop of spilt liquid, or revelling upon a morsel of sugar, it will be found that its mouth is totally unlike either of the former; it is short, thick and fleshy, and acts as a sucker, the nutriment ascending

through the canal which runs upwards into the throat. The bug, and all its brethren have a mouth still differently constructed, being a long and slender-jointed canal of a fleshy or leathery substance; but furnished internally with several slender bristles, which the insect employs as lancets to wound its prey. In the flea again, the structure is quite different.

These will serve as instances of the chief varieties in the mouths of insects. It is impossible to go into a minute description of them, but they are among the most curious contrivances of nature's works. In most cases, there is an upper and lower jaw, an upper and lower lip, and an apparatus as complicated as those of an ox, or an elephant.

The throat of the insect consists of seventy-two pieces, and is one of the most wonderful instances of mechanical skill that was ever devised. The wings consist of thin membranes, admirably adapted to the flight of the minute aerial voyagers. The legs are all jointed, and in some cases, a single insect has a hundred or more. The abdomen consists of a series of rings, attached together by membranes. The ends usually meet, but in some cases, they slide into each other like the tubes of a telescope—thus allowing the body to expand and contract, at pleasure.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

NOVEL READING.—(Continued.)

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

2. *Novel reading produces a morbid appetite for excitement.* The object of the novelist generally is, to produce the highest possible degree of excitement, both of the mind and the passions. The effect is very similar to that of intoxicating liquors on the body; hence the confirmed novel reader becomes a kind of *literary inebriate*, to whom the things of *utility* have no attractions, and whose thirst cannot be slaked, even with *the water of*

life. And, as intoxication enfeebles the body, and engenders indolent habits, so this unnatural stimulus enfeebles the intellectual powers, induces mental indolence, and unfits the mind for vigorous effort. Nothing less stimulating than its accustomed aliment, can rouse such a mind to action, or call forth its energies; and then, being under the influence of mental intoxication, which dethrones reason, and destroys the power of self-control. they are always misdirected.

3. *Novel reading promotes a sickly sensibility.* Dr. Brigham, speaking of the too powerful excitement of the female mind, says, "In them, the nervous system naturally predominates. They are endowed with quicker sensibility, and far more active imagination than men. Their emotions are more intense, and their senses alive to more delicate impressions. They therefore require great attention, lest this exquisite sensibility, which, when properly and naturally developed, constitutes the greatest excellence of woman, should either become excessive, by too strong excitement, or suppressed by misdirected education." Novel reading produces just the kind of excitement calculated to develope this excessive and diseased sensibility; and the effect is, to fill the mind with imaginary fears, and produce excessive alarm and agitation at the prospect of danger, the sight of distress, or the presence of unpleasant objects; while no place is found for the exercise of genuine sympathy for real objcts of compassion. That sensibility, which weeps over imaginary woes of imaginary beings, calls forth but imaginary sympathy. It is too refined to be excited by the *vulgar* objects of compassion, presented in real life, or too excitable to be of any avail in the relief of real distress. It may faint at the sight of blood; but it will shrink back from binding up the wound. If you wish to become weak-headed, nervous, and good for nothing, read novels. I have recently seen an account of a young lady, who had become so nervous and excitable, in consequence of reading novels, that her head would be turned by the least appearance of danger, real or imaginary. As she was riding in a carriage over a bridge, in company with her mother and sister, she became frightened at

company with her mother and sister, she became frightened at some fancied danger, caught hold of the reins, and backed the carriage off the bridge, down a precipice, dashing them to pieces.

This excessive sensibility renders its possessor exquisitely alive to all those influences which are unfriendly to human happiness, while it diminishes the power of endurance. Extreme sensibility especially in a female, is a great misfortune, rendering the ills of life insupportable. Great care should therefore be taken, that, while genuine sensibility is cherished, its extremes should be avoided, and the mind fortified, by strengthening the higher powers. On this subject, Mrs. More has the following sensible remarks: "Serious study serves to harden the mind for more trying conflicts; it lifts the reader from sensation to intellect; it abstracts her from the world and its vanities; it fixes a wandering spirit, and fortifies a weak one; it divorces her from matter; it corrects that spirit of trifling which she naturally contracts from the frivolous turn of female conversation, and the petty nature of female employments; it concentrates her attention, assists her in a habit of excluding trivial thoughts, and thus even helps to qualify her for religious pursuits. Yes, I repeat it, there is to woman a Christian use to be made of sober studies; while books of an opposite cast, however unexceptionable they may be sometimes found in point of expression, however free from evil in its more gross and palpable shapes, yet, from their very nature and constitution, they excite a spirit of relaxation, by exhibiting scenes and suggesting ideas, which soften the mind and set the fancy at work; they take off wholesome restraints, diminish sober-mindedness, and at best feed habits of improper indulgence, and nourish a vain and visionary indolence, which lays the mind open to error and the heart to seduction."

4. *Novel reading gives erroneous views of life.* The testimony of Fenelon, on this point, is valuable, as showing that the influence of novels, a hundred years ago, in another country, was the same as it now is among us. He says, "Uninstructed and ignorant girls are always possessed of an erratic imagination. For want of solid nourishment, all the ardor of their curiosity is

not without talent, often devote themselves entirely to the perusal of books which tend to cherish their vanity; they have a passionate fondness for novels, plays, narratives of romantic adventures, in which licentious love occupies a prominent place; in fine, by habituating themselves to the high-flown language of the heroes of romance, their heads are filled with visionary notions. In this way, they even render themselves unfit for society; for all these fine sentiments, these adventures which the author of the romance has invented to gratify the imagination, have no connection with the true motives that excite to action and control the interests of society, or with the disappointments invariably attendant on human affairs. A poor girl, full of the tender and the marvellous, which have charmed her in the perusal of such works, is astonished not to find in the world real characters resembling these heroes; she would wish to live like those imaginary princesses, who, in the fictions of romance, are always charming, always adored, always placed beyond the reach of necessary duties. What must be her disgust, when compelled to descend from these flights of fancy to the humble details of domestic life!"

But the following testimony of Goldsmith is, if possible, still more valuable, as the writer's wisdom, like Solomon's, is experimental, he having written one of the least exceptionable novels in the English language. "Above all things," he says, in a letter to his brother, "*never let your son touch a romance or a novel.* These paint beauty in colors more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the young mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general,—take the word of a man who has studied human nature more by experience than precept,—take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world."

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—No. 2.

The commandment which enjoins *filial obedience* is "the commandment with *promise*." "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long." It is, in the first place, a promise that *obedient children shall live longer*. There is a general promise that the days of the righteous shall be lengthened. "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days, but the years of the wicked shall be shortened." This, as a general maxim, is no doubt true. For there are, aside from the divine declaration that it shall be so, natural principles at work to bring about such a result. Sin contains the principle of death. It may be called the seed of destruction. When it hath conceived it bringeth forth death. "Sin works death." Disease and all the preliminary steps towards death are to be traced back to sin as their progenitor. God has so formed the laws of nature, (of which are the laws of our bodily system,) that they run parallel with what is commonly called the divine law, or revelation. Sin as truly does violence to the one as the other. Sin is the great shortener of life. The greater the sinner, the less his chances for long life. Every sin does a greater or less violence to his nature. He is, too, more exposed to the casualties of life—more in the way of violence and danger—more liable to disease and premature death than the man who is pursuing the even tenor of a sober, pious life.

These are the general principles which, when applied to the case of children and youth, afford a confirmation of our first proposition.

Childhood and youth—rather *infancy*, childhood and youth, are the seasons for laying the foundation of a healthful constitution, a good conscience, and a wholesome character. These afford the best possible security for long life. Do you then ask, what is the most direct method by which to attain these most desirable objects? I hesitate not to put *filial obedience* in the foreground.

The neglect of parental instruction and reproof is, in this respect, productive of more evil than any, or all other causes together.

Parents are the natural guardians of children, and though the authors of many foolish things, yet they are, under God, the authors of nearly all the good their children may expect to experience. Perhaps nine-tenths of the bad constitutions with which some are afflicted through life, and nine-tenths of the bankrupt characters, which are working death, physical as well as moral, may be traced back to some early neglect of principles and precautions so often inculcated on the part of parents. It is not too much, to say that the child, who does not respect the opinions, and improve by the reproof, and obey the precepts of his parents, is but miserably qualified to meet the ever varying vicissitudes of life, in a manner that shall ensure to him that security against its thousand perils and temptations, that peace of mind, and stability and purity of character, and that practical wisdom and forethought, which are so necessary to the comfortable prolongation of life. There is more truth, and more reason too, in the assertion, *the wicked shall not live out half their days*, than is generally supposed. Nothing is so conducive to health, and comfort and long life, as a good conscience, a pure and irreproachable character, and the undisturbed flow of religious affections. Of a pure and undefiled religion, the wise man says, *Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honors.*

And there is no more effectual method of securing this "pearl of great price" than by first learning to yield the will to parental rule. The child that has not learnt this lesson is the last to bow in submission to his God. If he can be ungrateful, unkind, undutiful to his earthly father whom he hath seen—whose care over him has been unremitted, whose love has been unabated—how shall he yield to the mandates of his Father in heaven whom he has not seen? There is indeed little hope that the disobedient child will ever become the obedient servant of his divine Master. Nor is there more hope that he will become a good friend, neighbor or citizen. He knows not how to *yield.*

And not only shall obedient children contract habits, and form a character, and pursue a course of conduct, which shall give a warrant of a *longer* life, but, in the second place,

They shall possess and enjoy more of this world while they do live than generally falls to the lot of the opposite class. They shall have *more* of life, and life in its better type. *They shall live long upon the land.* They shall possess the land—shall hold and enjoy it. They shall be prospered.

Do you ask what connection this can have with filial duty? It has much, as might be shown by such a course of reasoning as was adopted under the last head. Parental instruction lays the foundation of character. This may sometimes be bad, yet it is seldom so bad as the untutored, unrestrained condition of a child who should be abandoned to his own childish ignorance and depravity. Even in the most unfortunate cases something may be gained on the score of discipline and obedience, which might contribute much towards his future prosperity. What, then, may not be affirmed of the benefits of parental authority where it is used to enforce salutary instructions and to establish useful habits? It lays a foundation for respectability, industry, sobriety and integrity, which can scarcely fail to work out prosperity.

An example will better illustrate the principle. A rich man has two sons, who are to inherit his estate. The elder is early taught to feel the reins of parental restraint. He knows no limit short of implicit obedience. His will is the will of his parents. His confidence in them is entire. He receives their instructions as oracles. He heeds their reproofs and treads in their footsteps. He has, in a word, contracted those habits and formed that character which fit him to retain and use the estate that his honest and industrious parents have gathered for him. The younger son is wayward, giddy, high-minded, heady, disobedient to parents. His will is unbroken. He cannot brook restraint. He has known no other master than the unbridled passions of a depraved heart. Need it be asked which of these has the fairer prospects? which fitted to receive and properly use the trust?

The younger may die a miserable beggar, while the elder may retain, enjoy, and increase the inheritance of his father.

But this is not all a matter of worldly prudence. A positive blessing is promised to filial obedience. *Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee.* God will regard with peculiar approbation and treat with peculiar regard, such as honor the fifth commandment. He will cast a hedge about them that the destroyer may not hurt them. He will spread over them the curtain of his love. While on the other hand the severest denunciations are pronounced against the violators of this law. In the family of Noah was a rebellious, mocking son by the name of *Canaan:* "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Degradation, poverty and perpetual servitude were his recompense for parental disobedience. But how different the prediction concerning the children of *Rechab: Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and have kept all his precepts—therefore, thus saith Jehovah of hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me forever.*

What a marked distinction here. God would preserve and prosper the observers of the fifth commandment in all their coming generations. And never was a promise more literally fulfilled. They remain, says the Rev. Joseph Wolff, a distinct and favored people unto this day, and exhibit marks of decided superiority over their neighboring tribes in the central part of Asia.

H. R.

For the Mother's Magazine.

IMPORTANCE OF UNANIMITY BETWEEN PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

The importance of the right training of children cannot be too often enforced, or kept too constantly before the mind. Many evils arising from the want of unanimity among the guardians of the young, present themselves to the eye of experience. Union

here is emphatically strength, and it would be well if a few hints on this subject should induce a more extended development of their consequences, and lead to more watchfulness and practical effort to counteract them.

Parents are the natural teachers of their children, and they do teach them either good or evil, whether they intend it or not, by their example, and by their daily walk and conversation, as well as by precept. Their sentiments and habits are imperceptibly imbibed, and like clay in the hand of the potter, the plastic mind is moulded to honor or reproach.

It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, that all parents were capable individually of conducting the education of their own offspring; but even were this the case, it would be impossible for all to devote the requisite time to its accomplishment; it must therefore, in most cases, be delegated to others, and how it may be best promoted is often the anxious enquiry of every conscientious parent, and should be as much a matter of prayer and careful investigation, as any event in their future lives.

The most important and difficult part of education is to teach a child self-government. The observing and anxious mother watches the indications of self-will, disobedience and prevarication, the unfailing evidences of our fallen state, and, remembering that the boy is the embryo of the man, or the girl the future radiant of a new circle, trembles lest her fond and unselfish hopes should be crushed in the blossom. Such a mother, having carefully selected the teacher of her children, will feel it a paramount duty to sustain by respect and kindness, and both expressed and implied confidence, those to whom her children are entrusted; and if it be a pleasing task to rear the tender thought, it is when pupils are the children of such parents, and they are united to promote the best good of those concerned. If all were of this class the work would be easy and delightful, but truly all are not of this class.

The work of education is an arduous and laborious one under the happiest circumstances, and those who engage in it are often cut off from friends and are alone. The heart rendered more acutely

sensitive as the mind is endowed, how often the pent-up stores of feeling are poured out when none but God can hear, while habitual self-control presents only the pale, calm brow to the uninterested spectator! Is it just—do we act kindly to these indispensable auxiliaries to whom the ductile minds of our beloved ones must be entrusted, in withholding any aid that may refresh their hearts, strengthen their hands, and render their labors effectual? It is not in general the *intention* of parents to do so, but their exaggerated expectations, that teachers, in a term or two, during the few hours devoted to instruction, should eradicate the rank weeds which indulgence and mismanagement have fostered, impose an amount of difficulty too onerous to be overcome, and is equally unfavorable to teacher and scholar.

Energy, elasticity and cheerfulness, moral principle and a deep conviction that all success depends on God, are essential characteristics in a teacher; and if these are combined with knowledge and a capability to impart it, are not parents unfaithful to their own interests, and the interests of the immortal beings committed to their trust, as well as to generations yet to come, if they disregard the importance of their own firm, uniform and influential efforts for the well-being and success of those who have the responsibility of instruction? It is not enough that money is given, there must be kindness and co-operation, or the three first-named requisites of the teacher will inevitably decline, and what was and ought always to be a labor of love, will become irksome drudgery, which nothing but a sense of duty and patient self-sacrifice can enable the teacher to perform. And what will be the effect upon the children? alienation, weariness, insubordination, complaining, probably falsehood to evade as a distasteful task what was formerly a pleasure—a waste of happiness, a waste of time, and a waste of money.

We are not urging the importance of this subject simply as an act of justice to Teachers, but we urge it upon mothers as one of paramount importance to their own offspring—frequent change of Instructors is any thing but beneficial to the efforts of parents or the improvement of children, and is directly subversive of sys-

tematic and thorough training. Children are quick observers and even reasoners before they are acquainted with the principles from which their deductions are drawn, and in general, reason as correctly as thousands of our race, who are but children of a larger growth, inasmuch as they are just as well acquainted with the premises on which their conclusions are founded. If a mother is ready to pass an opinion, or condemn the Teacher, because her little son or daughter obtained fewer good marks, than self-esteem assured them they ought to have had, there will never be wanting a tale and a ready excuse for every omission, until the child emboldened by ready credence and ill-directed sympathy, for want of something new will *invent* for the sake of commisseration, and thus a foundation is laid for future delinquency. There is nothing more valuable in the parental character, next to sterling piety, than the capacity for, and habit of, taking a rational and comprehensive view of the consequences resulting from minute actions and trivial circumstances.—She who punishes her child as much for breaking a glass, as for disobedience or falsehood, has done what was needful to blunt the moral sensibility of the child, destroy the effect of punishment and weaken her own influence over him, and we are not sure that unanimity with such a mother, would greatly enhance the Teacher's influence or the child's progress. Still self-interest, if no other motive, might induce such an one at least to refrain from counteracting the purpose for which the teacher and the taught are brought together. She manifests that she sets some value upon Education, for she pays money for it, and if she does it for fashion's sake only, the same consideration might impel her to have as much as possible, and have it accomplished as quickly as possible, for the stipulated price.

But it is not from mother's of this order that we are authorized to expect the co-operation which we plead for as all important to their children; we want the conscientious and enlightened support of christian parents, capable of appreciating the labors, the difficulties and the discouragements of Teachers, and we plead for it as a means of accomplishing the greatest benefit to the children of their affections, the future representatives of themselves. Wrong

can neither be suffered by, or committed upon any one portion of the community, without producing a reaction which may affect many others, and those evils which are not the most obvious to common observers, may be like leaven hidden in the mass, gradually producing its effect upon the whole lump. We often hear the lamentation that good Teachers are so rarely met with, but when they are found, how does it happen that so much less is achieved than was anticipated, and such frequent changes take place? We forget that both parents, Teachers and Children are human, and therefore fallible—we forget the importance of unanimity, prayer, forbearance, patience, kindness and *mutual co-operation*, and that after all Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase. While then we look merely to the instrument by which good is communicated, even though we fail in our own share of the compact, no wonder that so much of the labor of instruction appears to be like water poured upon the sand, leaving comparatively few fertilizing traces behind it. H. B.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

MRS. WHITTELSEY,

DEAR MADAM,—Several friends to whom I have shown the following communication from a young minister, have been so delighted with the interesting facts which it details and the spirit of filial affection which it exhibits, that they have expressed a strong wish that it might be sent to you, for insertion in your valuable magazine. I have no leave from the author to make such a disposal of it; but, his heart's desire being that other dying mother's may imitate, in regard to their tender offspring, the pious and excellent example of his own, and that other orphans may enjoy the continual blessing of a gracious and covenant keeping God, to whom deceased parents may have consecrated them, I

think he cannot object to your publishing what is so admirably suited to accomplish these very important ends. With high esteem, H. J. McK.

Belfast, May 6, 1840.

"Mrs. McK.,—This is the first opportunity I have found of complying with your request, that I would write some statement of my mother's religious influence over me. I thank you for suggesting it to me; and that I am thus induced to put on paper, and to embody more clearly in my own mind, the thoughts of my mother's influence which have long been floating there, as pleasing but ever changing clouds, which reflect the last beams of the moon which has already retired from our sight.

"My mother died when I was just two months old. She was a very pious woman. I have, undoubtedly, an exaggerated idea of her piety; but all who have spoken to me of her, represent her as possessing more than usual depth of piety. She was one of a circle of a half dozen of young ladies, who were, at one time, the most devoted band of christians in Portland. And the Unitarian influence by which she was surrounded at home, and the opposition which she found generally throughout the town, no doubt, gave depth and strength and fervor to her christian character. The picture which my imagination has drawn of her, relates, in almost all its traits, to her *religious character*. It is this, which stands out, prominent, and almost exclusively in my thoughts.

"Her last act before her death was to commit her husband and two infant children to God. I have been told that her last words, as her eyes fastened upon my little brother and me, were, "*The Lord will take care of them.*" Nothing, as you may well suppose, has had a stronger impression upon me than this. I shall forget all other mortal words sooner than these. They have been an anchor of hope, for this world and the next. This was the expression of her faith; and, except when clouds and trials have occupied my whole field of view, I have been comforted by these words of sure prophecy, 'The Lord will take care of me.' A saint, to whom I was one of the three dearest objects of earthly attach-

ment, and with full faith, already in the embrace of her Saviour has declared it. And the twenty-four years that her children have lived since her death, have been a fulfilment of her words of faith. We were cast, as orphans, upon the world, (for we have not had the privilege of living any length of time with our father,) but the Lord has given us the most pleasant of homes, and ever surrounded us by the most affectionate of friends. We have ever been under the choicest religious influences. We have had the best of means to prepare us for the employments of life on which we have entered. All that we have needed has been the educating and forming hand of a mother in the days of our childhood and youth. But we have had a mother's influence. And now one of these children is in prosperous worldly business, active in benevolent operations, and a Deacon in the church; and the other is licensed to preach the gospel; and longing, above all things, for his mother's active devotion to the service of Christ; and encouraged by the thought that it was the prayer of his dying mother that one of her children might live to be a minister.

"I always cherished the hope, from my mother's prayers and piety, that I should be a christian. It was almost the hope of assurance, yet it was not a presumptuous hope. It acted as a constraining motive; and increased obligation upon me to give my heart to God. The thought of my mother would very often come to me, while rebellious, stupid and impenitent, with the mingled impression that my salvation was certain, and that I was solemnly obliged, by the consecration and prayers of a christian mother, to "work out my own salvation with fear and trembling." No sermon, no religious instruction, or warning; no religious book, no revival, ever impressed me so pungently with my duty to become a christian, as the thoughts of a pious mother. I frequently referred to her pious influence over me, in letters which I wrote before I date my conversion; and now that I hope myself a christian, her influence on my religious character is quite as powerful. Her example speaks to me, in the loudest accents, "Be a dovoted christian. Live worthy of such a mother; and follow in her footsteps."

Thoughts of my dear mother mingle very much with all my contemplations on heaven. The mortal whom I reverence more than any other is there; and I love heaven the more for it. I want to go where she is; and the thought of meeting *her* there whom I have not known in the flesh, is delightful. In the days of my childhood the thought was very painful that I was not prepared to meet my sainted mother.

There are two truths which the influence of my mother have rendered specially precious to me.

One is the Ministry of Angels. I believe in this, and though it may be thought a presumptuous addition to the word of God, I have added to this the opinion that the spirits of our departed pious friends take the most interest to come to us on errands of mercy. I have given myself up to the influence of the thought, that my dear mother has watched over the loved family she left behind; that she is not ignorant of our actions or feelings; and, in days of carelessness, I was affected by the thought that she was watching me; and that her heart was yearning after my repentance.

Another doctrine which has thus been made exceedingly dear to me is, that of Infant Baptism. I was not, probably baptised till after my mother's death. But she gave me to God as a child of the covenant. It was such a hearty consecration as she, probably, would not have made in different circumstances. She left me under the wing of that blessed promise of the everlasting covenant, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." I always considered myself *a child dedicated to God*, and from my birth brought into covenant with him. I have received most richly the blessings of this dedication. This Infant Baptism is not only a doctrine in which I believe, but one which, most fervently I love. It would require but slender scriptural proof to convince me of it, for my *heart* is enlisted in it. If infant consecration is not forbidden, but only permitted, I would do all in my power to urge on Christian parents the importance of so great a privilege.

This is a brief notice of my mother's influence; and. when I

speak of her influence, I think, almost exclusively, of her religious influence. I will only add, that she has ever endeared religion to my heart; and that she will see me, at the judgment, a sinner saved, (if saved at all,) through the instrumentality of her faith and prayers, and her dedication of me to God. Though dead, she has spoken in sweet and tender, in persuasive and hallowed, associations, to the hearts of her children. Above all my earthly blessings I THANK GOD FOR GIVING ME A PIOUS MOTHER.

Affectionately,

C. D.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

AN EXTRACT.

I was present at an ordination in the city of New York last fall. After the preliminary ceremonies, which on most occasions are peculiarly impressive, the minister who gave the charge addressed the candidate to the following effect:

"My brother, The obligations which you have now voluntarily assumed, are rendered more solemnly binding by circumstances which have previously occurred. The house in which you have been ordained to the holy Ministry, and the place on which you have bowed the knee to be set apart to this most important and responsible work, by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, is the very spot in which your pious parents stood to devote you to God in the ordinance of baptism, and on which you yourself stood when you was licensed to preach the everlasting gospel; and I doubt not but the spirit of your sainted father, whose name is inscribed on yonder tablet, (pointing to his monument in the wall of the church,) is now looking down with joy to witness the answer to the prayer which he offered on the evening that you were devoted to God by baptism."

He then drew from his pocket a paper containing an extract from the diary of his father, of which the following is a copy.

"*Sabbath evening, April 14th*, 1805.

"This afternoon my dear infant son, George, was baptized by Mr. Forrest. I hope I can say that with full purpose of heart he was devoted to the Lord by both his dear mother and myself. After sermon Mr. Forrest came home with us, and before he left us sung the 45th Psalm, 3, 4, 5 and 6th verses, read the first chapter of Jeremiah, and prayed fervently for us, our infant son and other children. O my God, thou hast seen my exercises this day; the strong, simple faith I exercised on the promises which thou hast made me to fasten upon, for my dear infant son, George, this day devoted to thee. Lord, honor this faith of thine own operation. Let a blessing always attend the means of grace and instruction to this man-child whom thou hast given us. Open his understanding early to understand the scriptures. Affect his heart even in infancy to love the precious Saviour, and to adore his covenant Jehovah. Instruct his dear mother and me to instruct him. Direct to proper teachers. Teach them to teach him, and bless their labors to him. Fortify his young heart against the temptations, the false pleasures, the alluring vanities, the contaminating examples of an evil world. May he seek thee early and find thee. Endow him richly with spiritual gifts. Give him the learning of this world, and the divine wisdom to use his learning and his abilities for the noblest of purposes,—the illustration of thy love, thy will, thy grace, to sinners of mankind. Make him a faithful minister of Jesus Christ,—humble, holy and self-denied. Give him a contented mind, a thankful heart. May he declare the whole counsel of God; and while he is faithful and sound in his doctrine, do thou grant him to be eloquent, animated and acceptable. I ask all this, for thou art able to grant all I can ask. I ask it now, young as he is, knowing that thou art God. Life is thy gift. Life spiritual and divine is thy work in the soul of man. All the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit are thine to bestow. Power to make the preacher's word successful is of God. Thou canst guide through life, conduct through death, and minister an abundant entrance into glory. To whom then can I go? To whom would I go? My God, unto thee, and to thee alone.

Hear my supplications this day. Behold the promises I have taken: Isaiah, chap. xliv. 3, 4, and 5th verses; xlv. 23 and 24; lix. 21; Jeremiah i. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 12th verses; 1 Samuel i. 27, 28; 3d and 4th Luke, 5, 10, 11th verses; John xiv. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 23d; Ezekiel xxxiv. 27; 1 Samuel i. 23. Only the Lord establish his word. Amen."

Then follows a hymn written Sabbath the 20th November. 1796, on the day when Jessy Graham was baptized; and three verses added on the day George was baptized.

"Now be the Saviour's cleansing blood
Effectually applied,
And, by the Holy Ghost renewed,
His soul be sanctified.

Him as thy herald, Lord, prepare
To preach redeeming love,
That full of faith, and zeal, and prayer,
He may thy servant prove.

Here may he humbly walk with God,
And feed Christ's precious sheep;
And blest by thee throughout life's road,
In Jesus fall asleep."

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER TO A MOTHER.

Extract from a Letter to a Mother on the death of an only and first-born son.

.....I know the tenderness, the pride, the idolatry of a mother's heart, as it entwines itself about her first-born. I have felt the gushing forth of those deep fountains of love which wear a channel only through a mother's bosom; and I know, I feel, that the hand of the Lord has been laid *heavily* upon you: and did I not also know that the same hand that has crushed you to the earth is able to raise you up and to lay your aching head upon the bosom of infinite tenderness, and to apply the

healing balm to your bleeding heart; and more than this, to make you eternally the happier for this affliction. I confess I should rather weep for you in silence than offer one word of consolation. For how inadequate is the tenderest human sympathy, grateful though it may be to the stricken spirit, to heal the deep wounds of the heart. The world,—what is there in "its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense," to fill the aching void where once an idol stood enshrined? Oh, my dear sister, now is the time to fix firm your hold on heaven. Surely the false glitter of earthly joy must seem dim to the eye that has just turned from the grave of an only child; and the heart, weary and heavy-laden, must be ready to exclaim, "If there is happiness in the universe, it must surely be where death has no power." If your hopes have hitherto found anchor short of heaven, cast them now within the vail. If the supreme affections of your heart have entwined themselves about an idol, will you not now raise those affections above the earth, and determine they shall never again fix upon objects that were *made to die!* Oh that you might adopt the sentiment of that mother who, on hearing of the death of an only child, exclaimed, "I see God is determined to have my whole heart, *and he shall have it.*" This is not the language of Nature. No; *she* would speak of her severed ties, her disappointed hopes, her useless sufferings; and who would not weep with her? The Man of sorrows wept with the mourners at Bethany, and He is still "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." He assures us that chastisement is inflicted "for our profit, *that we might become partakers of his holiness.*" Oh that this may be the blessed end of our trials. Not one of them all is the result of accident; not one the effect of caprice or tyranny; not one but was ordered in every circumstance by Infinite Wisdom, Rectitude and Love. It is as much a matter of rejoicing now that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," as it was when you and I were folded in a mother's warm embrace, or when we first learned from our own hearts a part of what we owed that mother.

There is an Eye that sees the end from the beginning; there is a Voice which says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

I am, with the tenderest sympathy,

Yours, S———.

A FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." Acts xxvii, 24.

FATHER! who o'er Time's boisterous tide
A precious bark art steering:
Mother! who anxious at his side,
Each distant storm art hearing;
Bind ye the promise to your breast,
Thus by the angel spoken?
Believe ye that your circles blest,
Shall gain the port unbroken?

Wide severed o'er their voyage course,
Some idol child ye cherish—
'Mid stranger-seas and billows hoarse,
Far from your side may perish;
Still trust ye o'er these waves of care,
To meet in God's communion?
Oh! be your life one sleepless prayer
To gain that glorious union.

When stranded on the rock of woe,
Life's last faint watch-light burneth,
And shuddering toward that bourne ye go,
From whence no guest returneth—
Then may each bark your love has launch'd,
Gliding with sail unriven,
Send forth a seraph soul, to form
Your family in Heaven.

THE

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For the Mother's Magazine.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

I have now only noticed the external structure of insects; the internal anatomy is yet more wonderful. It must be remembered that these creatures, small as they are, have still the nervous system, originating in the brain, and consisting of two knotted cords running throughout the whole length of the body; that they have the sense of taste, with the organs for gratifying it; that they have an apparatus for the digestion of food; that they have a series of vessels for the circulation of the blood, and other fluids; that they have also all the necessary instruments for respiration; and finally, that they have a muscular system, as complicated as the ropes, masts, blocks and pullies, required for the navigation of a ship of war. The internal structure of the commonest insect, a gnat, wasp, or fly, displays an ingenuity of contrivance, and a skill of execution, infinitely surpassing all the devices of a cotton manufactory with its complication of wheels, bands and cogs.

I do not now propose to go into an account of the wonderful transformations of insects, by which the egg produces the larva or grub, by which the grub produces the pupa or chrysalis, and by which the chrysalis produces the perfect insect. These changes are peculiar to the insect creation, and may, indeed, excite our utmost wonder. I pass by the eggs of these creatures, some of which are not larger than invisible grains of dust, and which have within them all the ingenious mechanism of the future

insect. I pass by the diversity of forms, the splendor of color, the beauty and variety of decoration in these creatures. I pass by the amazing instincts by which some of them are possessed of skill, which puts to shame the labors of the deepest mathematician. I content myself with presenting to you a single fly, or wasp, or spider, and ask you to consider its structure, and tell me who made it? Who made this little creature, which as a mere piece of mechanism surpasses the most ingenious of human contrivances? Who framed its assimilated body, shaped its curious head, provided its ten thousand eyes, its jointed and flexible antennæ—its airy wing—its ingenious legs and feet? Who devised its instruments of taste, its nervous system, its digestive organs, its thousand muscles? Who fitted all these to each other, and adjusted them so as to produce harmony of action? Who put into this little machine the breath of life, and bade it go forth to hear, to see, to feel, to taste? Remember that the anatomy of a single insect tasked the investigation of a great Philosopher for a series of years. What then is the ingenuity and contrivance displayed in the creation, the formation, the production of 400,000 different species? Nay, remember that these pass through various transformations, and that in each state, there is a peculiar structure, and a peculiar organization. Think of these things, and tell me if such contrivance does not bespeak a contriver; if such ingenuity does not show design; if such combination does not display thought; if such results do not display power and action. Tell me then, is there not a being at work in this branch of animal creation, infinitely beyond the barren idea of nature? Is there not a Being at work here, whose proper designation is God, and is not that God a being of thought, contrivance, design and action? If it tasked a powerful human mind to understand the organization of a single insect, how great must that mind be that has contrived, and put in action 400,000 kinds! Go one step farther, and consider that of these several species, there are individuals in the earth, the air and the sea, more numerous than the myriad sands of the shore, the countless drops of the deep, the unnumbered particles of vapor that float in the cloud, and con-

sider that each has its minute and beautiful organization, that each is endued with life, and that each has its organs of smell, taste, feeling and sight—and tell me if here is not a display of intelligence, power and action, which bespeak a Being, whose just characteristics are Omniscience, Omnipresence, and Omnipotence.

Let us now turn our attention to fishes. These inhabit the seas, lakes and rivers; they are of various sizes from the whale to the minow, and of forms as diversified as the very flowers of of the field. But examine the most common of them all, and you will see occasion to admire the skill displayed in its contrivance. Let us take the perch of our own ponds, with which every school boy is familiar. It is covered with a tough skin, to which, a series of scales are nicely fitted and all of which are set on hinges which yield to the motions of the fish. What human ingenuity can match this contrivance? Then look at the fins—thin as silk, and spread on delicate frames made of bone, and all so nicely adjusted as to be to the fish what wings are to the bird. By means of these fins, the fish pushes himself through the water almost as swiftly as an arrow flies through the air, and these enable him to turn hither and thither at his pleasure. If he wishes to rise or sink in the water, he is furnished with an air bladder, which enables him to do it as easily as we draw a breath.

This description will apply to many other fishes, but while some are without scales and are only defended by a slippery skin, others have the protection of shells. Some are more curious than others, but they all exhibit proofs of masterly design in their Creator. They are all beyond the power of man's invention or execution. The little minow of an inch in length, as well as the whale of eighty feet, surpasses the boldest efforts of human genius. We shall look in vain among the inhabitants of the earth for the maker of the humblest of fishes. One and all assure us that a superior Being, one of intelligence and ingenuity infinitely beyond man, must have been the Architect of fishes.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

NOVEL READING.—(Continued.)

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

5. *Novel reading strengthens the passions, weakens the virtues, and diminishes the power of self-control.* Multitudes may date their ruin from the commencement of this kind of reading; and many more, who have been rescued from the snare, will regret to the end of their days, its influence in the early formation of their character. The novel writer, having no higher object in view than to amuse the reader, and being deficient in moral principle, appeals to the imagination and the passions, as the readiest way of access to the heart. A love affair, of some sort, is indispensable to this species of writing. Indeed, both novel-writers and novel readers seem to be worshippers at the shrine of an imaginary sentiment, denominated *love;* but which, if traced to its source, would be found to have a much more questionable origin than the sentiment which leads to conjugal union. To a very great extent, these works unite in the same person some of the noblest traits of character, with secret or open immorality; thus clothing vice in a garb of loveliness, and insensibly undermining virtuous principle. Yet, in many of them, the subtle poison is so diffused as not to be seen by its victims, till it is too late to apply a remedy. To substantiate this charge, I shall produce the authority of one whose literary character and position in society, gave her the most ample opportunity of judging correctly. Though the principal drift of the following remarks of Mrs. Hannah More, is directed against a particular class of these writings, yet, from the commencement, it will be seen that she meant to apply them indiscriminately, to novels and romances of every description, at least in their ultimate tendencies. It may be true, that, in regard to some of them, the picture is highly wrought; yet the more covet and insidious the poison, the greater is the danger. If there are any, of the whole tribe of novels and romances, which

are not obnoxious to these charges, they all fall under those already enumerated; and they will all be found tending towards the imminent dangers here portrayed; for the appetite once created, will demand still stronger and stronger stimulus, till it has tasted the whole. It may, however, be safely asserted, that no work of imagination, the incidents of which are interwoven with a love affair, can be wholly free from these dangers.

"Novels," says Mrs. More, "which chiefly used to be dangerous in one respect, are now become mischievous in a thousand. They are continually shifting their ground, and enlarging their sphere, and are daily becoming vehicles of wider mischief. Sometimes they concentrate their force, and are at once employed to diffuse destructive politics, deplorable profligacy, and impudent infidelity. Rosseau, was the first popular dispenser of this complicated drug, in which the deleterious infusion was strong, and the affect proportionably fatal; for he does not attempt to seduce the affections, but through the medium of the principles. He does not paint an innocent woman ruined, repenting, and restored; but, with a far more mischievous refinement, he annihilates the value of chastity, and with pernicious subtlety, attempts to make his heroine almost more amiable without it. He exhibits a virtuous woman, the victim, not of temptation, but of reason; not of vice, but of sentiment; not of passion, but of conviction; and strikes at the very root of honor, by elevating a crime into a principle. With a metaphysical sophistry the most plausible, he debauches the heart of woman, by cherishing her vanity, in the erection of a system of male virtues, to which, with a lofty dereliction of those that are her more peculiar and characteristic praise, he tempts her to aspire; powerfully insinuating that, to this splendid system, chastity does not belong; thus corrupting the judgment, and bewildering the understanding, as the most effectual way to inflame the imagination and deprave the heart.

"The rare mischief of this author consists in his power of seducing by falsehood those who love truth, but whose minds are still wavering, and whose principles are not yet formed. He allures the warm-hearted to embrace vice, not because they prefer

vice, but because he gives to vice so natural an air of virtue; and ardent and enthusiastic youth, too confidently trusting in their integrity and in their teacher, will be undone, while they fancy they are indulging in the noblest feelings of their nature. Many authors will more infallibly complete the ruin of the loose and ill-disposed; but perhaps there never was a net of such exquisite art and inextricable workmanship, spread to entangle innocence, and ensnare inexperience, as the writings of Rosseau; and unhappily, the victim does not even struggle in the toils, because part of the delusion consists in imagining that he is set at liberty.

"Some of our recent popular publications have adopted and enlarged all the mischiefs of this school; and the principal evil arising from them is, that the virtues they exhibit are almost more dangerous than the vices. The chief materials out of which these delusive systems are framed, are characters who practise superfluous acts of generosity, while they are trampling on obvious and commanded duties; who combine inflated sentiments of honor, with actions the most flagitious; a high tone of self-confidence, with a perpetual neglect of self-denial; pathetic apostrophes to the passions, but no attempt to resist them. They teach, that chastity is only individual attachment; that no duty exists, which is not prompted by feeling; that impulse is the main spring of virtuous actions, while laws and religion are only unjust restraints; the former imposed by arbitrary men, the latter, by the absurd prejudices of timorous and unenlightened conscience. Alas! they do not know that the best creature of impulse that ever lived, is but a wayward, unfixed, unprincipled being! that the best *natural* man requires a curb, and needs that balance to the affections which Christianity alone can furnish, and without which, benevolent propensities are no security to virtue. And, perhaps, it is not too much to say, in spite of the monopoly of benevolence to which the mere philosophy lays claim, that the human duties of the second table, have never once been well performed by any of the rejectors of that previous portion of the decalogue, which enjoins duty to God.

"In some of the most splendid of these characters, compassion is erected into the throne of justice, and justice degraded into the rank of plebian virtues. It is considered as a noble exemplification of sentiment, that creditors should be defrauded, while the money due to them is lavished in dazzling acts of charity to some object that affects the senses; which paroxysms of charity are made the sponge of every sin, and the substitute of every virtue: the whole indirectly tending to intimate how *very benevolent people are, who are not Christians.* From many of these compositions, indeed, Christianity is systematically, and always virtually, excluded; for the law and the prophets, and the gospel *can* make no part of a scheme in which this world is looked upon as all in all; in which want and misery are considered as evils arising solely from the defects of human governments, and not as making part of the dispensations of God; in which poverty is represented as merely a political evil, and the restraints which tend to keep the poor honest, are painted as the most flagrant injustice. The gospel can make no part of a system in which the absurd idea of perfectibility is considered as applicable to fallen creatures; in which the chimerical project of consummate earthly happiness (founded on the mad pretence of loving the poor better than God loves them) would defeat the divine plan, which meant this world for a scene of discipline, not of remuneration.

"But the part of the system most fatal to that class whom I am addressing, is, that, even in those works which do not go all the length of treating marriage as an unjust infringement on liberty, and a tyrannical deduction from general happiness, yet, it commonly happens that the hero or heroine, who has practically violated the letter of the seventh commandment, and continues to live in the allowed violation of its spirit, is painted as so amiable and so benevolent, so tender or so brave; and the temptation is represented as so *irresistible* (for all these philosophers are fatalists,) the predominent and cherished sin is so filtered and defecated of its pollutions, and is so sheltered and surrounded, and relieved with shining qualities, that the innocent and impressible young reader is brought to lose all horror of the awful crime in

question, in the complacency she feels for the engaging virtues of the criminal."

The following remarks of the same writer are worthy of special attention, at a time when the country is deluged with foreign romances, and every steam ship that arrives is freighted with new productions from the prolific pens of English novel writers, which, by another steam process, are multiplied and sent out, not like the "leaves of the tree, which were for the healing of the nations," but like the deadly Bohonupas, spreading moral death over the land.

"Let not those to whom these pages are addressed, deceive themselves, by supposing this to be a fable; and let them inquire most seriously whether I speak the truth, in asserting that the attacks of infidelity in Great Britain are at this moment principally directed against the female breast. Conscious of the influence of women in civil society, conscious of the effect which female infidelity produced in France, they attribute the ill success of their attempts in this country, to their having been hitherto chiefly addressed to the male sex. They are now sedulously laboring to destroy the religious principles of women, and in too many instances, have fatally succeeded. For this purpose, novels and romances have been made the vehicles of vice and infidelity."

6. *Novel reading is a great waste of time.* Few will pretend that they read novels with any higher end in view then *mere amusement;* while, by the strong excitement they produce, they impose a heavier tax on both mind and body, than any other species of mental effort. If any thing valuable is to be derived from them, it may be obtained with far less expense of time, and with safety to the morals, from other sources. No Christian, who feels the obligation of "redeeming the time, because the days are evil," will fail to feel the force of this remark. We have no more right to squander our time and waste our energies in frivolous pursuits, than we have to waste our money in extravagant expenditures. We are as much the *stewards of God*, in respect to the one as the other.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SIN OF ACHAN.

"But the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing: for Achan the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, of the tribe of Judah, took of the accursed thing: and the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel."—Joshua vii. 1.

THE melancholy story of Achan, though so very brief, is fraught with much useful instruction to parents, who profess to love God, and who have publicly dedicated their children to his service.

From the passage of scripture above cited, it is apparent that God holds every Christain community responsible for the good morals and upright conduct of its members; and that not even a baptized child, or a youth, can put forth his hand to iniquity, but the anger of the Lord is kindled against Israel, and instead of achieving future conquests and victories over their enemies, they fall before them till the sin is repented of, and the reproach is wiped away.

God will thus have his people to know that it is not a light thing publicly to enter into covenant with him; that it is not a light thing to enter into covenant with each other, engaging to watch over each other in the Lord; that it is not a light thing to be entrusted with the oracles of divine truth; and to stand pledged to achieve the conquests of Zion's King.

Though to every individual is given a definite part to act in the great drama of life, and to his own master he stands or falls; yet by the history of Achan, we learn that our usefulness, happiness, and respectability are materially affected by the good or ill conduct of our relations, friends and neighbors. We learn, too, the startling fact, that, at the judgment day, every individual will be *known by name*, and who was his father, grandfather and great-grandfather; in what period of the world he lived; in what country, nation, province, tribe and family, he was born; what was his occupation; what means of grace he enjoyed; what was his general character, and what his private history.

These are affecting considerations, and should influence all Christian parents faithfully to instruct their children and their children's children in the oracles of divine truth; to watch over them in the Lord; to warn them to pray for and with them, lest in an evil hour some one of them should put forth his hand to iniquity and "trouble Israel." Here also is a motive presented to parents to guard their children against forming unholy alliances, and especially not to covet the dainties of the wicked. We are not informed what had been the character and conduct of Achan, previous to his taking the wedge of gold, and the goodly Babylonish garment. Of this fact, however, we are certain, that he sprung from the tribe of Judah, the same tribe from which our Savior descended. We know too that Achan must have had opportunity fully to know the past history of the children of Israel, how the Lord brought them out of Egypt, with a high hand and an outstretched arm,—what signs and wonders he previously wrought for their deliverance by the hand of Moses and Aaron,—their miraculous passage through the Red Sea,—how God fed them with manna, "angel's food," for the space of forty years in the desert—giving them pure water from the smitten rock,—their more recent passage over Jordan, and at that season of the year when this noted river usually overflowed its banks,—how the waters were driven back, so that they must have stood piled higher than their heads, with nothing to save them from a watery grave, except the unseen hand of their Almighty Leader.

Achan must have known how Joshua was commanded to choose, from the people, twelve men, one out of every tribe, who were to pass over before the ark of the Lord, into the midst of Jordan, and to take up thence every man a stone according to the twelve tribes of Israel, and of these stones to erect a kind of pillar or monument to be placed on the bank of the river near Jericho.

The object of this transaction, we learn from the following passage:—"And Joshua spake unto the children of Israel, saying, when your children shall ask their fathers in time to come,

what mean these stones? then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over the Jordan on dry land. For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye were passed over, as the Lord your God did at the Red Sea; that all the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty; that ye might fear the Lord your God for ever!"

Achan must have known, that Joshua was commanded to circumcise all the children of Israel that were born in the wilderness, as a preparation for the celebration of the passover, which they were now required to observe; and we have reason to believe that Achan was himself one of this number.

It may be useful to consider under what inconvenient and trying circumstances this painful rite was now to be performed. The prompt and cheerful spirit of obedience which was manifested on this trying occasion, furnishes to all persons in authority, and especially to parents, a noble example, and admonishes them not to neglect or postpone any known duty; not lightly to esteem any of the appointed means of grace; not to omit any of the external acts of worship on account of even serious hindrances; and not to forgo any of the instituted ordinances of God's house or worship, except it be in cases of absolute necessity. For it should be remembered that God often hedges up the way of his people, and brings them into difficulties that their hearts may be purified, their faith invigorated, and their obedience tested, in order to fit them to endure some personal or family trial, or to prepare them for some emergency to the church, or to the community.

It is an interesting fact that the celebration of the passover immediately preceded Israel's departure out of Egypt, and formed nearly their first employment on entering Canaan. Alas! it is to be feared that there are not a few persons, at the present day, who would not in any wise defraud a neighbor;—who would not for a kingdom, reject the Bible as untrue—who would not lose heaven for earth, who, nevertheless, do not feel the least compunction for neglecting the Savior's last command, "Do this in

remembrance of me." Had the children of Israel been disposed to cavil at the command given to Joshua, to circumcise the people;—had they been disposed to postpone the celebration of the passover, till a more convenient opportunity, they might have made many excuses—pleading the want of proper materials for observing the ordinance, in the way prescribed. But the Lord does not leave his people without the necessary means for a faithful performance of all the duties he requires at their hand. Thus we find that the deserted granaries of the dispersed Canaanites, together with the barley harvest, now fully ripe, furnished the requisite supplies for that purpose. How must their faith have been strengthened, on finding that the manna, now no longer necessary, was stayed.

Achan must have known the method prescribed to Joshua for the taking of Jericho. What general ever entered an enemy's camp in so remarkable a manner? On such occasions, all external homage paid to the worship of God, is usually esteemed a needless waste of time. But from the success which attended Joshua, in this, and in all the subsequent wars of Canaan, we learn the great advantage to a people of having a pious leader.

As heretofore, so also now, Joshua was scrupulous in obeying all God's commands. He did not arrogate to himself the prerogative of deciding what he would do, neither did he consult the convenience or wishes of the people, but he was governed by a "Thus saith the Lord." While he was careful to marshal all his men of war, he was also careful to employ seven priests, with their seven trumpets; and he was no less careful to bring into this solemn procession the ark of the covenant. He did not think it a useless waste of time to compass the city of Jericho for six successive days. He believed what God had said, that the massive walls of Jericho would fall, and the inhabitants would be delivered into his hands.

The means thus employed, might, to the eye of sense, seem insignificant; but they were purposely selected to teach the children of Israel that they must rely on the arm of the Lord, and not on an arm of flesh, for the subjugation of all their ene-

mies, temporal and spiritual. It was needful thus to humble their pride and to exercise their graces, in order to prepare them rightly to enjoy the rest and happiness of Canaan.

And so will it ever be with the believer in Jesus. Having passed safely through this howling wilderness, beset with foes and dangers on every side; having escaped death in a thousand frightful forms, as he stands "trembling, yet joyful," on the verge of "the Canaan that he loves;" alas! in an unexpected hour a thousand sins, like a mighty host, rise up before him. After all his experience of the goodness of God, he fears that he shall be baffled and slain. He flies for succor to the ark of the covenant. While he endeavors to obey all God's commands, his confidence is alone in the mercy, power, and promises of his covenant God and Savior. In the very jaws of death, his last enemy, he triumphantly exclaims, "Oh, death, where is thy sting! Oh, grave, where is thy victory!"

Achan doubtless understood the command of Joshua, when he charged all the people, saying, "And ye shall in any wise keep yourselves from the accursed thing, lest ye make yourselves accursed; when ye take of the accursed thing, and make the camp of Israel accursed, and trouble it."

In taking the wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonish garment, we are not to suppose that Achan acted contrary to the general bent of his mind and inclination, or that he was influenced by some new or sudden impulse, unless it was that God now abandoned him, as he did Judas, wholly to the dictates of his depraved heart. It is at least natural to suppose, that whatever might have been his outward conduct and profession, prior to this act, he had cherished in his heart, for a long time, an idolatrous love of the world, and a decided hostility to the service and worship of God, in the family and in the sanctuary. While multitudes were awed by the signs and wonders so often displayed in the sight of all the people, and caused their hearts to swell with anthems of praise to the God of heaven, probably these things only excited in the carnal heart of Achan envy or disgust. Perhaps, like many a youth at the present day, he looked

upon the religion of others, even that of his parents, as hypocritical, foolish, and vain.

It is to be presumed that Achan had for so long a period yielded his heart to the suggestions of unbelief, slighting the admonitions of conscience, and the still small voice of the spirit, and his affections had now become so wedded to the world, that at this time his mind was absorbed in devising the best means for the gratification of his darling lusts and appetites. It matters not however, whether Achan was openly profane—it matters not, whether he was a hypocrite—it matters not, whether he called in question the truth of God, or whether he was only criminally ignorant and indifferent to God's commands.

He died as a fool dieth, and as was said of the unhappy Judas, we have reason to believe "he went to his own place."

Let no one express surprise that, in that age of miracles, there should be found one sensual youth—one Achan in the camp of Israel. Should the Lord now cause such a sifting in the ranks of Israel, in this day of superior light—this day of revivals—this day of missionary labors and success, there is abundant reason to fear there would be found many a consecrated child—many sons even of ministers, who would be denoted "troublers in Israel."

We are not informed what was the character of Achan's family. Probably his father was a good man, but like too many other good men, it is not improbable that he was so wholly engrossed with the duties of his public office, that he neglected family religion—impiously presuming, that if he faithfully performed the duties of his public station, God was bound to save his children.

By the melancholy fate of Achan, parents as well as ministers, are admonished to look well to their juvenile members, lest, while God is pouring out his spirit upon some of our churches, calling into his fold many of our precious youth, others who bear the seal of the covenant, should be suffered to wander far from the fold—to become corrupt themselves, and the corrupters of others. Though the wicked conduct of such may not be publicly exposed, and though they may not fall by the hand of violence yet there is great reason to fear that the anger of God is manifested

by the withholding of his spirit in those congregations where his word is faithfully and pungently preached. We sometimes hear ministers of the gospel mournfully exclaiming, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" when, alas! they have themselves neglected to watch over, to feed, and to fold, the lambs of their own flock.

If there is any grief of heart seemingly beyond the power of Christian sympathy to assuage, it is that which a Christian parent experiences, when he finds too late, that owing to some ill-advised step—some unfaithfulness—or some mismanagement on his part, his consecrated children have become openly wicked and profane.

If there is any one state of mind, more to be dreaded than another, and that perhaps requires more of the grace of God than any other, and yet to which a Christian parent may be brought, it is that of seeing a beloved child, who was publicly dedicated to God, in infancy, cut down in the ductile period of youth, an *enemy to God*, leaving to his parents the almost fearful certainty that they have a child in the world of despair.

ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT DEATH OF A SCHOLAR OF GRACE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL, BOSTON.

The following very interesting memoir is taken from the "Christian Witness," and finds a place in our columns, on account of the valuable testimony which is here furnished to the utility of Sabbath School instruction when accompained by parental fidelity; and it urges the importance of employing decidedly pious teachers in our public Academies.

Franklin Bryant Howard, a youth of great promise, was removed to another and a better world at the early age of thirteen. He had been favored with the advantages of Sunday School instruction from his very infancy; and the consequence was, that in the course of his eight or nine years study of the Bible lessons, added to its daily perusal, in connection with family worship, and his own private reading in his chamber, he had become familiar

with the most interesting portions of the sacred volume, with the history of those holy men, whose characters are recorded in the Old and New Testaments for our instruction, our example, and our warning; and he comprehended and appreciated the way of forgiveness and salvation as set forth in the gospel.

As a member of the Chauncey Hall School, during five or six years, he secured, by his amiable deportment, close attention to study, and cheerful submission to its rules, the esteem and affection of its principal and teachers, and the friendship of his fellow scholars.

He was a youth of a particularly buoyant and happy disposition, and seemed to be in the enjoyment of vigorous health up to the very commencement of his short and fatal sickness. But "in the midst of life we are in death." After only six days of feverish restlessness and distressing pains, his symptoms, on the morning of the seventh day, (Monday, 24th February,) assumed an alarming aspect.

His kind and attentive physician immediately suggested a wish to call in another of his profession for consultation; and in the course of the day, the sick boy submitted with patience and fortitude, to two painful and unsuccessful operations for his relief, remarking to his physicians, "I am sorry to give you so much trouble." He was sensible of the critical state of his case, and soon turned his attention to the great Physician of souls.

On the retirement of his medical attendants, towards evening, he was asked if he wished prayers to be offered. "O yes," said he, "and I will pray too." At the conclusion of this united prayer, he continued to repeat, audibly and alone, the familiar sentence, which came with so much appropriateness, from lips which within one hour after were to be closed in death:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Then followed a delightful conversation, in which he manifest-

ed clear and comfortable views, with respect to the mercy of God and salvation through Jesus Christ. Some one speaking of the advantages of early and habitual religious instruction, by means of which, under the blessing of God, this child was now enabled to understand and appreciate the consolation and hopes of the gospel, he immediately remarked, "I am afraid I have not appreciated, as I ought, the instructions I have received." He was told that it was right for him to feel thus; and that to be truly sorry for any omissions of duty, or other offences, looking to the mercy of God for pardon, through the mediation of the blessed Savior, was all that God required of him.

He then asked to see Rev. Mr. C., who was in an adjoining room. As soon as he saw him, he said, "Mr. C., I want you to pray for me."

At the conclusion of his prayer, Mr. C. said, "Bryant, you remember those beautiful words of the hymn—

'When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'"

"Sing it, sing it," he said. This was about half an hour before his death. His young brothers and sisters were then called around his dying bed, and in the familiar family tune of "Balerma," two verses of the hymn were sung. Bryant joined his voice, clear and musical as ever, throughout the first verse, but in the second he could scarcely join. There was now a momentary pause, when suddenly burst from his cold and dying lips, exclamations of ecstatic joy, which thrilled through every heart, and which seemed to convert the chamber of death into "none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

With a voice so loud and distinct that he was heard in the parlors below, he cried, "O what a sight do I see! O what is it! I see Christ! I see angels and a ladder! O what light! O what beautiful things I see! Glory! Hallelujah!"

He was then told that his Savior was waiting with outstretched

arms to receive him into heaven. His eldest brother then came to him. Bryant called him by name and kissed him, and also kissed the other children, as they were one after another lifted to his face.

A momentary feeling of depression then seemed to come over him, and he ejaculated, "Christ have mercy upon me;" and added, "pray for me."

Mr. C. then began a prayer in the words of the litany: "O, Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," and Bryant responded, "Have mercy upon us:" and he immediately repeated the whole sentence in an animated tone: "*O, Lamb of God*, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me." During the short prayer which followed, he frequently uttered ejaculations to the throne of heaven.

After this, he remarked, with a subdued and calm voice and manner, "But perhaps this is all a dream, a *holy* dream; perhaps I may yet recover, and become a minister of God." He was told that he had already become a minister—that he had already preached a sermon which he should never forget.

Another exclamation of joy then greeted our ears: "O, I see heaven! it seems to me I see the Sunday school—the lecture room. Tell them all," said he, raising his hand with an earnest motion, "to become *Christians;* tell them to become ministers of God!—Now," said he, "lay me down, and let me die."

This was about fifteen minutes before he breathed his last. The two remaining verses of the hymn were then sung:

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

He again said, in a calm and pleasant manner, "Lay me down to die." He was asked if he remembered what Stephen said

when about to die—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit;" to which Mr. C. added, "And then Stephen fell *asleep* in Jesus." Bryant instantly and with great energy replied, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The next moment he said, with a sweet and placid voice and manner, "Lay me lengthwise, if you please; lay me down to die." The pillow was removed from his head, and he spoke no more. He breathed as quietly and gently as a sleeping infant for a few minutes, and then, without the slightest indication of pain or distress, his angel-spirit winged its way to the mansions of bliss and glory.

At the request of the principal and teachers of the Chauncey Hall School, the funeral services took place in Grace Church on Wednesday; and although it was a season of vacation, more than one hundred of the affectionate scholars of that well-regulated and interesting institution, in which this departed youth had passed so many happy days, assembled to pay their last testimony of love and respect to his mortal remains.

The following hymn, kindly prepared by the principal, and printed for the occasion, was sung by the school, in a manner which added great interest and solemnity to the scene:

"Before thy throne, O God, we kneel,
With heavy heart and fervent prayer:
Gone from amidst us, may we feel
That our young, brother's soul is there.

For the last time we circle round
The form thy hand has touched with death;
No more with ours his pulse shall bound,
Nor join our shouts with thrilling breath.

Thy Spirit ruled his every thought,
And led his steps in 'wisdom's ways;'
Thy love like golden threads was wrought
In the frail tissue of his days.

O Father, grant that not in vain
His pure example has been given:
May we, like him, life's honors gain,
And, dying, feel the peace of Heaven."

The funeral services were performed by Rev. Dr. Stone; and, after a short address, by Rev. Mr Clark, to the youth before him, the same hymn and tune sung by the deceased just before his departure, was sung by the congregation, and his body was then committed to the silent tomb.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE FREDONIA MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association was organized in 1835. Fourteen mothers united their efforts in its origin. We have no satisfactory reason to offer why its formation was not reported at an earlier period. A communication might have been a stimulous, and encouragement to our sisters scattered over the earth who have with us an identity of object. To do good and communicate is a scriptural precept, which ought to extend beyond our own domestic limits. At present our Association numbers 43 mothers and 120 children. There have been six hopeful conversions among the children. Removals—six mothers and 17 children. Deaths—one mother and three infant children.

Christian parents have the highest reason to hope concerning their children that die in infancy. The promise is to them and to their offspring, which promise must be performed to those children who have not by actual transgression put an obstacle in the way of their own salvation. The death of the most tender infant is an event which only those parents who have experienced the trial can adequately estimate. In the period of infancy, who watches the opening, expanding intellect of the little immortal, as does the vigilant eye of maternal fondness? Are there symptoms of disease; what forebodings lest the bud of hope be broken from the stem, or the sweet flower of promise wither, droop, and die. If the object of such fond regard be removed from the embrace of its natural guardians, what a cloud of desolation rests on every earthly scene, unless the eye of faith sees the

hand of a heavenly Father transplant it in a more congenial soil. The beloved mother removed from our ranks was Mrs. Mary A. Hart, who finished her earthly course January 14th, 1839, at the age of thirty-two. Tears are a tribute due to the memory of that deceased friend. We mourn her early departure, for not to mourn with intense feeling, would be insensibility to departed worth—to mourn is in compliance with the providence of God, which calls us to labor zealously and faithfully as time is short, and our influence upon our children vast in its consequences. Could that sister descend from her celestial heights—could the spirit of that just one made perfect be permitted to visit the sphere of her former terrestrial labors, how would she urge to zealous and united effort—with what ecstacy would a sainted mother hover around the scene of combined maternal watchfulness, prayer, and holy consecrations. At the quarterly meetings, those welcome periods to mothers and children, when the happy group is assembled, if there is a window in heaven which admits saints to look down upon earth, with holy rapture, a sainted mother must behold the scene; her own little son perhaps listening with fixed attention—a tearful eye—a throbing heart melted to tenderness, with the touching story of the Savior's sufferings. Mrs. H. was in her disposition kind, gentle and retiring—a peculiar sensitiveness, arising from refined emotions of heart, showed itself in all her deportment. To her husband she was the companion of his joys and sorrows; preferring his comfort and usefulness to her own ease, she made his house truly "a hive of domestic happiness." In the last months of wasting disease she was uncomplaining. Not a murmuring thought at the dispensations of providence escaped her lips—not a complaint, unless drawn out by interrogations. When her sufferings became extreme, a cough and burning fever, which ranged to the greatest height, she was like a lamb in her spirit, or a quiet babe in the arms of its mother. At the last she seemed to have a clear and comforting vision of her acceptance with Jesus, and spoke of his immediate presence as the fulness of her joy. When the last struggle of expiring nature came, she fell asleep, supported and her head pil-

lowed on the bosom of relatives and friends whom she tenderly loved, who best can speak her worth.

Our Association has recently entered into the practice of discussing subjects at the monthly meetings. Themes are at any time sent to the Secretary, whose duty it is to record them in a book designed for that purpose. At each meeting one is selected as the topic for the ensuing meeting. It is optional for the mother to express her views verbally or in writing. We offer a question to be answered by some association, who are accustomed to such discussions, and request that it may be communicated to us through the Mother's Magazine, viz.—"Is not the power and influence of mothers, in a moral sense, greatly depending upon the virtue, refined taste, and just views of parental responsibility among the community of fathers?"

MARY H. COWLES, Secretary.

Fredonia, April 15th, 1840.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman, not a great while since, in passing through a small village, when on a journey, met with a slight accident to his carriage, which detained him there some time in getting it repaired. While there he entered the lowly habitation of one of the villagers, the occupant of which was an intelligent woman, who was a widow.

After conversing some time on various subjects, her own domestic circumstances being alluded to, she said that her family had once been wretched in the extreme; and intimated to the stranger, in a feeling and delicate manner, that her husband contracted, in early life, his habits of intemperance and died under their influence—that her son—her only son, followed in the footsteps of his father, and became a sot.

After the death of her husband a friend, at a distance, had sent her a little book; after reading it herself with intense interest she induced her son and several individuals in the village to read it also. Her son soon after became a reformed man, and has con-

tinued so ever since. Such was the case also with others who read it. A temperance society was soon formed, to which a multitude of all classes promptly joined themselves, and this little village experienced an entire moral renovation through the influence of this single book.

On being inquired of by the stranger, what little book it was that produced such happy effects, she said, she had kept it very choice in her desk—"For," said she, "next to my Bible, I prize it above all other books." She soon produced it, and taking off the paper in which it was carefully enveloped, presented it to the stranger, who immediately recognized it as a familiar friend. It was "*My Mother's Gold Ring*," and the stranger who then held it was Lucius M. Sargent, the author. What emotions of delight must have filled the bosom of Mr. S. on this occasion! Who would not value such feelings infinitely more than all the unhallowed gains that were ever realized from the traffic in ardent spirits?

Before leaving the cottage of the widow, Mr. Sargent presented her with the entire series of his Temperance Tales.

LYING IN BED.

"No piece of indolence hurts the health more than the custom of lying in bed too long in the morning. This is the general practice in great towns. The inhabitants of cities never rise before eight or nine o'clock; but the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, while the stomach is empty, and the body refreshed with sleep. Besides, the morning air braces and strengthens the nerves, and in some measure answers the purpose of a cold bath. Let any one who has been accustomed to lie abed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by six or seven, spend a couple of hours in walking, riding, or any other active diversion within doors, he will find his spirits cheerful and serene through the day, his appetite keen, and his body braced and strengthened. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health.

The inactive are constantly complaining of pains in the stomach, flatulencies, indigestion, &c. These complaints pave the way for many others, and are not to be removed by medicines; they can only be cured by a vigorous course of exercise, to which indeed they seldom fail to yield. It consists with observation, that old men have been early risers. This is the only circumstance attending longevity, to which I never knew an exception.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

LESSON 23. HISTORY OF JOSEPH.—GEN. XXXIX.

To what place was Joseph brought, by the Ishmaelites?
Who purchased Joseph of the Ishmaelites?
What reason is given why Joseph was a prosperous man?
Where did Joseph dwell?
What did Joseph's master discover respecting him?
To what station did the Egyptian assign Joseph, in his house?
From what time did the Lord bless the Egyptian's house?
For whose sake was the blessing bestowed?
What did the Egyptian commit into Joseph's hands?
What is said of Joseph's personal appearance?
Who endeavored to tempt Joseph to commit a great sin?
What reply did Joseph make?
To whom did this woman make complaint of Joseph?
Did she tell the truth to her husband?
What feelings did he manifest towards Joseph when he heard her complaint?
What did he do with Joseph?
Who was with Joseph, to show him mercy, in the prison?
In whose sight did Joseph find favor?
What did the keeper of the prison commit into Joseph's hands?
Why did not the keeper look to every thing that Joseph did?
Who is said to have prospered whatever Joseph attempted to accomplish?

THE

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For the Mother's Magazine.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

Let us turn our attention to another class of animals. The feathered tribes are most of them destined to rise from the earth, and spend a considerable portion of their time in the air. They are also destined to perform rapid and long voyages. And how wonderfully fitted are they for this peculiar mode of life! The first thing that claims attention is the wing. What an ingenious contrivance, and how admirably does it answer its purpose. Look, in the first place, at its quills and feathers. Where is there any human device that rivals in ingenuity the feathers of a bird? How light, and yet how strong—how tough, and yet how delicate! Consisting of a thousand hairy fibres, yet all are so arranged as to lie smoothly down, presenting not the slightest friction to obstruct the flight of the bird. And how wonderfully are these arranged upon the wing! How does the framework of that wing open and shut as the bird whistles through the air, and how magically does that frail and flexible instrument support the ærial voyager in its etherial element, and hurry it forward in its impetuous career!

Look at the tail of a bird. How ingeniously is this made, and how perfectly does it serve as a rudder to guide its possessor in all its windings, whether sailing aloft in the illimitable air, or shooting like an arrow through the mazes of the forest. Did

you ever see a ship-of-war pursued by another ship? How complicated are their movements! Each is manned by five hundred hands, and every one of these is actively engaged in aiding the manœuvres of the pursuer and pursued. All is life and activity. Every rope is watched; every sail is furled, or swung to the wind, as may be required. The helm is given to a skilful hand, that feels each breeze, appreciates every rolling sea, and teaches the obedient ship to woo the gale and cleave the wave, and speed forward in the gallant race. But turn your eye to another scene. Observe the hawk in pursuit of the partridge. The latter bursts away on whirring wing, and seeking the open field, endeavors to escape by outstripping its pursuer. But the wide wing of the hawk soon overmatches the pursued, and keenly pressed, the partridge bends its rudder-tail, and shoots into the tangled forest. On it goes, like an arrow fresh from the bow. Bending hither and thither, turning to the right or left, it avoids the trunks and branches of the trees—as a ship pressed forward by the gale turns to shun the rock or reef in her path. Nor is the hawk far behind. He watches every deviation of his destined prey—quick as light, he follows in her track, and taking advantage of some opening dell, with the flashing impetus of his wing, he sweeps down upon his victim and bears her away. Turn now your imagination back to the ships of-war I have described. How complicated are these vast leviathans; how curious the operation of the sails and ropes, spars and masts, as worked by five hundred men; and how wonderful the magic power of that helm, which like a spirit seems to guide these mighty engines at its will. But those birds—the partridge and hawk—these are machines still more complicated, and their various evolutions are still more wonderful and perfect. If you consider all the feathers and quills, the vast number of bones and muscles actively exerted in the flight of these birds—and if you will consider with what activity and exactitude the rudder-tail guides the flight, you will see a display of ingenuity, of design, and skill in execution, which puts to shame the invention of man, as exhibited in his master works of art.

The marks of design in the formation of birds are wonderfully displayed in the adaptation of the several species to their particular vocation.

The shear-water, or black skimmer of the seas, is a kind of gull, who gets his living from the deep, in a most curious manner. He has immense powers of flight, and seems to be capable of sustaining himself on the wing for hours and perhaps for days. He skims along over the deep, keeping his lower jaw or mandible in the water, with which he occasionally scoops up a fish that happens to come in his way. To fit him for this peculiar mode of getting a livelihood, his under jaw is shaped like a paper-cutter, and is more than an inch longer than the upper one. When a fish is taken, it is slipped along toward the throat, and there held in the bill till the bird has time to devour it. What a curious adaptation do we here find of tools to the work that is to be done? This bird is to get his food by skimming the seas, and he has a peculiar tool for the purpose and to accommodate him, a departure from the structure of all other birds is adopted, and the lower mandible, usually the shortest, is here made the longest.

In the owl, we observe a remarkable adaptation of structure to vocation. This bird is made to lead the life of a thief, and to steal upon its prey in the darkness and the stillness of night. His eyes are therefore so constructed that, while he can hardly see by day, he can see distinctly at night. But there is another peculiar, yet suitable contrivance, less obvious, but even more curious. The plumage of the owl is remarkably soft, full, and downy. Every part of the body, and even the head and legs, are covered with long yielding feathers. And why is this? So that the bird may winnow the air on a silent wing, and approach its victim not unseen only, but unheard. How different is the noiseless, stealthy flight of an owl from the whistling rush of a pigeon, or the whirring of a partridge; and how admirably does this peculiarity qualify the bird to follow its trade!

Wilson, the American ornithologist, remarks that the females of most species of birds are less gaudily dressed than the males;

and that we here see a wise provision of the Creator, as by this means, the females, who are peculiarly destined to watch over the young, are less likely to be objects of pursuit to the hawk and the sportsman. Being of more sober hues, they are less conspicuous, and may more easily shelter themselves from attack amid the leaves and bushes.

Certain birds have a particular structure in the claw, which fits them for their peculiar mode of life. The middle claw of the heron and cormorant is toothed and notched like a saw. These birds are great fishers, and these notches assist them in holding their slippery prey. The use and design of this is evident. Some birds that live on fish have these notches in their bills, and for the same purpose. The gannet, or soland goose, has the edges of its bill irregularly jagged, that it may hold its prey the firmer.

We might pursue this topic farther, and consider the distribution of birds into various trades, and observe how each is furnished with tools for his work. The bittern is a fisherman, and his long bill is a spear, with which he impales his finny prey. The hawk is a sportsman, and his talons seldom strike in vain. The bald eagle is a robber, and he has the speed necessary for pursuit or flight. The magpie is a thief, and he is endowed with the craft of his vocation. The petrel is a sailor, and he knows the points of the compass without a reckoning. The woodpecker is a carpenter, and his bill is chizel, gouge, and mallet. The heron is an oyster catcher, and his long legs enable him to wade in the water, without rolling up his trowsers. The geese and ducks are swimmers, and they are provided with oil to keep out the water, as a ship is bathed in pitch for the same purpose.

Such are a few facts afforded by a very cursory survey of the feathered creation. And do not these afford marks of design, contrivance, and skill in the author? Can we turn from contemplations like these, and not be impressed with the fact, that a Being who thinks, plans, and designs, presides over this portion of animated nature.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

NOVEL READING.—(Concluded.)

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

7. *Novel reading is a great hindrance to serious piety.* Such is the mental intoxication produced by it, that we might as well attempt to reach the conscience of the inebriate, with the truths of God's word, as that of the novel reader; and the heart that can be feasted on such dainties, cannot have sufficient relish for the "sincere milk of the word," to "grow thereby." The following testimony bears intrinsic evidence that the writer speaks from experimental knowledge: Mr. Hall says, "The fictions of a disordered fancy annihilate, as it were, the *realities* of the *future* world, as well as of the *present*. They place men, just so far as they produce their legitimate influence, in the midst of ideal scenes, as remote from the existence which *is to be*, as from that which is. There are objects of idolatry in the *land of shadows*, which may as effectually exclude the soul from heaven, as the riches of the miser, or the pleasures of the sensualist. It is truly melancholy to think, that any should be led by the *actual* concerns of time to neglect the interests of eternity; how much greater folly, then, to be diverted from so momentous an affair by mere phantoms of the imagination! That the productions of the novelist have precisely the tendency which I am attributing to them, cannot be denied. I make my appeal with confidence to those who have for a time indulged in such reading, but at length awakened from the spell of the enchantress. Say, did not you find your interest in religion *diminish*, exactly in proportion as your attachment to works of fiction *increased*? Were not the hours which you devoted to them, your hours of greatest stupidity in regard to your souls? Was not the Bible then a tedious and neglected book to you? Did you not shun the praying circle and your closets, and the society of devout christians? Were not your thoughts unfixed and wandering in the sanctuary?

Could you relish, as delightfully as at other times, the sacred employments of the Sabbath? There will be, I am confident, but one answer to these questions. The experience of thousands will bear witness, that the conscience never slumbers so profoundly as over the pages of the novelist. The mind is then insensible alike to the hopes and the fears of eternity. The ear is so full of other sounds, that God is unheard, though he speak. He may even whet his sword of vengeance, but the fascinated victim sees not its terrible gleam."

If such is the effect of novel reading, how can one who has solemnly devoted himself to the service of God, spend the precious moments given him here for discipline and preparation for a higher and nobler sphere, in thus counteracting the gracious designs of God towards his soul? How dangerous thus to parley with temptation! What an example to set before impenitent friends, which, if they follow it, will place an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of their conversion! How ungrateful to him who "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again."

8. Before leaving this subject, a class of works denominated *religious novels*, claim some attention. They may, perhaps, find more friends among religious people than common romances, because they profess to recommend religion. But, though they may be free from every thing gross and directly tending to irreligion or licentiousness, yet it is believed that the same general objections lie against them as against all others. All that has been said of the influence on the imagination and sensibility, of morbid excitement, and of erroneous views of life, lies equally against *religious novels*; and besides these, there is another objection, of sufficient weight to counterbalance all that may be said of their unexceptionable *morals*. It is, that they *give false views of religion*. Mrs. More, in a note appended to her description of popular novels, says, "It is to be lamented that some, even of those more virtuous novel writers, who *intend* to espouse the cause of religion, yet exhibit false views of it. I have lately seen

a work of some merit in this way, which was meritoriously designed to expose the impieties of the new philosophy. But the writer betrayed his own imperfect knowledge of the Christianity he was defending, by making his hero, whom he proposed as a pattern, *fight a duel!*"

On the same subject, Mr. Hall remarks, "I would not except from these remarks, those productions which, by a strange misnomer, are called *religious novels*. They have, in some instances, no doubt, been written by men of piety, and from good motives. Such persons have, however, it is but too manifest, in this case, misjudged, and done serious injury to the cause which they meant to advance. The objection which is so strong against other works of fiction, lies with equal weight against them. The views of life, which the former give, are not more erroneous than the representations of *religion* contained in the latter. Incalculable evil may be the consequence of this. The effect of turning from those *images* of Christian perfection, which the religious novel presents, to the mixed characters which even good men exhibit, must be either petulent consciousness, or distrust of all pretensions to piety. This is not all. Apply the test which should always determine your estimate of books. Do romances of this class increase your attachment to the Bible? Are you able, at any moment, to lay them aside and resume the sacred volume with undiminished interest? Do they prepare your minds for more delightful communion with God? Do they dispose you to more frequent acts of sympathy and benevolence? If any have, even in a slight degree, experienced such effects, they are examples of an exception to the general law. The testimony on this subject bears with overwhelming preponderance the other way. All except those who are fascinated to delusion, know that the mind may be full of the excitement which a religious novel awakens, while it is enmity itself against God. The danger that those who feel such emotion, may substitute it for the subduing power of the gospel, is one which those only will think trifling, who know little respecting the deceitfulness of the human heart."

But I would not advise you to read *any* books, merely be-

cause you can obtain no other, nor because there is nothing bad in them. There are many books which contain nothing particularly objectionable, which, nevertheless, are not the best that can be obtained. There are so many books, at the present day, that there is no necessity for wasting precious time upon crude, ill-digested, or unprofitable works. There is such a thing, also, as reading too much. The mind may be filled with ideas and facts which it cannot digest. You may, also, read in such a miscellaneous, desultory manner, as to derive little benefit from it. A house may contain abundance of rich furniture; yet, if it is all stowed away in the lumber room, it will be of little use. The mind and character may also receive great injury from an undue proportion of such *light reading* as is useful in its place, but injurious when indulged to excess. The following remarks of Mrs. More deserve serious attention, in this connection: "I venture to remark, that real knowledge and real piety, though they may have gained in many instances, have suffered in others, from that profusion of little, amusing, sentimental books, with which the youthful library overflows. Abundance has its dangers as well as scarcity. In the first place, may not the multiplicity of these alluring little works increase the natural reluctance to those more dry and uninteresting studies, of which, after all, the rudiments of every part of learning must consist? And, secondly, is there not some danger (though there are many honorable exceptions) that some of those engaging narratives may serve to infuse into the youthful heart a sort of spurious goodness, a confidence of virtue, a parade of charity? and that the benevolent actions, with the recital of which they abound, when they are not made to flow from any source but feeling, may tend to inspire a self-complacency, a self-gratulation, a 'stand by, for I am holier than thou?' May not the success with which the good deeds of the little heroes are uniformly crowned, the invariable reward which is made the instant concomitant of well-doing, furnish the young reader with false views of the condition of life, and the nature of the divine dealings with men? May they not help to suggest a false standard of morals, to infuse a

love of popularity, and an anxiety for praise, in the place of that simple and unostentatious rule of doing whatever good we do, 'because it is the will of God?'"

It is not my purpose, however, to condemn all works of fiction, nor to censure the judicious cultivation of the imagination and the taste. Fictions of the allegorical and parabolical kind, have their place in the illustration of truth, and are sanctioned by Scripture. Those of another class, which give just representations of life, without the accompaniment of a love story, may, to a limited extent, be allowed.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO A GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY.

My Dear Uncle,

After twelve years of uninterrupted prosperity, our little family circle has been broken by death. Our beloved first-born, the child of many prayers, our hope, our greatest earthly treasure, has been taken away by the hand which gave it, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and at the same time peculiarly comforting to a parent's heart. On the 8th of November ult., in apparently perfect health, he was taken with a slight pain in the bowels, while sitting at his lessons, which proved to be an inflammation beyond the reach of art. As we watched the progress of the disease, both his mother and myself endeavored to lead his mind to a proper preparation for death, as we indulged a hope for him that he was a sanctified child. He thought he should be willing to die, if it were the will of God, and felt prepared, but said, "I do not think I feel it as I ought."

In the progress of his disease his mind appeared to be on the great subject, but calm and peaceful to the end. On the morning of the 12th, after a distressing night, he desired to be raised up, a position he had not been able to endure before, and then, with the very glow of heaven on his countenance, he said, "I feel now that I shall die and go to heaven. O, what sweet

beautiful music I hear! Farewell, dear mother, I shall meet you in heaven. Farewell, dear father, I shall meet you in heaven." Taking each of us by the hand he gave us his parting kiss; and calling for each of his brothers and sisters, bid them all farewell, kissed them, and said, "You must prepare to meet me in heaven." He also took leave of the other children present, and left a dying charge for them all to prepare for heaven. "May they all become subjects of Jesus Christ, and be prepared to sing the Hallelujahs of God."

It seemed as if God, in mercy to the boy and to us, granted him in the last hour a full assurance of his acceptance with Him, and a degree of faith and hope which enabled him to bid adieu to every thing earthly without a pang or a tear. About eleven o'clock at night of the 13th he fell asleep in Jesus, apparently conscious that we were around his bed. In the hope that he might be able to hear us, we sung the lovely hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," which you remember was sung when we departed from our friends in Utica. As the words were repeated, "O receive my soul at last," his breath departed. O, my beloved friends, our hearts are torn with anguish, but our comforts are many—yea equal to our grief, for God is unspeakably good to us even while he afflicts us. We rejoice that we had such a child, that we were permitted to enjoy in him so much unalloyed pleasure for nearly eleven years; to train him up for heaven, that he was prepared to go, and that our heavenly Father took him at such a tender age, from the storms and temptations of this world, to the Savior's bosom. We could say, as Mrs. Graham did, when the spirit of her own child took its flight, "I wish you joy my darling." Doubtless our loss is his gain. We had doubted much how we should dispose of him, and suffered much in vain, of the possibility that it might become our duty to send him away from us; but God took the matter into his own hand, and removed him where, we trust, his *education* will progress with infinitely greater rapidity, than it could do any where on earth, and placed him at once in that high service for which we endeavored to prepare him.

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Pray that the sundering of this cord may be the means of fitting us for our remaining labors and the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Very affectionately yours,

GERRIT P. JUDD.

Mission Seminary, Lahinaluna, Dec. 4th, 1839.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MRS. THOMAS S. WILLIAMS.

A SABLE cloud often broods over the bereaved heart when dear friends are torn from its embrace, in the very noontide of life and usefulness, and suddenly hurried to the grave! The struggle, too, is often amazing, between the yearnings of natural affection, and the triumphs of grace, in resigning them at the call of Providence to the cold arms of death and the unbroken slumbers of the tomb!

But to the christian who makes the Bible his study and delight, faith penetrates the veil, and a voice is heard from heaven saying, "write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, *and their works do follow them.*"

In grateful remembrance of having had such a friend, as Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, to love and to lose, and with an ardent desire to perpetuate the savor of her good name in the hearts of the children of her numerous circle of friends,—and to hold up her example to our youthful readers, urging one and all to imitate her, so far as she followed Christ, we record upon our pages the following brief outline of her truly "symmetrical character," faithfully delineated by the pen of her pastor, Rev. Joel Hawes, Hartford, Connecticut, appended to a sermon preached by him at her funeral. It is due to the memory of the dear departed to say, that though she was not herself a mother, yet the young and the

orphan especially found in her cheerful dwelling a home, and in her faithful bosom a sanctuary. And from none of our personal friends have we received greater encouragement to labor with untiring efforts for the good of mothers.

"Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, who has just entered into her rest, was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Oliver Ellsworth, formerly Chief Justice of the United States.* Her uncommonly amiable disposition gained for her the affection and esteem of her companions in early life; and sanctified by divine grace, she became a model of female excellence in every situation which she was called to fill. She possessed a rare combination of intellectual, social, and moral qualities, all so adjusted and harmonized, as to form an admirably symmetrical and finished character. The habits of her mind were eminently practical. There was nothing fanciful or speculative about it. Life to her was a serious reality; and she lived as among realities, to act and to do good. A sound judgment, a kind heart, a large, active benevolence, singular disinterestedness, together with unfeigned humility and a tenderness of conscience that made her peculiarly regardful of duty, and entirely decided in doing what she believed to be right,—these were traits of character, which justly endeared her to a numerous circle of friends, and secured for her an influence of the most happy and useful kind. She had a frankness of disposition, an ease of access, and a readiness to enter into the feelings and consult the happiness of others, which made her the cheerful and chosen companion of persons of every age. Simplicity was a beautiful and striking trait in her character. She had nothing showy, nothing ostentatious—all was plain, practical good sense; neatness, economy, generous open-hearted kindness. While she filled the elevated station in which she was placed, with a dignity and propriety which commands universal respect, and regarded, with becoming attention, the forms of society, she never did any thing for effect or display; but felt the increased obligation imposed

* She was born at Windsor, Ct., Jan. 27, 1789; was married, Jan. 7, 1812, and died of peripneumony, after a severe illness of seven days, June 25, 1840, in the 52d year of her age.

upon her by her situation in life, to let her life shine before men, and to employ her influence and her substance in doing good. Divine providence placed her in a situation in which she possessed the means of distinguished usefulness, and divine grace gave her a heart to employ those means in the most judicious and efficacious manner. She felt and uniformly acted on the principle, that property was not placed in her hands to attract the gaze or admiration of others, or to be lavished on personal vanity and pride, but to be used by her, as a steward of God, for the honor of his name and the good of his creatures. She moved about, as a ministering angel, among the poor, the needy, and the suffering; and every plan of benevolence worthy of patronage, was sure to receive her ready and generous support. On her sick-bed, her heart was still upon doing good; and when her strength was fast failing her, she remembered, with unabated interest, the widow's and orphan's society, her class in the Sabbath school and the families among whom she had been accustomed to distribute tracts and books. Her plans of usefulness were formed with great judgment, and executed with uncommon promptness; one reason of which was, she acted from principle, and never allowed herself to spare an idle moment. Her charities, known in their full extent only to herself and her God, were measured out by a judicious estimate of the relative importance of the objects soliciting her aid, and were always bestowed in the most kind and cheerful manner. No vain excuses, no pitiful evasions, no sarcastic remarks, or cold look, wounding the feelings of the applicant, ever escaped her, when a right object was presented, or a fair demand was made on her charity. She acted on the principle, that God loveth a cheerful giver; and she knew that there is a way of bestowing charity, which does more hurt than withholding it. As a Sabbath school teacher, as a tract distributor, as an officer and director in several of our charitable societies and as a warm friend and generous patron of them all, she exerted a happy and most useful influence; and was always faithful, conscientious and prompt, in discharging the duties imposed upon her in the various relations she sustained in life. Her influence

as a doer of good will long be missed among us; and to supply the loss of it will be extremely difficult.

"While Mrs. Williams occupied so elevated a station, and accomplished so much good by her efforts, she was one of the most humble and unassuming of women. She entertained a low estimate of herself, perhaps even to a fault; and always felt that others in her situation would do more and better than she did. Humility was indeed a most prominent trait in her character; and while she always put the best construction upon the motives and conduct of others, she subjected her own to the severest scrutiny. Envy and jealousy,—those meannesses which corrupt the heart and mar the character of so many in the higher walks of life,—found no place in her bosom. Her temper was incapable of asperity. She never spoke of the faults of others, but to find some apology for them.

"The law of kindness was in her tongue; and during the many years I have known her, and known her intimately, I do not remember to have heard her utter a word of detraction, or make an ill-natured remark respecting any human being. Her standard of duty, in general, and of christian character, in particular, was unusually high; and this, together with a constitutional diffidance and cautiousness, led her to form a very low opinion of her religious attainments, and often greatly to distrust the sincerity of her piety and the soundness of her hope. But this, instead of repressing or holding her back in duty, seemed rather to stir her up to greater activity and diligence in the service of her Lord. She loved the house of God and the meeting for religious conference and prayer. Whoever else might be absent, Mrs. Williams was always in her place, encouraging her pastor by her presence, and her fellow-christians by her example. It was not however, till 1834 that she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, though her friends entertained the belief that she was a christian, years previous to that period. When, however, she had once assumed the responsibilities of a christian profession, she became more decided and active, endeavoring, in all things, to adorn the doctrine of God her Savior; and to those who

have best known her, it was apparent that she was ever steadily advancing in the divine life, and, for some months past, fast preparing for the great change which has now removed her from us. Her sickness was short and severe, but borne with great calmness of mind, and quiet submission to the will of God. I might mention many things of interest which fell from her lips during her sickness. But it is not necessary. The best testimony to the reality of her religion, and the sincerity of her hope, is furnished by her consistent, useful, devoted christian life.

She died as she lived, distrustful of herself, but confiding in her God. She said, as the hour of dissolution was drawing on, 'The grace of Christ is sufficient for me; he can save me, as great a sinner as I am.' She afterwards added: 'I can trust my all in the hands of him who died to save me.' But a few hours before her decease, she said to her brother, who was conversing with her: 'Dying, the grave, dissolution, are of little consideration in my view, I do not think of them; but it is appearing before God—this, this is the great thing.'

"Yes, dear faithful friend, this *is* the great thing; and thou hast now appeared in that presence; and though often fearing and trembling here in thy earthly pilgrimage, thou hast, we doubt not, already heard from the lips of thy Savior, the plaudit —Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THOUGHTS ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS S. WILLIAMS.

It is not when the good obey
The summons of their God,
And meekly take the narrow couch
Beneath the burial sod,
That keenest anguish pours its wail
Despairing o'er their rest,
For praise should mingle with the pain
That wrings the mourner's breast.

It is not when the saint departs,
Whose wealth was hid on high,
That bitterest tears should gush
From sad bereavement's eye,
For in the consummation blest,
Of every wish and every prayer,
They to their Father's courts ascend,
And find a mansion there.

And yet, oh friend, rever'd and blest,
Who from our arms this day,
Hast risen to gain thy perfect rest,
In heaven's all cloudless ray,
Though faith reveals thee to our view,
From every sorrow free,
How shall we check the bursting tear
That warmly flows for thee?

Self sacrificing, upright, pure,
Of feeble hope the guide,
With judgment clear, a soul serene,
And wealth without its pride.
The widow'd hearts in lowly cell,
Must long thy loss deplore,

The orphans wait thy step in vain,
Thou com'st to them no more.

The path of duty and of zeal,
Who now like thee shall tread?
And deeply *for ourselves* we mourn
That thou *art* of the dead.

Friday morning, June 26th.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

To such of our readers as have never read the following expressive lines, it may be interesting to possess them, and to know that they proved a great comfort to Mrs. W. while crossing the narrow isthmus of death. What a comment upon the truth and excellence of the gospel, that it comes to us with its cheering promises, *in our weakness*, and when every earthly refuge fails.

They may be found in "Gems of Sacred Poetry," published by the American Tract Society.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Born of God, to God return.

Lo he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merits of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait, to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

In thy earthly house distress'd
Willing to retain its guest!
'Tis not thou, but it, must die,—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away
Singing to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him,
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar;
Sure as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there!

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade!
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven!
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death!

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER TO LITTLE WILLIE.

N. H., August 12, 1840.

MY VERY DEAR WILLIE:

I RECEIVED your good letter with great pleasure. I think if you continue to tell your mother what to write for you, and after a while try to write for yourself, you will give us a great deal of happiness in receiving your letters. You told me many things I was glad to know. You are going to school. That is very well. Your father and mother, and uncles, and grandparents,—and their fathers and mothers, and their parents,—way back, back, as far as you can think, all of them, I suppose, went to school, as you are now doing; and at school learned many things to make them better men and women, more useful and more happy. Oh! how many things I want to know yet. We want to know how to count, and how to multiply; to tell the number of things, whether they are people, or pigs, or pounds, or pennies; we want to know how things are made, such as carriages, and houses, and steamboats, and pictures; we want to know the names and uses of the beautiful flowers; we want to know the places on the earth, about the lovely landscapes, the mountains and rivers, and the people, and the animals that live all over the earth; and when we look up into the sky, we want to know all about the glorious sun, and the mild moon, and the pretty stars. But before we can learn these things very well, we must know how to spell, and read, and write, and cipher. So if you go on nicely, we may hope that, at least, you will be able to study and enjoy all these noble things. But you must have patience;—if you go to the store, with your father, you put one foot before the other, slowly, and after a while you get there. If you should stop putting one foot before the other, I suppose that you would never get to the store. So in your studies: you may go along slowly, and you will at last know a great deal. I should like very much to make you a visit, and to see you once more;

and to look at your wagon, and to ride on your pony, and to eat some of the pickles and pumpkin pies that your mother has made or will make from your garden. I should like to see you working at your little workbench, and to see the figures you make on the slate, and to make a picture on it for you. Yet, though I cannot see you, I yet think of you. Shut up your eyes,—there! Don't you remember how your uncle looked? don't you think you see him? Well, I can think of you, and your father and mother, just so; and I do a great many times. I imagine how you all look, as you are seated at the breakfast table or in the drawing-room, and how happy you are, and how you all talk together. And then, I pray for you all: that God would bless you, and help you all to be good and happy.

Very soon after I received your letter, I thought to myself, What shall I write to Willie? what shall I tell him? And one day, as I was reading, I found something that interested me, and I thought you would be pleased to have me tell you. Perhaps you have heard about it before, but it will do to think of a great many times, and it is for the purpose of having you think of it often that I write about it. About eighteen hundred years ago, there was born in a small village called Bethlehem, (and you should study *geography*, to know where such places as Bethlehem are,) there was born, I say, a little child; and because his parents were poor, they put him into a manger instead of a cradle. This little child grew up, and finally became a man, and he lived, and his history was written, that little children like you, and that grown up persons like me, might know how we should behave. He set us an *example*;—we should make him our *pattern*, and strive to be like him all the while, and as long as we live. I am sure you have already guessed the name of this child,—it was Jesus Christ. You will find some interesting things about him when a child in Luke, the second chapter. But your father and mother will tell you I hope, how a good old man, and a good old woman, took him in their arms while a babe, and prayed over him. I now want to tell you some things about him, how he probably behaved after he had grown to be a few years old. We may

imagine a good deal, for we are told about him that he *never* did a *wrong* thing. Ah! how wonderful! How happy and good we should all be, if we imitated him!

The first thing I want to say about him, is that when a child *he loved to think of God and to obey him.* He was the Son of God,—and he called God his Father. He loved to think of God, and to do his commands, for he says, "I must be about my Father's business,"—not meaning his earthly father, but his Father in heaven. After he had grown up, he used to go away often and pray to God,—and we must suppose that he did do so when a child. You can read about the child Samuel how he prayed,—and we should love our God, our Father in heaven, and think of him, and pray to him. Wont you try to be like the holy child Jesus, and love to read in the Bible about him, and to obey what the great and blessed God tells us to do?

The *second* thing I want to tell you about this *pattern* of ours, is, *that he loved and obeyed his earthly parents.* The testament says, "he was subject unto them." Ah! how careful should we be to please our parents who are so kind to us,—to take care of us, and to watch over us,—to feed us, and to help us when we are sick! They know, better than we do, what is best for us. And it is right that we should mind them, and try, by our good conduct at all times, to make them happy, and not to grieve them once. And this holy child, we are sure, was very careful always to do what was right, and to obey and please his parents. Try then, Willie, to be like Jesus Christ in your love and obedience to your dear parents,—and especially that when they are grown old, you may be their support and comfort.

A *third* thing I want to tell you about Jesus Christ, is, *that he was kind and well behaved towards his companions.* We may suppose this, because he was so good in other respects. He did not quarrel, nor get angry, nor claim things to himself alone,—but he tried to do them good,—forgave them when they had not done right, and continued to love them. Ah! what a happy company of play-fellows would little boys be, if they were as good and kind as this holy child! Wont you try to imitate him your-

self, and, no matter how others behave, try to behave yourself as you think the child Jesus would have behaved to his little friends.

The *fourth* and last thing I want to tell you now is, *that whatever Jesus Christ did, he tried to do it well and rightly.* He performed all his duties. Whoever tried to teach him—he tried to learn well. We know as he grew taller and taller, he also grew in wisdom. He would not for the sake of play, *neglect* his studies; he would study a proper time, and when it came time to play, he would then, and not till then, go and play. Whatever he was told to do, he attended to it faithfully. His earthly father was a carpenter; and we may suppose that this child Jesus carefully learnt his father's trade. In short, he did every thing so well, and so perfectly, that he constantly grew in favor with God and man. God looked on him, and was pleased with all his conduct, and men saw him and loved him for his goodness. Ah! my dear Willie, wont you try to be like this good child Jesus? Wont you try to do all your duties, whatever you are told to do, immediately, faithfully, and just as you ought? I am sure you will be good and happy if you try to be like Jesus Christ.

And if we have done wrong once or twice, or many times yet let us try again and again, and keep trying till we grow more and more like this great and good pattern.

You see, Willie, I have written a very long letter to you, perhaps it is too long for you to understand all at once, but you can read it again and again, and by and by you will be able to understand it. Do you remember how many things I have told you about that good child whom we should all imitate? and what they are? I hope you will get them in your little mind, and think of them often in your plays and studies, and wherever you are, and always strive to be good like him. And now, my dear boy I bid you good night. May God who made you, and keeps you, always bless you.

Your affectionate Uncle, ——— ———.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EVIL SPEAKING.

PARENTS are not as careful as they ought to be about speaking, or insinuating any thing to the disadvantage of those from whom they or their children may hope to derive benefit.

I was led to reflect upon this subject by an unguarded remark I made respecting a friend in the hearing of one of my young sons, which he thought implied censure. As quick as thought, he said, "Mother, that is like the mote." I enquired what he meant, for I really did not understand his application. "Why, mother," said he, "you know that we can see a mote in another's eye, when we have a beam in our own, which we dont see at all." If the remark he heard had been intended as a censure, his reply would have been rather severe; and as it was, I was forcibly reminded of the extreme danger and impropriety of parents even making such allusions to the faults of others in the hearing of their children, as may serve to prejudice their minds against others, or weaken their confidence or regard for any fellow being, except such as would be likely to exert a bad influence over them.

It requires but little discernment to perceive how early children discover a propensity to imitate others, and how soon they are initiated into the feelings and habits of those they first learn to love. Such parents as know and appreciate the pleasures of friendship, and how delightful the interchange of kind feelings, and kind offices, will be ready to join me in the conclusion that we should not only avoid prejudicing the minds of children by dwelling on the faults of others, but rather, by example and precept, teach them to love and respect the wise and good, and to commiserate those that are not.

It would be well if all parents would act as wisely, and with as much caution on this subject, as did a father in this city. For several years before his death he was heard to say that he could

not conscientiously invite clergymen to his table during the aniversaries, alleging as a reason that it had become so habitual for ministers of the gospel to speak unkindly of their brethren who happened to entertain different opinions on some minor points, in theology, that he feared his sagacious children, on perceiving such marked discrepancies between the profession and example of those expounders of the Bible, might be led to doubt the truth of Chrstianity.

MORNING AND EVENING PRIVATE PRAYER.

"THE habit of early rising is of great importance to the due discharge of morning prayer. O how many precious hours do indolent Christians lose, while those who are more self-denying and diligent, are gaining the favor of God and enjoying communion with him."

In this respect Col. Gardiner set an admirable example. "He used constantly to rise at four in the morning, and to spend his time till six in secret exercises of devotion, reading, meditation and prayer; in which last he contracted such a fervency of spirit, as I believe few men living ever obtained. This tended very much to strengthen that firm faith in God, and reverend animating sense of his presence, for which he was so eminently remarkable, and which carried him through the trials and services of life with such steadiness and such activity; for he indeed endured and acted as always 'seeing him who is invisible.'

"If at any time he was obliged to go out before six in the morning, he rose proportionably sooner, so that when a journey or a march has required him to be on horseback by four, he would be at his devotions at furthest by two. He likewise secured time for retirement in an evening; and that he might be the better able to rise early the next morning, he generally went to bed about ten.

"He seldom ate any supper except a mouthful of bread. In consequence of this, as well as of his admirably good constitution, and the habits he had formed, he required less sleep than most persons

I have known; and I doubt not but his uncommon progress in piety was in a great measure owing to these resolute habits of self-denial."—*Doddrige's Life of Col. Gardiner.*

Bickersteth says—"Our first waking thoughts should be directed towards God; copying David's example, who says, 'When I awake I am still with thee.' I would advise you to be longest in your morning devotions, when your spirits are lively and vigorous, and undisturbed by the events of the day; in the evening, when you are tired and spent with its labors, be shorter, and endeavor to attend to this duty some time before you retire to rest.

"If your evening devotions are deferred till every thing else is done, there is great danger of their being often imperfectly performed, if not altogether omitted. Prayer has been compared to a key, that in the morning opens the treasury of God's mercies, and in the evening shuts us up under his protection and safeguard. It has ever been found, that as we have sought God in spirit and in truth in the morning, so the rest of the day has prospered."

Dr. Doddridge remarks, "that there are few who, with proper care, might not have half or three quarters of an hour at commcommand for reading the scriptures and prayer, morning and evening."

"Let those," says Bishop Horne, "who retire in the middle of the day to adorn their persons, take the opportunity of putting on the ornaments of grace, and renewing the spirits of their minds."

"I have," says Baxter, "more and greater business to do with God in one day than with all the world in all my life. My business with God is so great, that if I had not a Mediator to encourage and assist me to do my work, and procure my acceptance, the thoughts of it would overwhelm my soul. Therefore let man stand by. I have to do with the great and eternal God, and with him I am in this little time to transact the business of my endless life."

For the Mother's Magazine.

PAPA'S BOOTS.

Not long ago a little child,
Just four years old—or more;
Beloved indeed but never spoiled,
Was sitting on the floor.

A pair of boots he quickly spied
Left on the rug to air;
New ones his father had just tried,
A long and shining pair.

O now, thought he, 'I'll be a man,
Perhaps these boots will fit;
Or if they don't, why then I can
Just try a little bit.'

So off his easy shoes he took,
Nor stayed to loose the strings;
He gave them one disdainful look,
And called them "shabby things."

By dint of will, and striving long,
He settled his desire,
When stood erect in triumph strong,
And strided from the fire.

'Hey day!' his father now exclaimed,
'Who's here?—a jack in boots?
But stay, my boy, before you're lamed;
This trial hardly suits!

Yet still unmoved, he bore the pain,
And when mama enquired,
He would not have his shoes again,
Nor own that he was tired.

The boots he praised, persisting still
They did not hurt at all;
And boasting, said he should not care
Though he should have a fall.

'Then keep them on,' his father cried,
'You need not be distressed,
Wear them till you are satisfied,
Your own will please you best.'

He walked about—and now quite flat
Upon the floor he laid;
Then on the rug alone he sat,
And all the rest surveyed.

Impatient grown, he tried the stool,
But there he could not stay;
He saw his brothers, come from school,
But could not join their play.

Feeling at last quite sad and spent,
He touched his father's knee;
'Papa, he said, 'I'm now content,
The shoes are best for me.'

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NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

Let us briefly examine quadrupeds. This class of animals are superior in intelligence to the birds, the fishes, the reptiles and the insects. They are clearly a higher order of beings; their organization is more curious and perfect, and their faculties are of a superior grade.

The elephant is generally regarded as the most intelligent of mere animals, but it appears to me that the dog is not in this respect his inferior. But my design has been hitherto, and now is, rather to direct your attention to the mechanical structure of animals and deduce from the ingenuity displayed in this, evidence of design in the works of Creation.

Perhaps this evidence is furnished as well by the structure of one animal as another. The house fly shows a skill of workmanship surpassing that of man as truly as the structure of an elephant. But there is something in the magnitude of this animal that impresses the imagination and sways even the judgment. It may be well therefore to consider its formation, with reference to this question.

When the elephant is full grown, he has two enormous tusks, proceeding from his upper jaw. These are necessary to the animal for defence, but they are so heavy that he would be unable to carry them, if his neck were as long in proportion to his size

as that of other animals. The neck is accordingly made very short. In consequence of the shortness of the neck, the creature is unable to get its head to the ground. To remedy this defect, it is provided with a tube or trunk extending from the nose to the length of three or four feet.

To this I wish particularly to call your attention. It consists of several thousand small muscles, crossing and interlacing each other in the most ingenious manner. These muscles are extremely flexible, and are endowed with the most exquisite sensibility. The trunk is terminated with an appendage, resembling a finger. To the elephant, the trunk answers all the purposes of a hand. He turns it this way and that, with the utmost ease, coils it up, or stretches it out; with this, he strikes a blow, seizes upon whatever he wishes to carry to his mouth, sucks up water, and turns it down his throat.

Now, who can take into consideration all these facts and not be struck with the skilful contrivance and wonderful power of execution, in the creator of the elephant? What work of man can compare in ingenuity with the elephant's trunk? What human construction does not sink into insignificance when compared with the moving elephant?

In many respects, the skeleton or frame of the elephant resembles that of other quadrupeds. This frame consists of a series of bones extending along the back, carefully fitted together, called the vertebræ. To this, ribs are attached, and the bones for the legs. Upon this frame-work, the flesh of the animal is formed, and over the whole is a coating of skin. Within are a heart and lungs, and tubes called arteries, and veins for the conveyance of blood. Beside these, there are the various organs for receiving, conducting, and digesting the food, as well as a great variety of muscles, veins, and fibres.

This description applies to most quadrupeds, and I wish you to think of it a moment, as a mere piece of mechanism. Consider the animal when walking, leaping, or running about, and think that all these motions are produced by the contraction of the muscles, just as the sails and yards of a ship are taken up and

taken down, by means of ropes. Consider too that all the joints in the body of the animal, of which there are perhaps a hundred, must be constantly moving, and think how smoothly they must turn upon each other.

But in order to render this superior skill of the Creator more palpable, let us examine one or two mechanical contrivances in the structure of animals. We will select as our first instance the human spine or back-bone. This consists of twenty-four bones, joined and compacted together in the most wonderful manner. It is so contrived that while it is firm and enables the body to support an erect position, it is at the same time flexible, so as to bend in all directions. No human art has ever been able to contrive a chain, that can perform these double offices. Here we see that in mere mechanical contrivance, the works of God defy competition from man.

But this is not all. The spine has still another office to perform. In the centre of this chain of twenty-four bones, and passing through them all, is a tube containing the spinal nerve.—This extends from the brain through the back, and communicates with every part of the body, by a thousand small pipes which have the name of nerves.

Beside all this, the spine is to be so adjusted that the ribs may be fastened to it, as well as the legs and arms; and finally; to this the various muscles, which enable the limbs and body to move, are to be fastened.

Now suppose that an ingenious mechanic were to undertake to construct an artificial skeleton in imitation of that which belongs to man, would it not be impossible for him to accomplish the task; and would he not be compelled to give it up in despair? Let us consider, that we only ask of the human architect an imitation, and that even this is beyond his ability. How great then must be the wisdom and power of that Superior Architect, who not only made, but designed and contrived his works, and not only designed and contrived them, but furnished the very materials from his own manufactory.

Let us take another illustration. It is the design of the Crea-

tor that the blood shall be distributed throughout the body, and that this shall be essential to life. The body is therefore provided with two systems of blood vessels—arteries and veins; the first to carry the blood out from the heart, and the latter to bring it back.

These tubes are wonderfully contrived and distributed over the body, and the blood which is to pass through them, is furnished by means equally ingenious and wonderful. But what machinery can be devised to receive the blood from the veins and force it through the arteries and throughout the system? The heart is destined to perform this work. This is a hollow muscle in the centre of the body, surrounded with spiral fibres, running in both directions, the layers crossing and interlacing each other. By a contraction of these spiral fibres, the hollow muscle is compressed, and whatever fluid may be in it, is squeezed out from the cavity within. By a relaxation of the spiral fibres, the cavities in the hollow muscle are prepared to admit any fluid that may be poured into it. Into these cavities the great trunks or pipes of the arteries and veins are inserted—the one to carry out the blood, and the other to return it.

Every time that the heart beats, a contraction of the spiral fibres takes place, and the blood is sent through the arteries, by the force of the stroke, as water gushes through a syringe; and exactly at the same time, an equal proportion is received from the veins. Thus, at every pulse, about two spoons full of blood are sent out from the human heart, through the arteries, and the same quantity is received from the veins. It is said that each ventricle of the heart will contain an ounce of blood. The heart contracts 4000 times in an hour, from which it appears that 4000 ounces, or 250 pounds of blood pass through the heart every hour.

The whole mass of blood in the body of a grown person is about twenty-five pounds, so that a quantity equal to the whole mass, passes through the heart twelve times in an hour, which is about once every six minutes. Such is the operation of the heart in the human body; but consider what it must be in the larger animals, as the elephant or the whale. In the latter, the tube

through which the blood is forced into the arteries, called the *aorta*, is a foot in diameter, and ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart, at every stroke, and it rushes with a velocity like that of water through the sluice of a mill. The whole idea fills the mind with wonder, and we cannot but look up with awe to that Being whose works display such evidence of wisdom and power.

Such are some of the evidences, furnished by the structure of animals, that the Creator is a Being who thinks, designs, contrives and acts. A steam engine is one of the most curious of human inventions. How much thought and contrivance, how much toil, experiment and observation, were bestowed, before this machine was brought to perfection. It indeed, cost men the labor of centuries. Yet how much more complicated ingenious and perfect, even as a mechanical contrivance, is the body of an elephant, or if you please, of an insect. You look with admiration upon the car that hurries along upon its track—but the gnat that dances in the breeze, the bird that cleaves the air, is not only a far more ingenious machine, but it has that mark which distinguishes the work of a Creator—it moves onward by its own volition, requiring no steam, and asking no extraneous force, to bear it onward. If then, so much thought, invention, contrivance, and toil, have been bestowed upon the construction of the steam engine; what an exercise of these—and something more than these—is displayed in the formation of the myriad races of animated nature?

There are other considerations which give great force to these conclusions.

Let us suppose that we could account for the creation of the bodies of animals, and for animal instincts; who then is the author of animal life? The bodies of animals are composed of bones and muscles and flesh, &c.; these consist only of matter, and matter of itself cannot move. You place any piece of matter on the ground, as a stone, a bone, or a piece of flesh, and there it will rest forever, unless something that has the power to move it, comes to act upon it.

Yet an animal has in his material body a power which we call

life, and which can cause the muscles to act, and compel the body to move. This power is distinct from the material body, but it causes the heart to beat, the blood to circulate, the muscles to move, the body to act; for as soon as life leaves the body, though its material form remains perfect, it ceases to move, and is dead. Now who put into the body this life? Who invented, who constructed and adapted to the body, this mysterious power, that can exercise such influence over mere matter?

We can only reply that He whose works are above and beyond the wisdom and power of man, is the Author of life. It is he alone who has put into the insect, the fish, the bird, the quadruped, and into man, this principle or gift, which makes a mere organized mass of earth live, breathe, walk, run, eat, drink, see, smell, taste and feel. Who but God can make a piece of clay do all these things? Can we account for the existence of animated beings, beings which live, move, and do all the things we have mentioned, but by referring their existence to God? And do we not see that God, in the creation of such beings, has set before us a most wonderful display of his wisdom in designing, and his power in executing?

Let us carry this inquiry one step farther. Who made the *Mind* of man? Here is a power still higher than animal life; a power that can reason, that can contrive and design; a power that can appreciate truth; that can love and hate, hope and fear; and now who made it? Man did not and could not make his own body, much less that high gift, the mind. Consider the power of the mind. It has memory, which retains the past; it has judgment, which estimates the past and present; it puts, as it were, a girdle around the earth and measures its mighty circumference; it climbs to the skies, and passing from star to star, becomes familiar with the sublime architecture of the Almighty. The mind has imagination, which can form the loftiest conceptions; it has conscience, which is a guide in the pursuit of virtue; it has taste, which makes it feel the force of beauty and sublimity; it has invention, which has enabled man to build cities, to construct steamboats and rail-roads; to make ships that plough the

deep; to devise language and write books; to record history, to enact laws, to establish government. All these are the attributes of the human mind; and who but a Being of infinite power and wisdom could be its author?

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER IN HER CLOSET.

To the President of the Maternal Association in ————.

DEAR MADAM:

It is always with feelings of the most thrilling interest that I contemplate the character and object of your association—an association which I feel assured cammands the blessing of God, and which from its very nature must prove a prominent means in the salvation of souls, and the advancement of Zion. And it is through you to your society that I would ask leave to communicate a few facts connected with my own personal experience, and relevant to the object for which your prayers and efforts are called into requisition—not that I deem them singular, but with the humble hope that they may have some little effect in encouraging and instigating mothers to unwearied exertion for the salvation of their children.

I am the youngest of a large family, which has been blessed with pious and prayerful parents, and all the members of which, with one exception, are professed followers of Christ. Early accustomed to religious instruction, I cannot recollect the time when I was not, to a great extent, conscious of my duties to God, and of the necessity of seeking from Him the forgiveness of my sins;—and there is many a spot around the home of my infancy, still fresh and distinct in memory, where, prompted by some sudden and then unintelligible impulse, I was constrained to turn away from my childish amusements, and drop on my knees in prayer to "Our Father which is in Heaven." But, like many other children, I possessed strong passions and an excitable temperament, and these scattered seeds of the Spirit were always soon choked

by the luxuriant growth of the thorns and thistles of a depraved heart. As I grew and increased in years, these impressions became less frequent and less serious in their character, till by mingling in the world and pursuing its pleasures, I seemed nearly to have lost all regard for my religious interests, and to have imbibed a spirit of hostility to every thing that is good and holy. But the eye of a loving mother was upon me, and, as I have reason to hope, the ear of a gracious God was open to the fervent supplications of that mother for her wandering, wayward child. My dear mother was naturally modest and retiring in her habits, and, as I approached toward manhood, seldom addressed me by direct and personal exhortations; but when she did thus address me, her ardor and tears bespoke a heart keenly alive to my eternal interests. Her piety was of that character which seeks the closet, as the principal scene of its operations, relying on the spirit of God as the surest and most effectual means. Meanwhile I was fast ripening in the ways of wickedness, and rejoicing in the belief that I had cast off the irksome and unnecessary restraints of religious fear, and was rapidly overcoming the annoyances of a conscience, which would still occasionally remind me of forgotten blessings and slighted love.

At this time, and with such feelings, I entered upon my College course, where I was not long in graduating from one stage of unbelief to another, till I arrived at the maximum of human folly and madness—an avowal of atheism. My Bible, though not altogether thrown aside, was kept only for its *literary* beauties—the public worship of God was attended only from necessity—and my religious companions were shunned, lest they should disturb my feelings by their *superstitious* conversation; and thus I became recreant to every holy principle—a self-exile from the kingdom of heaven. And where was now that praying mother? Thanks be to God, she was still in the *closet*, wrestling in behalf of her son, before that Being whom he had so rebelliously forsaken and denied; and though her prayers were yet unanswered, her faith was constant and unshaken.

Near the close of my first year in College, on a certain occa-

sion when my mind was busied in schemes of future happiness in literary pursuits, I was powerfully impressed with the reflection that all these plans would fail to bring the happiness they promised, and that there was some higher and nobler pursuit, which should be made the grand object of life. This reflection often recurring, disturbed my peace and destroyed all relish for my favorite employments. Conscience was not long in revealing duty. Its still small voice was distinctly heard to say—"Return, and make thy peace with God!" But oh the distance! to return to that God whom my wicked heart would banish from the universe. I made an effort to rid myself of these feelings, but in vain. I at length resolved to defer all concern about them till after a journey which I was about to make to a neighboring state. With such a resolution I set out, promising myself pleasure and peace for a few days at least; but, alas! wherever I went I carried a heavy and troubled heart, which forbade me to be happy. I returned, and after resorting in vain to every resource my mind could suggest in search of that peace for which my soul was craving; I resolved to submit to Heaven, and like the prodigal son, humbly beg for pardon and acceptance, which after many doubts and tears, through great mercy, I had reason to hope were granted.

I soon after visited home with new hopes and new affections; but the report of my change of feelings had preceded me. On entering the house I was met by my dear mother, who eagerly grasped my hand, and with tearful eyes and a throbbing heart, exclaimed, "Oh it has been my daily prayer that I might *live* to see you a Christian! and now I know, yes I *know* that God hears prayer." And here the great secret was revealed. The spirit of that mother's prayers had followed me through all the dark wanderings of skepticism and infidelity, determined to reclaim and to save.

In less than four months afterwards, she was taken to Heaven. And when the last fearful hour arrived, as she lay tortured with pain, yet in tremulous accents singing amid the very agonies of death—

"Welcome celestial bands
To bear my soul away."

How did my anguished heart weep and regret, that it had not sooner turned from the error of its ways—and oh, if I ever felt gratitude, it was when hanging over that death-bed. I thanked God for the rich and inestimable gift of such a mother, and prayed that He would receive her departing spirit.

If my heart has ever been renewed—if my sins have ever been forgiven, I feel that I owe it, through the mercy of God, to a *pious mother's prayers*. And whenever I shall grow faint and despounding amid the trials of a sinful world, this thought will never fail to strengthen and encourage me. The memory of those prayers, wherever I am, still, like a guardian angel, hovers over my heart to restrain me from evil, and cheer me onward in the way of life.

Go on, then, mothers, and pray for your children. "Pray without ceasing." If God seems regardless of your supplication, and suffers them to press onward in the road to death; faint not, nor remit your efforts, but remember that "His mercy endureth forever"—that "the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry"—that, though "clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Faint not, till every wandering, weary lamb is brought back to the fold, there to rest beneath the protection and the smiles of that Being, whose love infinitely surpasses the strongest earthly affection. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS LIES,"

Is the title of an article in one of the numbers of the Mother's Magazine; (I forget which) but its substance was, "that a little girl who had disobeyed her mother, and been threatened with punishment, was deeply distressed at the prospect of its infliction; a lady seeing her grief, attempted to console her by promising her intercession. The child replied, 'I know she will whip me, for my mother never tells lies.'"

This anecdote brought forcibly to my mind a scene, to which I was a pained witness while travelling in a steamboat during the summer of '38, of a very opposite character.

We had scarcely taken our seats in the boat for Philadelphia, when there entered a gentleman and lady, with their daughter, who appeared to be about six years of age; that peculiar period, when the opening memory, alive to each new incident, retains with remarkable tenacity every impression; while the plastic character, receives its direction for life.

I soon perceived from the conversation of our fellow passengers, that the child had been coaxed from her grandmother in New York, to whom it appears she was warmly attached.

An appeal to her vanity, through the medium of a new leghorn bonnet, and gay ribbon, had induced her to visit the steamboat, (as she was told,) "just to see it for a few moments." The novelty of the fine hat was soon forgotten among the crowd of strange faces; and the preparation for departure, unveiled the deception. The child shouted, "she was *cheated*," and insisted on going ashore.

The mother, in an agony of apprehension, attempted to divert her attention to a long and well stored purse of "*constitutional currency*," carried by the unfortunate child.

"See there! how much money you have got."

"Oh, the boat is going off!" screamed the child.

"No my dear, I declare it is not;" answered the weak mother. "That lady will tell you that it is not."

The child evidently *doubted* the mother, and looked eagerly at me for confirmation. I was silent; and she ran to find her father to take her home.

I took advantage of her absence, to remark to the mother, that "I feared she was wrong; and that the discovery of the deception would make the child doubt her forever."

Her reply was, "there was no help for it; 'twas better to deceive, and bribe her than hear her screams."

At that moment the father entered the cabin, leading his daughter, and told her, angrily, to stay with her mother.

"Do give her some more money," said the mother.

"She has quite enough, and may cry if not satisfied," said the father, as he turned on his heel and left the cabin.

I was pained and shocked, and could not avoid the reflection. How certainly the text, "as ye sow so also shall ye reap," is likely to be fulfilled to these poor parents in some future day of anguish.

I witnessed the look of calm disgust, which the intelligent little girl gave to her parents when she found how much she had been deceived.

The mother surprized that she did not scream, said, "We are only going to Philadelphia, and will come back to grandmama again."

"I know better than that now," said the little girl,—"I will never see grandmama again; for I am going with you and papa to his home in New Orleans; far off from dear New York."

This was the truth; and in one half hour, she had been taught that her parents could deceive, with falsehood; and bribe her to do, what affection, or duty should have prompted. I have no doubt these motives would have induced cheerful obedience, if they had dealt openly with her. But had they failed, and she proved obstinate, how much better would it have been both for them, and for her, to have resorted even to the rod, rather than words of falsehood, and deceit. Poor little girl! How could she acquire *habits of faith, love, and obedience,* while those who stood *in loco Dei* towards her until maturing reason rendered her an accountable being, so shamefully abused, and neglected their sacred trust.

S. L. H.

For the Mother's Magazine.

EDUCATIONAL HINTS.

We have heard much of the importance of Education, and also of Colleges, Academies, Grammar-schools, and Common schools, and Sabbath-schools. And these are certainly important—but

there is one kind of education more important than all—*parental education*—family education—that given at the school of home.

This is important because here the foundation of the moral and religious character is to be laid; and this is the most essential part of character. It is important too, because here the foundation of health—of a good constitution is to be laid; and here the basis of those manners and habits which have a material influence upon our fortune in life, is to be formed.

If we consider the subject attentively, we shall perceive that man is a compound of these natures—the intellectual, moral and physical—the mind, the heart, and the body. Our seminaries propose to train the intellect; and they ought also to cultivate the heart. But even if they would, they could not teach this so effectually as the father and mother. The moral and physical education of youth must depend, generally, upon parents.

The intellect, is the intelligent, thinking, and designing power in man. The heart is the power which moves and guides the intellect. The intellect may be compared to the axe—the soul, to the hand that wields it. The mind is the ship with its spreading sails—the heart is the breeze that fills the canvass, and wafts the vessel on its way. Or to change the metaphor, the mind is the store-house of knowledge—but the soul dictates the use to be made of its stores. How important then, that the heart should be trained aright! On this depends the moral character. On the heart depends two things, usefulness and happiness. A great intellect with a bad heart is likely to do mischief to others, and bring misery on itself. A good man, then, is better than a great one. Moral excellence, is better than intellectual clearness. The true standard by which we should judge of men, is their *moral* worth. As a man's heart is good or bad, so should his character be honored, or contemned. The cultivation of the heart then, should be the great object of parental solicitude.

And what can parents do? What ought they to do? Let us endeavor to suggest a few practical hints.

In the first place, the highest object of family education, should be to establish a religious principle in the minds of children. This

subject must not be left wholly to the clergyman. He may do much—but parents more. The child waking into life, first opens its eyes on its parents. It perceives that they have knowledge and power, beyond itself. They can protect it from threatened danger, and to them it looks for protection. They can explain the mysteries that come thick and fast upon its daring intellect; to them its thousand questions of why? how? when? are addressed. The parents therefore become its oracles. The father and the mother are deities to childhood. What these say, are oracles which sink deep into the heart.

Now if a young child perceives in its parents a reverence for the bible—a deep unwavering faith in its doctrines—a confidence in its promises—a dread of its threatened retributions—that child will never be an infidel. The teaching of the parent enters into the substance of the soul, it stamps itself upon the material like an ineffaceable die. All other teaching in comparison, is feeble and ineffectual. There is no preaching like that of the mother—no altar like the fireside.

The importance of religion, merely as a worldly benefit is great. It almost ensures success in life—it is the sun of this world. A good hope of an inheritance in Heaven, is better than warranty deeds on earth. He who is rich in worldly goods, and an unbeliever, is a moral pauper, a bankrupt in happiness—an outcast from the brightest realms of earthly bliss. Impress then your children with a reverence for the bible—a confidence in its truth; faith in its mighty revelations. The peculiar creed may not be so important—but teach the great doctrines of Christianity—the immortality of the soul—its responsibility to a moral governor, and the offered redemption of a Saviour. Teach by example—let children see that you believe, and they will believe; let them see you doubt, and they will take the hint. Let them see you scoff, and they will improve upon the example; let them see that you are profane and they will blaspheme. "Train up a child," &c. This is an everlasting truth, tested by the experience of ages, and established by the testimony of millions. It is for parents then, to decide the character of their children.

Morality is based on religion. It is the philosophy of social life. It teaches our duty to society and to ourselves. Manners are expressions of character and feelings. Words and manners, therefore are of vast importance, and to whom can children look for guidance in these matters, if not to those who have brought them into existence? Bodily health too—a good constitution, are within the gift of parents—in all ordinary cases.

Fireside education, therefore embraces the whole character, mental, moral and physical, of our children. Upon this, more than upon all other education, depends their happiness for this world, and that which is to come. The fireside is a seminary of God's instituting. It is the school at which all must graduate; and the father and the mother are the responsible teachers. If their duty at the hearth be well done, other schools, however useful, are still comparatively unimportant. If fireside education be neglected, no seminary teaching, no costly college training, is likely to remedy the defect. The truth is that if parents do not educate their children well—they educate them ill. There is no half way work in this matter. If parents do not bless, they curse their children; and they cannot evade the fearful responsibility which is thus laid upon them. That there is not, by any means, an adequate sense of the importance of this subject in the community, is proved by a thousand witnesses. How many parents are there who fancy that the preacher and the schoolmaster, are the only teachers required for their children? How many are there who would be startled, nay, offended, to hear that in neglecting to take active, vigilant charge of the education of their children, they are grossly neglecting one of the highest and most important duties of a moral being, who has given life to another. How many parents are there, even of those who admit the importance of fireside education, who still do nothing about it. How many are there who are busy, active, efficient, in their business, who are weak and inefficient in this? How often do we go into the shop of a merchant and see that he has a half dozen clerks, to attend to his business of making money, while the fiftieth part of one school-

master, is all he can afford for the training of those immortal beings that call him father.

To those who act in a higher sphere—to legislators, philanthropists, philosophers, statesmen, we have one word to say. You talk much about schools, seminaries, colleges: and this has been your talk for ages. Yet after all, nine tenths of mankind miss the true end of existence, for the want of proper educational training. The crime, the poverty, the wretchedness, the coarseness, the indecency, the vulgarity, which we see around us, and which is seen to weigh down a large portion of our species—all these, or nearly all, might have been prevented or cured. And by what? Not by colleges or schools, but by parental teaching. The mother has the master key of the heart. In the mysterious plan of providence, she is to her children, what the ancients seemed to imagine the fates to be, to mankind.

But are colleges and seminaries useless? Assuredly not. There is however, a great mistake in society respecting them. It is generally felt that they are to do all that is needed, in education. Many parents think that the whole business of education is to be turned over to them. This is a serious error. Schools and colleges are but tools, helps, aids to the parent. They cannot relieve parents from the obligation of training their children. Multiply colleges and schools, as much as you please, fireside education is wanted still. And moreover, each parent should most carefully investigate the school or seminary, to which he confides the immortal souls for which he is responsible. He may not here take things upon assumption or trust. He should make himself sure upon this point, whatever else he may neglect, let him not neglect the training and education of his children.

The point then, which we wish to enforce on our public men, men of influence in legislation, and in guiding public sentiment is this—remember that colleges and schools are but instruments to be used by parents. They do not render parental education unnecessary. To render these institutions useful therefore, to make them fulfil their designs—and perform their proper function, let the obligations of parents be enforced and insisted upon. Let

the impression be no longer indulged, that having furnished good tools these will of course be used aright, and that all is done that need be done. Parents are still to be roused to a sense of their duty. Here is a great work to do—a work for our public men—for editors, orators, legislators—a work without which the whole edifice of public education, erected with so much cost and care is comparatively vain. If parents will not co-operate with legislators, and make our public seminaries their tools, and tools only—the world will still go on, as it has gone before, and nine tenths of mankind will still continue to miss the true end of existence. Crime, drunkenness and folly, like insatiable hounds upon the track of the deer, will continue to run down their victims.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS.

The return of this anniversary reminds us of the rapid flight of time, and suggests the propriety of looking back upon the past, and inquiring how it has been spent. Dr. Young says, "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they've borne to Heaven, and how they *might* have borne more welcome news." Is the report of *our* past hours what we could wish it to have been? Is it that all our duties as mothers, guardians, and teachers, have been faithfully performed? that the children placed under our care have been faithfully instructed, reproved, restrained from every improper course, and trained to piety and virtue? Have the meetings of our association been faithfully attended? or have we suffered trifling excuses to detain us at home? Have the solemn covenant-vows which we took upon ourselves when we united together in this Association, and which, in the language of the constitution, "have been renewed at each meeting," been faithfully kept? These are solemn questions which it becomes each of us on this occasion to ask ourselves; and if our consciences return an answer in the affirmative, then

indeed have our past hours borne welcome news to Heaven? If otherwise, our duty is plain;—to repent and humble ourselves before God for our past neglect of duty, and implore His grace to aid us in the performance of it in future.

Two years have elapsed since this association was organised. Three members who were present on that occasion, have gone to their rest; and two others who joined us shortly after, are sleeping by their side in "the house appointed for all the living." We need not speak of the virtues of these dear departed sisters. Their names recall their virtues, and they can never be forgotten. We feel our loss wherever we are;—in the social circle,—in the female prayer meeting,—at the communion table. Even in our retirement and solitude, the thought that they are gone, makes us feel still more alone.

Three infant children of the association have likewise been removed by death. Sweet buds of promise! they were transplanted to a fairer clime,

> "Ere sin threw its blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
> Or earth had defaced what was born for the skies."

In addition to the loss this association has sustained in the death of these dear sisters, we have lost many of our members by their removal to other parts of the country. Of twenty-five whose names have been upon our list of members, only twelve now reside in this immediate vicinity. Eight meetings have been held during the past year. The average number who have attended has been between five and six. Last year the average number was seven. Still, though our number has diminished, it is believed a deeper interest has been felt by the few who have attended, than was felt the preceding year.

We are perhaps too much inclined to look at the external indications of prosperity, to feel that success depends upon numbers; and that nothing valuable is effected if a *few* only are benefitted. We forget that a single individual often has power to sway the minds of a whole community. What if such an individual shall be found to have been one of the children of this

Association, whose mother became the instrument of leading him to devote all his powers of mind to the cause of religion and virtue, in consequence of the influence exerted upon her own mind, by the books she read, and the ideas she received in the little meetings of our Association! Will they *then* appear to have been in vain? What if but few attend our meetings? Is it of less importance to any mother, as an individual, that *she* should be qualified to train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the of the Lord, because OTHER mothers are deficient in these qualifications? Is it of less importance to each of us, as mothers, that OUR children should be so trained as to avoid a life of crime, and an ignominious death, because OTHER children are left without the benefits of such training? Is it of less importance that *our* children should, on the *great day*, be found on the right hand of the Judge, because the children of our neighbor may not be there?

But while we should not lose sight of the responsibility that rests upon us in relation to our own children, nor suffer ourselves to feel less interested in the object of this Association, because *others* are not interested in it, let us at the same time remember, that our influence, and consequently our responsibility, is not limited to our own domestic circle. Have we no influence over our neighbors? And are we not bound by that law which requires us to love our neighbors as ourselves, to use that influence for their good? Is there no mother whom we could induce to become a member of our Association, or at least to attend our meetings? Have we not been culpably remiss in respect to our duty to our neighbors? What if each member of our Association should make a special effort previous to each monthly meeting to induce some one to attend; and what if we should thus be instrumental in leading some mother to a right discharge of her duty to her children, and the result should be their final salvation? Shall we regret when we come to stand upon the utmost verge of time, and wait the summons to appear before our Judge, as we look back upon our past lives and think how we have employed the time and talents committed to our trust, of which we

are soon to give an account, shall we then regret that a few hours were snatched from the business of the world each month, and thus spent in the service of Him who came from Heaven, on an errand of love to our lost world? Would our dying pillow be less soft, our death-bed reflections less soothing, for these deeds of love? And would there not even *now*, before the clear light of eternity is reflected, as it were, from the other world upon the moral quality of our actions, would there not even now be more happiness in thus endeavoring to aid some mother in the arduous task of training up her children, than in many things which we are accustomed to regard as sources of enjoyment? Would there be no pleasure in enlightening the ignorant, in reforming the vicious, in strengthening the weak in principle, and confirming the feeble in virtue? Oh would not the employment be God-like? Should we not more nearly resemble Him "who went about doing good?"

It is believed much good might be done by the circulation of useful books relating to the subject of parental duty, and the education of children. With this view it was proposed at our quarterly meeting in December, to form a Mother's Library. Several books and some money were contributed by the members, to which some additions have since been made by donations from individuals. Although it is yet a day of *small things* in this as well as in other respects, yet it is by no means to be dispised: We trust much good has been done, and that much more will yet be accomplished if we faint not. But we know not what is before us. We know not how soon we may be called from our sphere of labor to our final rest. Let us then do with our might what our hands find to do; for there is no work, nor device, nor knoweldge, nor wisdom in the grave whither we are hastening.

C. P. C. Secretary.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Groton, Ct. Sept. 1840.

It is with emotions of gratitude and praise that we hail the first Anniversary of this society which was organised September, 1839. A few mothers in this place feeling it important that something should be done here, for the rising generation, and that as parents, we needed every incentive and help to enable us to perform the important duties devolving upon us as mothers and members of this community, where there are many who feel not the importance of bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, met and organized ourselves into a society designated the *Maternal Association of Groton.* The object of thus associating ourselves together was, that we might unitedly seek the blessing of God, not only upon ourselves and our offspring, but also upon the youth around us, and study how we might best benefit them, to incite mothers to the faithful discharge of their arduous duties, and thus strengthen and encourage each other in all the relations which we sustain.

Although we commenced with fear and trembling, amidst doubts and discouragements, yet in reviewing the past year, we find many things to encourage us to go on in the strength of the Lord. We now number fifteen mothers and twenty-four children. No mother or child has been taken away from this society by the messenger of death. But we have been called to sympathise with one of our sisters in the loss of a beloved and first-born son, in a distant land. He had a mother's prayers for his salvation, but not a mother's hand to close his eyes in death. A kind providence permitted his father and young sister to be with him on a visit, and to watch over his last hours with all the tenderness of paternal love and sisterly affection, till his immortal spirit quit its clayey tenement. He left a widow and two young children to mourn his loss. May he who says, "I will be a father to the fatherless and the widow's God, be their portion, their comfort, their all."

Owing to the locality of several of the members, our monthly meetings have been thinly attended. But our quarterly meetings have been interesting, and we trust profitable.

The children contributed one dollar to aid in building a Seamen's Chapel in Havre, France. Six copies of the Mother's Magazine are taken by this society and read, (especially the reports of Maternal Associations,) with deep interest, and we trust they will be the means of important good.

Extract.

OH, HE IS A POOR DRUNKARD!

How often do we hear this exclamation of some miserable individual for whom sympathy is expressed, and for whose rescue an effort is about to be made: as if he were too vile and degraded to be noticed, and so sunken in vice and infamy, so degraded in body and mind, as never to be capable of rising to any dignity or usefulness. And thus the man must be abandoned forever, though he may once have been the flower of his family, the fond hope of his parents, the honor of the State, or a valued member of the Church of Christ. And the very men who thus cast him out in abhorrence, are the men who cleave to their bottle, who sell him the poison, who are themselves rioting in his ruin. Temperance men have a feeling of compassion for such; they have hope for their deliverance; they know that they are bound in cruel bonds, but bonds that may be broken; they are confident that by one of the most simple principles in nature, a principle of abstinence from the accursed poison, they may be restored to all their physical, rational and moral powers, and stand up in the image of God. The reform of inebriates at the commencement of the temperance cause, deeply impressed the public mind. Such a thing had been about as rare as an eclipse of the sun. "Once a drunkard, always a drunkard," was a common axiom. Instances of reform are now so common as not to attract notice, except among family friends, a broken hearted wife, or famished children, and here it is contemplated with the most lively gratitude. But the trophies of

temperance are now, to the praise of God, a mighty host. And the men who have been reformed are, in instances not a few, among the most useful members of the community. We could mention a man who stands pre-eminent as a temperance writer and speaker, who was once in the lowest degradation. We know a very respectable and useful preacher, who was once on the very borders of a drunkard's grave. But the tears and efforts of a father saved him, he became hopefully pious, and devoted himself to the sacred ministry. The author of the famous tract, THE SINNER'S FRIEND, of which more than half a million have been circulated, which has been printed in ten different languages, and which there is reason to believe has been instrumental of converting hundreds of sinners, was the worst of drunkards. His history may be read in the tract called, The Wonderful Escape, the 358th of the American Tract Society.

READER, despise not a drunkard. He is a brother for whom Christ died. Him, God may yet honor as a great instrument of advancing his glory. Are you the wife, or parent, or child of a drunkard? Despair not of his conversion. The cure is simple. Set him an example he may follow with safety. Look to God for his blessing upon the means used for his rescue. Believe he can be saved, even as others.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE! Twelve thousand who were once intemperate, have become sober useful citizens, and not a few of them true Christians, through the cause in which you are engaged; and yet there are thousands on thousands more who are perishing in the most horrid and disgusting brutalities. Go out after them, and, with faith in God, bring them in. Follow them with kindness. Support them in the struggle, and they will be saved.

RUMSELLER! Can you go on in your work? Will not the ghosts of murdered men haunt you in life, haunt you in death, and hover around you, eternal tormentors? For a little money will you feed them with the fatal poison? You know its end.—You know it is the cup of death to body and soul. You know God has said—"Wo to him that putteth a bottle to his neighbor's

lips and maketh him druken." Will you go on to do it? You know that the cry of the wife, the child, the parent to you, is, "Stop this business;" and if you do not stop it, their cry will go up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. The Lord will hear. The Lord will avenge, and that speedily.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE FOR QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

LESSON 24. HISTORY OF JOSEPH.—GEN. XL.

What officers of the King of Egypt offended him?
What did Pharaoh do with these officers?
Who was in the prison in which they were put?
To whose care did the captain of the guard commit them?
What happened to them in the night?
When Joseph came to see them, in the morning, how did they appear?
What question did Joseph ask them?
What was their reply?
To whom did Joseph say, interpretations of dreams belong?
What did the chief Butler dream about?
How did the vine appear to the chief Butler?
What did he dream was in his hand?
What did he do with the grapes?
What was Joseph's interpretation of the dream?
What did Joseph request the Butler to do when he should be taken out of the prison?
What was the chief Baker's dream?
What was the interpretation which Joseph gave to his dream?
What came to pass the third day after this?
What did Pharaoh do with the chief Butler?
What did he do with the chief Baker?
When the chief Butler was taken out of his prison, did he remember the kindness of Joseph?

THE

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For the Mother's Magazine.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

We have now examined the various works of creation, to be found upon the surface of this earth, and they all testify to the existence of a God, of infinite skill and power. We find in plants, insects, animals and man, contrivances which show a Designing Mind and a Working Hand, combining wisdom and ability, infinitely beyond those of any earthly being, and we are therefore compelled to refer their existence to a God, all-wise and all-powerful.

But even if we could account for the ingenious structure of plants and animals—if we could show that they made themselves—still, who furnished the materials? Who made the elements, earth, air, fire, and water? If man made himself, who gave him the bone, the flesh, the blood, or the substances out of which to construct his body? Who made the earth on which we stand, the air we breathe, and the sun whose light we share? We can only answer these questions by referring their existence to the creative power of God. If you go forth inquiring of the several objects of Nature who made ye?—each blade of grass, each leaf and flower and tree, and insect, and reptile, and quadruped, will refer you to that mighty MECHANIC, whose ways are above our ways, and whose thoughts are above our thoughts.

There is another class of observations, which display in a

wonderful manner the fact that the Creator is a thinking, intelligent Being: and these relate to the adaptation of the structure of animals to inanimate nature. How admirably fitted are birds to flying in the air; fishes to swimming in the water, and other animals to dwelling upon the earth. What knowledge of the several elements, does this adaptation display, and what admirable skill is shown in the several contrivances which fit the various tribes of living things to their peculiar modes of life?

How wonderfully fitted for its purpose, is the ear! It has within, a hollow space over which is a tight membrane, called the drum. When the air shakes or vibrates, this membrane vibrates also, and communicates a sense of sound to the brain. Its use depends entirely on the tendency of the air to vibration; and its structure therefore shows that he who made the ear, understood the philosophy of the atmosphere perfectly; and why should He not, for it is His work?

The organs of the voice also show a complete knowledge of the nature of air; for they are so contrived as to produce a vibration of it, and thus communicate sounds to the ears of others. Is not this a most surpassingly ingenious device? You wish to communicate ideas to another person, and the great Mechanic has given you organs by which these can be committed to the air; or in other words, your voice has the power of producing such an infinite variety of vibrations of the air, as that all your ideas may be carried to another by means of the air! How wonderful, how admirable is this! what wisdom, what knowledge, what skill and power of workmanship does this display! what adaptation of one part of the works of creation to another; and what consistency of plan, what unity of purpose, are here unfolded!

The wisdom of the Creator is also displayed in the correspondence of the power and faculties of animals, with the earth they live in. It is a part of the plan of the Creator, that sleep shall be necessary to most animals; and, accordingly night is provided, in which every thing becomes still and quiet, and adapted to repose. And consider that night, thus essential to animals, is produced by the revolution of the earth, and this revolution is but an obe-

dience to the attraction which impels the planets in their courses. How remote then is the cause of night; how vast are the effects produced by that cause, for all the worlds belonging to the solar system, are governed by it; and perhaps millions of other worlds are under its influence. And yet night, which thus has its origin in the very foundation of the universe, is made for the chicken upon its roost and the child on its pillow. What a connection is here shown, between the humblest animals and the very stars of the sky! How wonderful is the adaptation of the different parts of God's works to one another! How clear is the evidence of one all-designing Mind, one all-working hand in the universe!

But that we may measure in some degree, the vastness of the works of the great Machinest of Nature, let us step in imagination for one moment beyond the surface of this earth, and contemplate the solar system. With this, we are but imperfectly acquainted, but we know the size of the sun, and of the several planets which revolve around it. We know their motions and their several velocities. Let us take a view of this wonderful mechanism.

The sun, the parent orb of our system, is the central point around which the planets circle in their several orbits.

The first thing that strikes us, in respect to this, is its inconceivable magnitude. Our earth is 24,000 miles in circumference, but the sun is 337,000 times larger. It is 883,000 miles in diameter, and about 2,700,000 miles in circuit. You may get some faint conception of its magnitude by considering that if a railroad car were to travel at the rate of 20 miles an hour, it would require about 18 years to go once around it.

You have heard of Mount Etna, in the island of Sicily. It is very lofty, and a person may climb to the top of it. When there, you look down upon the whole island of Sicily, as upon a map. You see numerous islands, some of them volcanic, and pouring forth their columns of smoke. You see vast tracts of the ocean, seeming to stretch out and mingle in the distance, with the sky. Yet this glorious prospect is included within a space 240 miles across, or 754 miles in circumference; and the surface of the sun

contains 53,776,000 landscapes as extensive as this! If you were to look all over the sun, bestowing two hours upon each of these views of 240 miles' diameter, it would employ you 24,554 years to accomplish the task!

Such is the magnitude of the sun. And let us consider that this revolves on its axis, once in twenty-five days and a half.—Let us consider too what vast operations are going on upon its surface. It is now generally supposed to be a solid body, surrounded by a brilliant atmosphere of clouds, which send light and heat to the other planets. Yet this curious covering is continually changing, and dark spots are often seen, consisting of openings or rents in it, some of which are more than 50,000 miles across. These openings are often formed with great rapidity, and it has been observed that the edges of the clouds sometimes fly at the rate of a thousand miles in an hour. Besides all this, there is very little doubt that the sun is travelling along through the boundless regions of space, at a rate which outstrips conception.

And with such views of the vastness of the sun's bulk, and the stupendous nature of its motions, and of the operations upon its surface, let us consider the purposes which it was designed to answer in this, our world. Almost all the benign energies which are going forward in the atmosphere, the waters and the earth, derive their origin from the sun. Its light is diffused over every region, and produces all the pleasure which is received from sight, all the beauty which belongs to color.

"By its action, vegetables are formed from dead and inorganic matter; by its influence, the sap ascends through their myriads of vessels, the flowers glow with the richest hues, the fruits of autumn are matured, and become, in their turn, the support of animals and of man. By its heat, the waters of the rivers and the ocean are attenuated and carried to the higher regions of the atmosphere, where they circulate in the form of vapor, till they descend again in showers, to supply the sources of the rivers, and to fertilize the soil. By the same agency, all winds are produced which purify the atmosphere by keeping it in perpetual motion, which propel our ships across the ocean, dispel noxious vapors,

prevent pestilential effluvia, and rid our inhabitants of a thousand nuisances. By its attractive energy, the tides of the ocean are modified and regulated, the earth conducted in its annual course, and the moon sustained and guided in her motions!

"Its influence descends even to the mineral kingdom, and is felt in the chemical compositions and decompositions of the elements of nature. The disturbances in the electric balance of the atmosphere, which produce the phenomena of thunder, lightning and rain, and the varieties of terrestrial magnetism; the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the globe, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, may all be traced, directly or indirectly, to the agency of the sun. It illuminates and cheers all the inhabitants of the earth, from the polar regions to the torrid zone. When its rays gild the eastern horizon after the darkness of the night, it seems to produce a new creation. The landscape is adorned with a thousand shades and colors; millions of insects awake and bask in its rays; the birds start from their slumbers, and fill the groves with their melody; the flocks and herds express their joy in hoarser acclamations; 'man goeth forth to his work and to his labor;' all nature smiles, and 'the hills rejoice on every side.'

"Without the influence of this august luminary, a universal gloom would ensue, and surrounding worlds, with all their trains of satellites, would be shrouded in perpetual darkness. This earth would become a lifeless mass, a dreary waste, a rude lump of inactive matter, without beauty or order. No longer should we behold meadows clothed with verdure, the flowers shedding their perfumes, or 'the valleys covered with corn.' The feathered songsters would no longer chant their melodious notes; all human activity would cease, universal silence would reign undisturbed, and this huge globe of land and water would return to its original chaos."

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

OBLIGATIONS OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PRAYING MOTHERS.

Children who are favored with praying mothers, have a responsibility to meet, and a debt of gratitude to discharge, of no ordinary kind. They enjoy advantages and privileges from the relation thus sustained, which it would be impossible for the writer fully to describe. How precious are their means and opportunities for securing salvation! Placed in these pleasant "homes of christianity," through the merciful providence of God, encircled by kind and intelligent friends, watched over with tender care, prayed for every day, and instructed and admonished in the things which concern their souls,—what condition on earth could be more desirable! Millions of the young exist in other parts of the world, who are so far from having praying mothers, that they have not mothers who can teach them to read. This circumstance is mentioned for the benefit of our youthful readers. Not all who are named *christians* are so blessed, as in early life to be taught the elements of reading. Unnumered multitudes among them, are suffered to grow up without receiving even any intellectual discipline. It was affecting to the writer in perusing Mr. Dwight's work, which gives an account of the Greek christians in Asia Minor, to learn how deplorably their children were neglected in regard to education. It was seldom that a child was found, who could read the bible or the breviaries that are used in their churches, for they are in the habit of assigning this task to children, or boys, when any can be found thus qualified.

In speaking of the obligations of those children who have *praying* mothers, we would not seem to forget that children who are not so happy in this respect, are still under great obligations to their mothers. They may have kind and tender mothers, as almost all mothers are. They have been sustained, nourished, fed, clothed, and sheltered through the assiduities of their parents;—and especially has a mother's sweet offices not been wanting. She has signally provided for their comfort, health, and happiness.

All children, who understand their relation to their mothers, should feel indebted to them for their manifold kindness, even if the lessons of piety have not been taught, as ought to have been the case. Eternal gratitude is due from every child to its mother, who has performed the ordinary offices of that relation. The image and recollection of her, impressed upon the mind, have affected the destiny of many a man through life, and perhaps forever. It was mentioned to the writer, that the steward on board of the packet ship, "The Home," who escaped its miserable wreck, after helping others amid the surges, was so overcome with his exertion, as almost to give up the idea of attempting to save himself. He felt as if he could make no more effort through exhaustion. At that critical moment, however, it forcibly struck his mind, how distressed his poor mother would be, should he perish; and in consequence, he put forth one desperate effort, which happily brought him to the shore. How powerfully, then, has nature impressed on the heart, the sentiment of maternal love! Who can be so recreant to every dictate of humanity as to be insensible to it! In every age and clime, the mother as well as the father, should be remembered with the warmest gratitude.

Praying mothers there always have been. In every period of the church we have records of them, and of the results of their prayers. This might naturally be expected in view of the prevalence of piety in the sex—the more numerous instances of it, if not its deeper and more consecrated spirit. Prayer, and prayer for their children, would of course be a necessary expression of their piety. And we shall probably see a special reason for the abounding of maternal prayers, in their very circumstances as mothers. They have the strongest affection, the tenderest sympathy for their offspring—an affection and sympathy nourished and strengthened by the force of nature itself in their physical frame, by the constant care and sacrifices that are called from them, and by their close companionship with the objects of their charge. It is a law of our moral nature that where we *do* much for another, we *love* much. Mothers do much for their children; therefore they love much, and where piety rules in the heart they

pray much. They can each say with Hannah, "for this child have I prayed;" and if they have not always sought to rear up Samuels, literal prophets to the Lord, yet they have sought to rear up a pious race. Prayer for children, then, is not a new thing among mothers; but in the present age, a happy plan has been adopted to combine the prayers and labors of many together. Thus they experience the benefit of mutual interest and influence mutual, sympathy and co-operation. They are strengthened more than they would be in an individual consecration to this good object. They secure, also, the peculiar divine presence promised when a number are agreed as to any thing they shall ask. Of this character are our maternal associations. These surely ought to be looked upon as important aids in the general object and purpose of all pious mothers, and that is by prayers and advice and other faithful efforts to bring their children under the influence of religion.

The obligations of those children who have praying mothers, you may perceive, from the *prayers* themselves that are offered. These are of the utmost importance, designed to affect both those who present them, and also the tender objects of concern. Indeed they are designed to move Him to whom they are addressed, since prayer has power with God. What an unspeakable mercy it is, that a child has supplications daily made to God in its behalf! How privileged the young immortal who is the subject of them, and who witnesses them or knows with what an interest, heaven is importuned for its sake! What a blessed season is that which a mother closeted with her children enjoys in supplication to her and their Father! What a little sanctuary does the chamber of prayer become; and how does the maternal bosom meeting them there, and mingling with their spirits, beat with desire for their salvation! How must the children, in ordinary cases, feel the tenderness of the scene, and what a holy atmosphere, so to speak, must surround them! It is her daily work and business by prayer and supplication, to engage the energies of the Spirit to renew and sanctify their hearts. A lady, the wife of an English Clergyman, owed her commencing religious siri-

ousness, at the age of nine years, to the hearing of her mother in prayer. One morning while the mother of Mary Cantwright, for this was the lady's name at that time, was praying with her family in the absence of her husband, peculiar power and liberty were given her, and she wrestled with the Lord for the salvation of all her children. Mary was much affected, and thought that although she had said her prayers all her life, she did not pray to God as her mother did. This, followed by her mother's advice led to conviction of sin, and eventually to the experience of salvation. Such, doubtless, has been the result in other cases.

Again, we may learn the obligations of such children as have praying mothers, in the *religious instructions* with which their minds are early imbued. Prayer will not be the only influence employed by the consistently pious female head of a family. She will accompany it with suitable precepts and admonition from time to time. The great truths of religion will be frequently inculcated and enforced in the hearing of her children. Line will be given upon line, and precept upon precept. It will be the pious mother's delight, to instil into the tender minds of those who are so interesting to her feelings, the principles of the gospel—its charities and its grace. She will employ those kind and winning ways of conveying truth to the mind, which females only know how to devise. The mother is ordinarily the best, the most efficient of teachers to the young. It is recorded of an eminent christian lady, Mrs. Savage, that loving home as every woman should, she aimed as the head of a family, to walk as becometh the gospel, by being a pattern of cheerful serious piety. In adopting this course, it was her great desire to win those who were around her to the faith of Jesus. She was the mother of nine children. The care and tenderness manifested in their infancy, did not exceed her concern for their souls. As she advanced in years her pious anxiety increased, and no pains were spared to teach them the things of God. A considerable part of the evening of the Sabbath was devoted to family instruction.—She excelled in the happy art of recommending religion to the young. She gained their affection, and encouraged them to be

inquisitive on divine subjects. And her children when not immediately under her inspection, were addressed by her with such lessons of piety and love, as, with the blessing of God, were calculated to produce the happiest effects. It would be easy to find on record many similar instances of assiduity and tact in maternal teaching.

Again, we may perceive the obligations of children who have praying mothers, in the *watchfulness* and *discipline* which they receive from such mothers. It is the great object of the praying female parent to bring up her household for God. Prayer and instruction are followed by proper efforts in other respects, such as constant care and solicitude for the conversion and sanctification of children. This is a concern which is uppermost in the mind of a devoted mother. By watching over the subjects of her charge, and disciplining them according to the rules of the Bible, she seeks to fulfil the high duties of her station. The mother of the celebrated Wesleys, John and Charles, educated her very numerous family herself. She managed them by rule, which was never suffered to be broken, except in case of sickness.—Though her's was an extraordinary instance of care and discipline, yet every truly praying mother will desire, in some way, efficiently to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Mrs. Wesley has explained her views in part as follows: "In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform their *understandings* is the work of time, and must with children proceed with slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting of their *will* is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better, for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubborness and obstinacy which are hardly ever conquered, and never without using such severity, as would be as painful to me as the child. In the esteem of the world, *they* pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken." "I insist upon conquering the will betimes," she repeats, "because this is the only strong and

rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind."

Again, the obligations of children who have exemplary praying mothers, may be seen in the *effects* of measures employed for the good of their children. In very many instances, the blessing of God has evidently followed the maternal fidelity. Many of the illustrious disciples of Jesus in our world, have owed their intelligence and virtue, their conversion and salvation to such an instrumental cause. In some instances, the effects have been constant, early, and almost imperceptible from step to step, and the persons brought up under such an influence have been religious from the beginning. This as a fact in religious history, ought not to be doubted. Mr. Jay, in his life of Mrs. Savage, observes, that "the experience of that female shows us that religion is not always begun abruptly. It is often derived under the divine agency from pious education, family worship, parental instruction, and holy example. Mr. Baxter goes so far as to say that were these discharged as they ought to be, even the preaching of the Gospel would not be the most common means of conversion. It is certain that many of the most eminent and useful ministers among the Puritans and Non Conformists were not converted from a course of profligacy, but were trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: from childhood they knew the Holy Scriptures, and the change in them, was as gradual in its progress, that is to say, (in its outward manifestations) as it proved to be, real and divine in its effects."

Let us, then, look at a few cases of the silent, certain results of maternal prayer and influence. In the early times of christianity this was a feature of domestic religion. Timothy, brought up in the knowledge of the Scriptures by his mother and grandmother, is a remarkable instance. Nazianzen, one of the fathers, commends his mother, not only that she herself was consecrated to

God, and trained up under a pious education, but that she conveyed it down as a necessary inheritance to her children, through divine grace, and her daughter was so well imbued with these holy principles, that she religiously walked in the steps of so sacred a pattern, not only reclaimed her husband, but educated her children and nephews in the ways of religion, giving them an excellent example while she lived, and leaving this as her last charge and request when she died. This was the discipline under which christians were reared in those times.

Nor has it been essentially different in the modern ages of christianity. There is the instance of Dr. Samuel Annesly, the father of Mrs. Wesley. His father died when the son was only four years old. His education then devolved on his pious mother, who educated him in the fear of the Lord. His grandmother who was also pious, dying before his birth, requested that the child, if a boy, should be called Samuel, for said she, "I can say that I have asked him of the Lord." He was piously disposed from his earliest years, and his heart set on being a preacher of the Gospel; and to qualify him for that sacred work he began when he was only six years old, seriously to read the Bible, and so ardent was he in this study that he bound himself to read twenty chapters every day, a practice which he continued to the end of his life. He proved to be an able divine and died a death of remarkable hope and comfort. Joshua Rowley Gilpin, who died in youth, may be named as another instance. His excellent mother afforded much assistance in the great work of training him up for God. "She was skilled in all the proper methods of dealing with his gentle spirit, and could elevate his yielding thoughts to God, by the most familiar and engaging representations." By such an influence, combined with that of the father, the child grew up a sweet and lovely specimen of the power of christianity.

In other instances of maternal influence and prayer, we have occasion to notice the eventual success, rather than the immediate blessing of God. It has sometimes been delayed for years, and yet it has come. The seeds early planted by maternal dili-

gence, and watered by maternal tears and prayers, have sprung up and brought forth fruit in after life. Numerous examples have there been of the blessing, which has finally attended, the parent labors and fervent prayers of christian mothers, after years of profligacy, or of inattention to religion, on the part of their children. This is shown in the lives of persons so distinguished in the annals of piety as Augustine, Col. Gardiner, John Newton, Cecil Clandries Buchanan, Thomas Bateman, and others. These were all the subjects of maternal anxiety and prayers, in an especial manner, and after years of neglect of religion, and even in most cases of open impiety or infidelity, they were brought to the knowledge of Christ: and they themselves or their biographers atiribute their change to the efforts and prayers of their parents, particularly of their mothers. Augustine, speaking of himself as he was in his unconverted state, full as he was, of a false philosophy, in his relation to his praying, weeping, agonized mother, says, "Thy hand, my God, in the secret of thy providence forsook not my soul; day and night the prayers of my mother came up before me, and thou wroughtest on me in a way marvellous indeed." "For nearly fourteen hundred years," says his biographer, "I trust Augustine has been in heaven, blessing and adoring God for his pious mother, and though deceased, he yet speaketh to all christian parents, to spare no pains for the conversion of their children, assured that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy, Of John Newton it is recorded, "Behold in his example the efficacy of christian instruction and prayer. His pious mother died before he was seven years of age. Yet she sowed precious seed with weeping and supplication in the mind of her son, which, though it appeared to be choked for a time, brought forth, at length, a rich and valuable harvest." After years of sinning, we know that he became eminently devoted to God and to souls.

But it is not necessary to adduce further examples. The history of piety on earth is full of them. Indeed the prayers and efforts of a pious mother are seldom, if ever, wholly lost. Her devotedness to God and to the good of her offspring, and generally to the souls of men, is calculated to make a deep impression.

Rarely is it altogether effaced from the mind. It recalls the erring child long, long after her endeared person has been hid in the grave, and her lovely spirit has fled to the skies. Its fruits have been visible in the long line of the ministry, perpetuated from age to age, and in the noble army of martyrs and confessors of Jesus, which it has reared and marshalled for the conquest of the world to Jesus Christ. The church of God has been replenished, and the church of God has been peopled, by its instrumentality. Maternal piety is in a distinguished degree, the solace of earth—it is the ornament and support of families—it is the everlasting vestal lamp which illumes the domestic sanctuary. No fragrance wafted from this world to heaven is sweeter—no offering to the Savior's glory is more precious. Thousands and thousands of children have blessed God, both in this and in a higher world, that they were ever brought under its influence.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

MRS. W———.

Dear Madam,—An article on Maternal Influence appeared in the July Number of the Mother's Magazine, signed C. D. That article has by thousands been read with interest and profit, and more so by myself and people, as the writer of it was a cordial friend and classmate of mine. Together we pursued our studies, —together we sung and prayed,—together we passed hours in conversation on maternal influence,—together left the seminary, entered the *sacred office of the ministry*, and took upon us the charge of souls.

Our cases, though, in many respects similar, in other, differ. C. D.'s mother sleeps, mine lives to *pray for her children*. I know not whether the reflection, that the spirit of a mother departed takes a lively interest in our welfare, and though invisible, ministers to us, or the thought that a mother's prayers still ascend to heaven for us, is the most salutary and encouraging. Cer-

tainly both must minister great comfort to a pilgrim struggling here below with doubts and fears.

If any one owes his salvation, under God, to maternal influence, I am that individual; and to encourage mothers in their labors of love, I forward to you a brief statement of my conversion, and the restraining influence I have ever felt from the early instructions and prayers of my mother.

I cannot revert to the time when my mother was not a praying mother. In earliest childhood she stored my mind with the principles of virtue and religion. She planted them so deep and nourished them so well, that their benign influence still abides. These timely instructions, she watered with her tears and followed by her prayers, and this gave force and efficiency to all she said. Her incessant toil, constant care, untiring vigilance, unwearied patience, united with sighs and tears, evinced that fervent love and intense anxiety which no pen can ever portray. The reflection, that I did so long requite these expressions of tenderness and love with ingratitude and disobedience, now gives my heart fresh pain. I was tenderly and earnestly entreated to avoid the least and every sin, and give my heart to Christ. Swearing, lying, stealing, and sabbath-breaking, I was especially urged to avoid. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, having left my father's house; I in part broke away from these restraints and became very profane. I saw wickedness on every hand and fell in with it. The early counsels of a mother were a check upon me, though they did not keep me from sin.

One day being at home on a visit, my tender mother having heard of my downward course, chose a very singular way to reprove me. Speaking of her children she says, "I have not learned that any of my children swear but D., and this intelligence has almost broken my heart! I did hope none of my children would ever be guilty of such sins." Her words went like a dagger to my heart, I was ashamed of myself; I was grieved to think I should have thus distressed my dear mother. My conscience lashed me, and I resolved never to be guilty of another oath. At that moment I would have given the riches of worlds, had I them to

give, to have purchased back my innocence. My grief was poignant beyond description.

However, no sooner had I left the parental inspection than I again mingled with the wicked throng, and became as vile as before. I wandered about from place to place, exposed to numerous and dangerous temptations, to many of which I yielded. My heart was unsanctified, and thus I became an easy pray to vice. But in all my wanderings I was followed by a mother's prayer; and while she had well nigh resigned me up in despair a gracious God, who had listened to her intercessions, was preparing better things for both the mother and her prodigal son. The time and manner of my arrest and restoration to the favor of God were peculiar; I was then passing a few weeks at home. There was, at that time, no revival nor special increase of grace in the place.

It was one Sabbath in the spring of 1828, that we attended public worship. The preacher was possessed of rather ordinary talents and some peculiarities. I will not now describe the disorderly conduct of some young men in the house, myself among the number. It was altogether reprehensible, and sorely grieved my mother. We were reproved and it passed by. Three weeks rolled away, filled up with high handed wickedness on my part, when we were again walking to the house of God. My feelings were entirely changed. Then I was vain and reckless, no fear of God before my eyes. Now I was a penitent sinner, borne down under a sense of guilt.

The morning previous, Saturday, I arose trembling and quaking beneath the wrath of God. My feelings were unaccountable and stung with keen remorse, but never before did I feel such an overwhelming, humbling sense of sin and its deserts. I went to my work, but ah! how changed the face of nature! all earthly beauties were marred, all earthly glories had vanished, and all its pleasures had faded as a leaf! The rebukes of conscience had dried up the last drop of consolation,—had thrown over my mind the gleam of despair. The Holy Spirit drew me, but how reluctant was I to go. I turned to the world, to my young associates, they were dear to me; how could I leave them,—how

could I relinquish all sensual pleasure, all earthly delights, for the gloomy life of a Christian!

Jesus, with arms extended, called; I heard his winning voice, my heart began to melt, my will began to bow, I yielded, the decision was made. "I can but perish if I go; I am resolved to try." The day passed heavily away, evening came at length, I entered the house and, what was unusual for me, took my Bible and sat down to read. That ever watchful mother's eye was upon me; her hopes and fears were now raised to their highest pitch, and with silent prayer she immediately presented me a light. My conscience was exceeding tender, and this renewed expression of anxiety was an additional weight to my burden, already quite insupportable.

Night wore away, the Sabbath came, and the first I ever desired to keep holy. At an early hour we set out for meeting, as we walked slowly along, I expressed a wish to be benefitted by the preacher. A mother's heart was now full, she could no longer refrain, but with an expression of earnestness and joy, I shall never forget, she rejoined, "D., I bless God, he has heard my prayers. When we returned from meeting three weeks since, I prayed that you might never again go to the house of God with such feelings as you then possessed; for this I have prayed ever since, and I bless God he has heard my prayers." This was too much; it completely subdued me. How distinctly could I see the streams of mercy flowing from heaven to my soul through the medium of, and in answer, to a mother's prayers. I refer to this as my firm conviction, that prayer was heard in my behalf; and if I ever stand on Mount Zion alone, I shall be there a trophy of grace, redeemed through a mother's instrumentality. Mothers, "Go ye and do likewise." Affectionately,

D. R. W.

FROM MRS. ———, LONDON.

My dear Mrs. ———,—For some weeks past I have been thinking of writing to you to acknowledge your kind letter, and communicate some pleasing results of maternal effort in promot-

ing a revival of religion in a small village, which before those efforts, seemed spiritually dead. I trust your interesting report will have a salutary influence in stimulating us to renewed effort, and indeed we needed some encouragement just at this time, for it was only the day before that a dear friend and I were bewailing the apathy of English mothers respecting their solemn responsibilities, and their indifference to Maternal Associations as a means of grace. We were talking over plans to draw further attention to the subject from the cold and indifferent among us. Under these circumstances we deeply sympathise with such associations as appear in a languishing state, while those that are prospering inspire us with a hope that we may yet see better days, especially as in one case, that before alluded to, we have such ground of encouragement. Of this I send you a short account. I had through a mutual friend sent to the village a work recently published, called "Four Letters on Maternal Associations," and some tracts. Sometime afterwards the following letter was received.

"My dear ————,—I am sure you will feel pleased to hear that we have formed a Maternal Association in our village. You know that for a long time it was my earnest desire to form the mothers into a little band. At first I met with but slight encouragement. At length I became so unhappy that I determined, with the blessing of God, to make a beginning, even if we were only two or three; feeling that even then we should be within the promise. I therefore went round to many mothers; I believe that the Lord went before me, for all seemed prepared to exert themselves, and hailed the plan with gladness. At our first meeting we were 29 in number, and many went away saying "It was good to be here." Next Friday we shall have our second meeting. I have also the pleasure of mentioning to you, that out of our maternal meeting has arisen a prayer meeting after the example of our American sisters. It is held at a friend's house every Tuesday evening. We have four prayers, read from portions of God's word, and the meeting occupies an hour. Old and young seem

to be awakened; and a spirit of prayer is poured out upon all. We have no less than three prayer meetings on the Sabbath, and sometimes three in the week. Give us, my dear friend, an interest in your prayers, that we may see greater things than these."

In three months from the receipt of the above, Mrs. M. writes again as follows:—

"My dear ————,—Many thanks for your kind letter. The work of the Lord is going on in the midst of us. We have now 80 mothers and 300 children in our association. The attendance of the former is become so numerous that we have been obliged to remove from the vestry into the chapel; and so beneficial have been the results, that mothers, their husbands, and their children, are now seen as attentive hearers of the gospel. May the Lord make them doers of the word. Our Sunday school is so increased, that yesterday we were obliged to form four new classes, and set over them some of the elder girls, who will add to my labors, by meeting me for instruction in their important duties once a week. My hands are so full that I can scarcely find hours enough in the day, or days in the week, to fulfil my engagements. I am now writing with my precious little ones creeping at my feet, and calling off my attention from you every five minutes. Believe me, however, they are not the less attended to for the deep and growing interest mamma takes in maternal associations. My class of young women, increased to 49, quite a formidable congregation. I am sometimes overwhelmed in the prospect of meeting the mothers, having the entire duties of each meeting to perform myself. I should feel most thankful if you could lend me any thing useful to read to them; remember they are all, but two or three, poor women. The Mother at Home and the Mother's Magazine, I find best adapted for usefulness among them. I have an interesting pupil just now, one whom I trust will soon be at the feet of Jesus. Last week, after the female's prayer meeting, one of the mothers came to me and clasping my hand in both her's, with streaming eyes, said, "Madam, will you

teach me to read? I am an old woman and a great sinner." I directed her to the great Savior, and told her to come the next day to learn, and so earnest is she, that already she can put her letters together. I never saw any thing like this before; she reads, then weeps, then prays, then wipes her glasses, and reads again. Many of the mothers cannot read. I have offered to teach them. May the Lord give me strength to go forward."

Mrs. M———— writes again, July 3d.

"My dear ————,—Last evening was our maternal meeting,—a delightful season. We now number 91 mothers and 351 children. The ark is going forward amidst the cold looks of formal christians, the smile of the infidel, and the song of the drunkard; but none of these things move me,—"Onward," is my motto in the strength of the Lord. Last Wednesday one mother, and a son of another, with another lad, were added to our church, and I believe eternity only will reveal all that maternal associations have done here."

It gives me great pleasure, my dear friend, to send you so pleasing a testimony to the value of your excellent Magazine, my own experience quite co-incides with its usefulness, and the deep interest that the perusal of its pages has produced in the minds of mothers. I hope soon to forward a letter to you from the writer of the foregoing account.

Myself and daughters are greatly interested in the plan to benefit young ladies, introduced in the Magazine; we hope to hear more on the subject; it would tend to the right employment of that time which in too many cases is misimproved.

Yours most affectionately,

Durham Place, Aug. 3d, 1840.,

For the Mother's Magazine.

A SECOND LETTER TO LITTLE WILLIE.

October 13th, 1840.

MY DEAR WILLIE:

As little boys sometimes love to receive letters, I venture to write to you again; although you have had but little time, and therefore have not answered my last letter.

What I wish to say to you now, is, GOVERN YOURSELF. It is easier for us to do a thing after we have seen another do it, and I therefore have told you of Jesus Christ, who was accustomed to govern himself. He was a perfect pattern; and if you govern yourself as he did, if you follow the rules he gave for the very purpose, that you might govern yourself, you will certainly do right, you will certainly be happy, and certainly be loved.

The thing, I now say is, that *you* must govern *yourself*. You must yourself *know* how Christ acted, and what his rules were! and then you must *apply* them to *yourself*. Some boys would say,—"Oh! how I should like to govern myself! Then my father and mother, and my teachers would not tell me what I must do, and what I must not do! I would do just as I pleased; How happy should I be to govern myself!" But such boys as these are poor, mistaken boys. They would not be happy, even if their friends and teachers did not, as they wish they would not, govern them. They would not govern themselves. They would not know how to govern themselves. Probably they would not wish to govern themselves, as they must do, to be happy. They would not follow those good rules which Christ gave and followed. It is a great blessing to have our parents and teachers govern us. It aids us in governing ourselves. All good men who have been governed by their parents when they were children, are very thankful to them. They especially thank their parents for having punished them when they did wrong. I know a man who could tell you such a story as this about himself. He would say, "I remember, when I was a child, I became very angry with a man, and in my haste, I

seized upon a book,—it was the bible,—and with a great deal of spite, threw it at his head. My father upon hearing of it punished me. He kindly conversed with me. He put me into a room alone, and told me to think of what I had done, and of the verse which the wise Solomon wrote, 'the way of trangressors is hard.' Oh! I have never forgotten this verse, nor the lesson that my father taught me. If I could see him, I would heartily thank him for governing me when I was young."

But while our parents are governing us, it is still true that we must govern ourselves, though not in the way those foolish boys that I spoke of think. If you are riding upon a horse, and he wishes to turn down one street, and you wish to go down another, you pull the rein, and the horse knows what your will is. Your will is his *rule*. He has such prodigious strength, that if he chose, he could go down the street he wishes, and would go notwithstanding all you could do. But he governs himself, and cheerfully trots on as you wish. So a little dog governs himself by the will of his master. And you are cheerfully to govern yourself according to the wishes and commands of your parents and teachers. These wishes and commands, and the commands of God, are your rules. God and your parents govern you, and in cheerfully following their rules you govern yourself too. Oh! what a noble thing it is to govern one's self in this way! I wish you, I wish every little boy, would say, "I would rather govern myself, I would rather govern myself by these rules, than to be a king and rule a nation!" The Bible praises this kind of government. "He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city." It is better to conquer one's self than to conquer a city. But how miserable, how much to be pitied, is he that does not govern himself. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls." He that does not govern himself, is like a conquered city; the enemy,—evil passions and evil thoughts,—can come in as they please, for the walls are broken down,—good rules are given up or disregarded.

Govern yourself then, dear Willie. Think of this very often.

In the morning when you get up, say, "I must remember and govern myself to day." In the evening, when you go to bed, ask, "Have I governed myself to-day?" and if you find that you have not, then determine to be more careful afterwards.

Your affectionate Uncle, ——— ———.

For the Mother's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S READING—AGAIN.

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

I HAVE still one suggestion more on this subject. The habit of systematic reading, formed in childhood, is of great value through life. In youth, it is a preservative against temptation, as it leads to the useful employment of many hours, which might otherwise be spent in questionable amusements; and in subsequent life, it prevents the stagnation of mind, continues the progress of improvement, commenced in early life, and rescues from idleness and vacuity of mind, many hours of precious time. There are multitudes, who, if inquired of as to their reading, will reply that they have *no time* to read. Yet, the same persons find time to spend many hours, in the course of a week, to no profit. And it will generally be found true, that the most active and efficient persons, who accomplish most in their respective callings, are those who read most, and are most intelligent on general subjects. A person whose mind is unimproved, will be less competent to prosecute successfully any undertaking; nor will any one accomplish any more by devoting all his energies, every hour of the day to the labors of his calling. But, by giving to it his most vigorous hours, while he employs the rest of his time in personal improvement and rest, he will succeed better, and accomplish more in the end.

I propose, therefore, to mothers, a plan, which, if faithfully pursued, I think will be successful in the early formation of a taste for useful reading and the habit of reading systematically. Let every child, of sufficient age, be furnished with a neat little

blank book, and write a separate page for every day of the week, let the plan for each day's reading be written by the parent. This will give a variety, and secure the very desirable object of a suitable proportion of the various kinds of reading. When they are able to write with sufficient facility, the keeping of a journal, and writing, in a concise form, the substance of what they read, will also greatly facilitate the desired object. I subjoin, as a specimen, the following extract from the Note Book of a little girl of eight years, with whom the plan has been tried with considerable success. Each column below represents a page in the book:

Mon. Tu. & Th.	*Wednesday.*	*Friday.*	*Saturday.*	*Sabbath.*
Todd's Truth Simplified, 1 chapter each day.	School of Good Manners, 1 section.	Child at Home. 1 chapter.	Christ our Saviour, 12 pages.	Conversations on Prayer, 1 chapter.

The selection will of course be made, and the quantity regulated, to suit the views and taste of the parent who makes it. And other books, as these are read through; and gradually advance in the character of the books as the child's capacity advances. Some effort, and considerable firmness will be required, to secure continued attention to this course; but, if nothing further is secured than establishing the habit of reading something every day, in pursuance of a regular plan, a great point will be gained. Who is there, who could not find an hour every day to devote to reading? And how much useful knowledge might be acquired, in the course of one's life, by the judicious employment of this time in useful reading? One might easily read twenty pages in this time; and in the course of a year, this would amount to seventy-three volumes, of two hundred pages each; and in ten years, to more than seven hundred volumes. But I will not pursue the subject further here. Those who wish for additional suggestions on this subject, especially for those advanced beyond the age of childhood, are referred to the Young Lady's Guide, chapter xi

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NATURAL THEOLOGY.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The almost overwhelming grandeur of these views, is heightened by contemplating the worlds which attend upon the sun, and which, while they receive from it both light and heat, are anchored to it by the unjointing bands of gravitation. The earth upon which we dwell, weighty as it may seem, is but one of the smaller planets. As before stated, it is 24,000 miles around it, and as it revolves on its axis every 24 hours, each tree and house and man, and animal, goes with it, at the rate of one thousand miles an hour! Nay, more, this earth, with all its lands and waters and inhabitants, goes round the sun once a year. Its distance from the sun is 95 millions of miles. The whole distance it travels in a year is about 570 millions of miles. This is about one million six hundred and sixteen thousand miles every day, sixty-seven thousand two hundred miles every hour, one thousand one hundred and twenty miles every minute, nineteen miles every time your pulse beats!

But these are only a few of the wonders of the Heavens. The planet Uraneus, is 17 times as large as our world; it is 1,800,000,000 of miles from the sun, and flies along in its path at the rate of 240 miles a minute. Jupiter is as large as 1,281 of our

worlds; and Mercury hurries forward in its swift career at the rate of 21 miles in a second.

Strange and startling as these statements may be, they are still indisputably true. The familiar shining of the sun, its rising and its setting, are not more surely demonstrated, than are the astronomical facts I have presented. And, I might indeed add to these, still more amusing realities, for I have not told you of the comets,—those strange, mysterious, wandering worlds which are ever coursing through the regions of space, with fiery trains, some of which are twelve millions of miles in length, and whose velocity outstrips even the speed of the swiftest planets.

Yet these worlds of our sytem are but eleven of those thousand stars that glitter in the sky; and far beyond those we can see, is an endless path, familiar to the footsteps of God, glittering with stars whose very light has not yet travelled down to man. And these, no doubt, are suns, around which other worlds revolve;—and He who made the insect is the Maker of them all!

He who made the humble violet of our earth, made the sun, and gave it anchorage in the eternal sea of space; he who made the butterfly to go forth, and dance upon the breeze—made that planet Mercury to hurry forward 21 miles every time that your heart beats; he who made the little familiar sparrow, made that planet Jupiter which is 1,281 times as large as our world; he who made the playful squirrel of the woods, framed those fiery comets which course the heavens, like celestial ships driven from their moorings by the maddening tempest. He who made man, built the ocean and the land, and strewed the heavens with stars, as the sea with pearls.

And now let us contemplate these things as all the work of one Being; and let us consider that they are not only made by Him, but that every moment they call upon him to sustain them. Let us remember that God has not only made plants and animals, but that if not continued, supported and carried forward by Him, they would instantly perish; let us remember that but for Him the rivers would cease to flow, the air would be still, the planets would halt, the stars would be quenched from the sky. It is God

who gives to all, life and motion. Let him take his power from them, and the kingdoms of Nature would be shrouded with everlasting forgetfulness.

God then is the maker and sustainer of all things. The kingdoms of nature, are but his machine shops: and his works, as surely prove design and action, as the productions of the forge and the anvil! A single nail, in a steam ship, as clearly displays the work of the mechanic, as the ponderous engine, or the complicated wheel. A single blade of grass, is as surely the work of the great Machinest, as the wheeling planet. In contemplating the vegetable kingdom, we know then, that every leaf and stem, and fibre, is made by Him. Each flower is woven by his fingers. Day by day, God is attending every moment to every one of them, and not to them only, but to all others that are in the universe!

Let us impress our minds with the amazing extent of animated nature.

"Every part of the world is filled with living things. There are extensive marshes, impenetrable forests, deep caverns, and the more elevated parts of lofty mountains, where human feet have never trod. There is a vast body of water which covers more than two thirds of the surface of the globe, and the greater part of the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, which men cannot occupy as permanent abodes; yet these regions of our world are not left destitute of inhabitants. Numerous tribes of animals range through the uncultivated deserts, and find ample accommodation, suited to their nature, in rocks and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth.

"The regions of the air are filled with winged creatures of every kind, from the ostrich and the eagle to the numerous tribes of flying insects almost invisible to the unassisted eye. The ocean teems with myriads of inhabitants which no man can number, of every form and size, from the mighty whale to the numerous tribes of *medusæ*, of which several thousands of billions are contained in one cubical mile of water. Every sea, lake and river is peopled with inhabitants; every mountain and marsh, every wilderness and wood is plentifully stocked with birds and beasts

and numerous species of insects, all of which find ample accommodation, and every thing necessary for their comfort and subsistence.

"In short, every part of matter appears to be peopled; almost every green leaf and every particle of dust has its peculiar inhabitants. Not only are the larger parts of nature occupied with living beings, but even the most minute portions of matter teem with animated existence. Every plant and shrub, and almost every drop of water, contains its respective inhabitants. Their number, in some instances, is so great, and their minuteness so astonishing, that the light seen on the surface of the ocean during the nights of summer is owing to an innumerable multitude of small luminous worms or insects sporting in the water!"

To each of these he is every moment giving heat and light and moisture, and to each of these he is attending, more carefully than a nurse to an infant.

Let us consider the insects. There are four hundred thousand species of these, and countless myriads of each species. The air, the land, the very depths of the sea are filled with them, and the Creator must attend to each one of them every moment. Where there is life and motion, there must He be, to sustain it. There He must be to mould the eggs, to endow them with life, to frame all the nice mechanism of the young, and to preserve that of the old. And beside, they must all be endowed with their several instincts. Every bee must be taught the wonderful art of making and storing honey; every ant must be instructed in the political economy of the hill; each spider must be enabled to spin his thread of four thousand strands.

The birds of the air claim the attention of their Maker. He must construct every feather, and mark it with the hues of its kind; he must preside over the nice machinery of every wing—the whole internal structure must be his. Every egg must derive the principle of vitality from his touch. Think of the myriads of the feathered tribes, that are scattered over the earth, in vale and meadow and mountain and marsh, along the pebble shore of the deep—upon the lonely seaward isles—upon the bosom of the

ocean—and consider that every wing that winnows the air, every downy breast that divides the wave, must call upon God every moment for support. Think, too, that each and all of them are to be supplied by Him with that teaching which alone enables them to support existence, or to perpetuate their several races!

And the myriad fishes of the sea—these too, depend upon God. He must measure and fit the scales of the perch, he must construct the delicate bony frame-work of the fins, and cover them over with their silky film. The little minnow—nay, the minute eel of transparent water—invisible to the naked eye and only to be discerned by a microscope, must receive from God every bone and muscle and nerve. And while he attends to these, he is called upon to preside over the whale, to measure out the beatings of its heart, and impel the cataract of blood through its mighty veins and arteries!

And quadrupeds, too, depend upon God. Every one of them must have his frame built by the divine Architect; every one of them calls upon God for his devising skill, his creative power, his sustaining care; for while He watches over the squirrel of our forest, He must bestow his care upon the elephant and rhinoceros of other climes.

And man too, calls upon God every moment, for his attention and care. There are eight hundred millions of people in the world. In each there is a spine of twenty-four joints, with other nice machinery; in each, there is a heart, and veins and arteries; in each, that heart is beating at the rate of seventy strokes in a minute; in each, the whole blood of the body is changed every six minutes; and all this is the work of One Being.

And remember that while every blade of grass, every insect, every fruit, every quadruped, every living being throughout the universe, is receiving the care of the Almighty. He is heaving the planets along in their courses, and turning the mighty crank which keeps the whirling spheres in motion. Remember too that in each of these worlds there are probably races of beings like those on earth, claiming the care of their Creator!

For the Mother's Magazine.

REFLECTIONS OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Beloved child, and art thou no more? Hast thou indeed gone? Hardly can I imagine this to be the case. But a few days since, thou wert here, active, playful, and sprightly; now cold in death. O what a change! That lovely countenance; those sparkling eyes; that beautiful form, and those endearing actions, are still before me. They are fresh in my recollection. Though I know thou art gone, yet I can hardly throw off the impression that thou art only enjoying a sweet repose, and will soon awake, strengthened and refreshed, again to bless the eyes and cheer the hearts of thy fond and bereaved parents.

"O, seraph hope! that here below
Canst nothing dear to the last forego;
When we see the forms, we fain would save,
Wear, step by step, down to the grave;
Still hope a languid beam will shed,
Over the last, thy dying bed.
And, even as now, when the spirit's away,
It hovers, and lingers over the clay.
O hope! thy range was never expounded;
'Tis not by the grave that thou art bounded!"

But I cannot mistake the hour of thy dissolution. Thy pulse ceased to beat, and thine eyes were closed in death. O that memorable hour! Thou wast laid in the cold and dreary ground. Yes, it was even so.

How short has been thy stay with us. Nine months and ten days, only hast thou been permitted to sojourn in this world of sorrow. Like a tender bud, thou hast been blighted, ere thou hadst time to bloom. Scarcely wast thou hailed by thy fond parents, as a beauteous star rising upon their hopes, when an envious cloud suddenly hid thee from their sight.

Well, it is all right. The "Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Shall I weep for thee? Shall I lament thy early departure? Shall I, in groans and sighs, try to recall thee? Shall I bid thee an *eternal* fare-

well? No, no; as much as I loved thee; as deeply afflicted as I have been by thy departure, I would not wish thee back. The few days thou wast here, were days of suffering, and hadst thou lived many years, "few and evil," would thy days have been.—Now all thy sufferings and sorrows are o'er. Thou art far beyond the reach of life's sorrows; thou art now in a more friendly clime, transplanted in a more heavenly soil. Now,

"All is well; all is well."

There no nipping frost, no unkindly blast shall find thee, but thou shalt

"Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline."

Shall we wish thee back, then? O no; stay where thou art, amid the glories of the celestial paradise. There the infant host do greet thee; for

"Millions of infant souls
Compose the family above."

No, stay; and we will try to meet thee there. Hadst thou lived, we should have delighted in supplying thy necessities, but now thou art in better hands, and beyond the reach of want. How pleasent, hadst thou lived to become a saint on earth, but how much better that thou shouldst be a saint in heaven, where thou art transformed into a beauteous angel!

Farewell, then, dear child, till we meet again. The time of our separation will be short; a few more rising and setting suns, and life's conflicts will be past. It may be but a step to the celestial mansion. This may be the last day of trial on earth;—another may be the commencement of our existence in glory.

"When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?"

R. W. A.

Eastford, Conn., Oct. 17, 1840.

For the Mother's Magazine.

BIGOTRY.

But few evils exist so deleterious to the prosperity of the Christian church and the highest happiness of mankind, as bigotry. Every thing that is good and lovely withers and dies under its influence. It separates christians and churches; arrays one in hostility against the other; attacks with deadly weapons christian character; misconstrues each other's sentiments; impugns each other's motives; resorts to means the most base and unchristian, to destroy each other's reputation; gives currency to the basest falsehoods; produces discord, contention, broils, schism and animosity among brethren; and as far as its influence is exerted, greatly hinders, and in many cases prevents the salvation of undying souls. How often is it the case that we see men so outrageously wedded to their own creed or system, that they peremptorily refuse the hand of christian fellowship to those whose piety is unquestionable, though perhaps cannot agree with them in every non-essential particular; and is it not to be feared that persons of this description would, in some instances, rather let the impenitent sink to ruin, than suffer those who differ from them to become the instruments, under God, of their salvation! And even the good that is done, they either *suspect* or *deny*, because those who are the instruments of it do not, in every respect, *follow after them.* The influence of this spirit upon children and youth, must be apparent to all. Is this christianity? Is this the spirit of the blessed gospel? Is this carrying out the new commandment, *Love one another?* Let mothers think of this when they censure other's before their children; especially when they speak of the faults and errors of christians.

But such is not the spirit of our holy religion. This leads us to love one another,—and even those who, in some minor points, differ from us. It extends the hand of christian fellowship to all bearing the image of Christ. It knows no names, parties, denominational distinctions, or popular opinions; but throws its

arms of christian affection around every follower of the Lamb. Such as possess this spirit will never suffer the burning infamy of sectarian exclusiveness to rest upon them. All within, and about them, is as clear as the ethereal firmament. The wiles of a deceitful and sectarian policy, is to them utterly unknown.—The openness and the ingenuousness of truth sit upon their foreheads, and their every utterance bears upon it as decided a stamp of love and christian fellowship, as if shielded by a solemn appeal to the judgment seat. Such are contending more for the unfading and imperishable riches of heavenly glory, than for all the names, titles, and forms, which sectarian bigotry has ever invented. Their affections have settled on a more enduring substance. In the noise, clamor, and contention about titles and forms, they pursue their even course, amid the tranquillities of a heart cherishing a better prospect, and reposing on the sure anticipation of a happier and more enduring home.

We close with the following sensible lines on the subject from Dr. Styles: "Of all the detestable evils that disgrace the christian world, this is certainly the most pernicious, the most to be dreaded. It is fashionable to declaim against the evils of enthusiasm and fanaticism, and perhaps with some reason; where they exist, they are deeply to be deplored; we do not defend or palliate them. But what are these, compared with the dark, malignant spirit of bigotry? Enthusiasm has the glory of the sun to kindle up its mists and clouds with beauty. Fanaticism has thunder, and lightning, and meteors, in its gloom; and the tempest which it threatens, may soon be dispersed. But bigotry is the palpable obscure, the solid temperament of darkness, mixed with drizzling rain; its pestilential vapors blast the lovely fruit of piety; while all noxious, all prodigious things, crawl forth, and increase the horror of the night. This is especially the case when bigotry obtains a complete ascendency; those who yield to its authority, possess no common sympathies. Man, as man, has no place in their hearts; he must belong to their sect, imbibe their prejudices, feel their antipathies, believe every tittle of their creed, or be unto them no better than a heathen man or a publi-

can. Religion, with all its glorious and extensive interests, humanity, with all its social qualities and endearing charities, must all be trussed up in the narrow dimensions of their little party.—How many noble institutions must languish, how many thousands of immortal souls perish, and what mighty engines of good would be in an instant paralyzed, if the voice of bigotry could be universally heard and obeyed." R. W. A.

Eastford, Conn., Oct. 17.

For the Mother's Magazine.

HOW SHALL WE BEST TEACH OUR CHILDREN TO PRAY?

[Read before a Maternal Association, by Mrs. C.]

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is"—that He exists. This truth may be applicable to the case of children, as well as to that of adults. Here then, we find one preliminary to all prayer. The child must believe that God lives as really as he lives himself, or as his Parent lives.

Besides, it ought to be earnestly impressed upon him that God is always present, near us, close by our sides, even now, though we cannot see Him; that He is now noticing every word we say, and knows what we say it for.

These or similar sentiments and feelings must have a lodgment in the breast of the child, before it can be suitably aware of the importance and propriety of expressing its young thoughts in prayer to God. It may appear difficult at first, for a young child to apprehend clearly the presence of a Being, that can neither be seen, nor felt. Accustomed to be guided by the bodily senses alone, will not the mystery of an ever-present Deity, be beyond the conceptions of its just dawning reason? Or rather may we not expect it to excite in the unimaginative mind of a child, some strange little feelings of skepticism?

But here a parent's example is calculated to do much towards fixing the truth firmly in its place. If we would act as though

we were ourselves conscious of God's presence, our children must believe, must feel its reality. And if they see that we cautiously avoid every appearance of deception and insincerity, they will be slow to withdraw their confidence when we speak of *things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.*

But especial care should be taken that we do not misrepresent the character of God. It is to be feared, that christian parents, (in their zeal to counteract something worse) have represented God to their children, as clad in the thunders of Sinai, terrible and frowning; while the more attractive attributes of love, tenderness, and compassion, are scarcely mentioned. Will not our children be thus led to consider

> "The God
> That made them an intruder on their joys,
> Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
> A jarring note?"

Example in the act of praying, would tend to illustrate to our children the importance of this duty, more clearly perhaps than any thing else. And when we pray with them, we should be especially careful not to pray *in an unknown tongue.* On the contrary, the language should be very plain, and easy for them to understand, though by no means trifling or childish.

And when praying with a child, we should always be extremely short. How long can a child of three, four, or five years, fix its thoughts on the subject of the mother's prayer? Possibly one minute, and then we should most assuredly cease.

And before praying, the subject of prayer should be distinctly explained, so that the child may understand the full intent and meaning of our petition.

Has the child been stubborn or disobedient in any way? Let other discipline be used or not, as the parent may think best; but usually a moment of penitence follows, which the mother may improve in showing her child the unreasonableness, the wickedness of its conduct. Then go to Him who alone can forgive sins.

Yet not in sorrow only, but frequently on occasions of joy,

should children be permitted to hear a mother's voice in prayer. Has the father, or a brother returned safe from a journey? Is any of the family recovering from sickness? O then may not a child mingle its young feeling, with the mother's, while she offers thanksgivings to Him, from whom cometh life, and health, and all things.

But as not a day passes, without furnishing occasions of penitence and gratitude, a pious mother with a child before her, will always have an interesting subject for prayer.

Thus far, the child has been taught only to understand the *mother's* praying. Now should we not teach children to pray for themselves? Will He, who searcheth the heart, be pleased with us, or our children in the performance of such an exercise? Or, can a mother so teach her child, that it may offer up acceptable prayer to our Heavenly Father? If this be indeed the mother's privilege, how elevated! how noble! To co-operate with the spirit of God, in bringing immortal beings to the footstool of mercy!

But what is it, to teach children to pray? Not certainly to give them a mere set form of words; but it is by means of words to excite and draw out suitable feelings of the heart; penitence, humility, reverence; with feelings of submission and dependence.

Now should not we, mothers, to whom such treasures have been committed, charge ourselves as the blessed Savior charges us to *occupy till He come; to bring them up in the nurture and admonition*, the discipline and counsel, *of the Lord.*

When the *child Samuel did not yet know the Lord*, how was he taught to attend to the Heavenly voice? Simply by saying, "*Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*" And what can be more forcible than our Savior's manner of teaching love and submission, when He bids us say, *Our Father.*

Thus by teaching the language of prayer even to young children, we may draw out and cultivate something of that spirit, which is at once the source and life of devotion.

Such is the constitution of the human mind, that the feelings seem uniformly inclined to accompany the words we utter. Es-

pecially is this the case before habits of dissimulation and deceit have usurped dominion over the soul.

Now apply this to the case of young children. We should teach them the appropriate language of prayer, while yet they know little of the character of the Being to whom it is addressed; that this, their earliest developements of thought and feeling may flow with less obstruction in the channel whither such expressions lead.

Thus, mothers, having obtained help of God, may we not become the happy instruments in His hand, of perfecting praise from the mouths of those who are comparatively babes and sucklings.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A FACT FOR JUVENILE READERS.

Among the gay assemblage of rank and beauty, gathered in one of the beautiful villages of New England, on New Years' eve, 18—, was seen one to whom Nature had imparted, it would seem, every necessary gift. Such was Caroline B. She had scarcely numbered eighteen summers, and the vicissitudes of life had as yet passed her lightly by. No doubt to her, the world seemed all bright and beautiful, as she looked forward, with eager anticipations to the quick return of many such scenes and seasons, which to her had been so joyous, and of which she hoped to be a happy participant hereafter. She realized not that death might come and hurry her away from all these gay amusements unprepared to meet her God and Savior. She had not laid up in her mind the divine precept, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." She had not listened to the voice of her Savior, "Daughter, give me thine heart," and chosen him to be her best friend in life, and in death. Just one year from that merry evening, instead of the giddy dance, Caroline B. might be seen in her own chamber, solitary, and alone. All the trappings of fashion were laid aside, and there she was arrayed in a simple white robe, with her beautiful locks parted in perfect plainness

on her marble brow. That form once so animated by the sound of the violin, was now still and motionless. Death came and claimed her as his victim, and though so reluctant to follow the grim messenger, she became his prey. Her disease was a raging fever accompanied with delirium. She had some lucid intervals, but not one moment of peace to her troubled soul. When asked if she knew how sick she was, she would reply, "yes, I know how sick I am; but oh, I am not prepared to die!"

Think, my young readers, how you would feel in such an hour, and if you have not yet made your peace with God, "delay not," oh! "delay not;" for it is written, "Now is the accepted time—behold now is the day of salvation." This little memoir is not a fiction, for I knew the subject of it well.

Only a short time before Caroline B. ceased to breathe, she was again asked if she knew how sick she was, and she made a reply, as before, with the superadded exclamation, "Merciful Savior, the agony I am in!" These were her last words.

We must leave her case with her God. She was probably as much beloved by her parents and relatives as you are, but they could not save her from an early grave. Oh, then, defer not the work of repentance to the dying hour. Come now, and give your young affections to that Savior who has said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," and he will give unto you great joy, in life and in death.

If you have christian parents you love them;—it cannot be otherwise. Think what would be their agony were they to see you sinking into the cold embrace of death when they could not go with you, and yet with the awful conviction that you had no Savior—no hope to illume the dark valley, and to guide you safely to the haven of rest. Take warning by this simple narrative and do not, I beseech of you, try to banish it from your minds, but think of it when you retire at night, and when you rise in the morning. Let not, I intreat you, the year 1841 be ushered in, and find you an enemy to God. Spend, I beseech you, the approaching holidays in such a manner as you will wish you had done, should they prove your last on earth.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THIRD LETTER TO LITTLE WILLIE.

New York, 1840.

MY DEAR WILLIE:

I did not tell you in my last letter all that I wished to say about governing yourself. For want of this self-government, some persons do things too slowly and others too hastily.

Some do things *too slowly*. The sluggish boy lies in bed in the bright morning when he should be busy, at his play, or at his books, or at his work. Instead of governing himself by good rules, he says, "yet a little sleep, a little slumber;"—he turns himself over, and dozes away another precious hour. When he gets up, perhaps he is dull, and languid, for he has not had his happy play-spell; he is perhaps too late to breakfast, and of course, too late at his lessons, and at school, or at his work. He is always behind hand, because he does not govern himself. Others are too slow in obeying the commands of their parents. They perhaps intend to obey by and by;—but they wait awhile;—they want to finish their play, or to do something else first. And when they begin to obey, how very long they are in doing what they are told to do! Such boys certainly do not govern themselves. If sent on an errand, to carry a message and to bring back an answer, they perhaps stop by the way to talk or to play with a companion, and when they deliver the message or bring back the answer, it may be too late. And the kind mother may be disappointed. "Oh! William, why have you been so long! How much I have wanted you! You should govern yourself, my son!" Such boys too, when they sit down to their books are very, very long in learning their lessons. They are looking off to see what other children are doing; or their thoughts are scampering off as their little feet would do to their plays; or a fly is buzzing about the room, and they are watching it as it bumps itself against the ceiling. Presently the time comes to recite, and they are behind hand. They have not perfectly learnt their lessons, for they did not govern themselves.

The evils of being behind hand are very great. Have you never been at the wharf when the noble steam-boat was just going, to see her move in stately pride over the waters? The bell has just rung. The captain has just cried, "All ashore!" The wheels begin to turn, and the boat is off. Hark! a man comes running, and cries, "stop! stop!"—No. It is too late. One minute too late. Perhaps the man did not govern himself as he should have done. Perhaps he was not up early enough in the morning; or he may have been too slow in his preparations; or he may have stayed too long to talk with his friends. Our life, dear Willie, is continually moving away from us. The little moments are constantly flying. We must use them while we have them. Let us be careful then, that we so govern ourselves that we are never behind hand. A time for every thing and every thing in its time.

Your affectionate Uncle, ——— ———.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF ST. LOUIS, 1840.

Mrs. Whittelsey,—At the Annual Meeting of the St. Louis Maternal Association, after the reading of the Report, it was

Voted—"That this Report be sent to Mrs. Whittelsey for publication in the Mother's Magazine, *if she supposes* the plans adopted by this Association may stimulate other societies in cities to provide innocent amusements for their young people, and especially to remember *young men* in their midst."

REPORT &C.

Our Second Anniversary has arrived, and it dawns upon us with the most flattering auspices.

Our Association at the present time numbers 60 mothers and about 150 children. Our additions have been small; only ten. Seven of our number have left St. Louis; five of them, however, we retain on our list, as they were warm friends of the institu-

tion, and feel they are still *of us*, although they have gone out from us. Only three of our members, we believe, have been bereaved of their children the present year. One of these was an infant, another, of twelve years, died in the hope of a blessed immortality. The other a child of prayer, the pride and hope of his mother, was summoned away suddenly and unexpectedly in early manhood, leaving us all to feel that the ways of God are mysterious, and to finite minds are "past finding out." This dispensation of Providence has been calculated to fill us with awe, and to lead us in fearfulness and earnestness to call upon God that he would have mercy—that he would remember his covenant and early sanctify our beloved children. It has led us to search our hearts—to scrutinize our motives—to seek to offer the prayer of faith and not of selfishness—to be jealous of ourselves, lest we seek the conversion of our children for their own safety and happiness, or to promote our own selfish enjoyment rather than the glory and honor of our Redeemer.

Many subjects relative to the moral and religious education of our children have been discussed with interest and profit; and our library, though small, has awakened thought and encouraged effort in behalf of those entrusted to our care. We regard our library as of great importance to the prosperity and usefulness of the society. The press teems at the present time with books written for the benefit of mothers, and though some of these professed "helps" to maternal instruction are of little value, the Abbotts, Gallaudet, Mrs. Sigourney, and many others, have certainly done much towards directing mothers to view in a proper light their vast responsibilities and obligations to the faithful discharge of duty. Many mothers can here have access to some of the most valuable works on education, who could not obtain it in any other way. We hope the ladies will feel a deeper interest still in the library, and that we may be enabled to supply ourselves with all the works of the day which are particularly designed for mothers.

Early in the season, one of our members inquired what substitute we should provide for those of our young people to whom

were denied a participation in dancing parties and amusements of a similar nature. After some thought and discussion, a Juvenile Sewing Society was formed, admitting all our children over ten years of age. The misses and young ladies spent the afternoon in sewing—tea was provided at an early hour, after which their brothers and other young gentlemen were invited to be present and spend the evening. The misses were arranged in classes, each under one or two teachers. There was one class in plain sewing, another in fancy needle-work, another in shell-work, another in bead-work, another in rug-work, &c. The avails of the work were to be appropriated to domestic missions. The plan was successful. The society* superseded all other visiting in many cases, and afforded much rational innocent enjoyment to many young people. Many young gentlemen, strangers comparatively in St. Louis, far removed from the endearments of home, from the watchful care of a mother's love and the soothing offices of sisterly friendship, found in this circle a congenial atmosphere; a counterpart of the bright scenes of his own land—a sweet remembrancer of the home of his youth, and of the joys of the social intercourse he had been wont to find in the place of his nativity. The society has done much good. We may never —we *shall* never, probably, in time be able to ascertain all the precious results of its influence. But, in eternity, as we look back through the long vista of time, we shall see where many were gathered into the fold of religious influence, restrained by its holy power, and drawn finally to bow at the Savior's feet. It is known, doubtless, that in all our western cities there are hundreds of young men, from 16 to 25, engaged in business, literally strangers here, and removed from all the restraints which public opinion had thrown around them at home. They have been the light and glory of a family-circle; their society has been courted and appreciated elsewhere. When they come here, they find themselves alone. In the multitude, they feel that they are uncared for and unseen. The fireside acquaintances which once de-

* It is now (March) greatly increased and somewhat enlarged to benefit a larger number, and its funds are appropriated to the support of a city missionary.

lightfully engrossed their evenings is no more. The theatre, the gambling-table, and other places of amusement, too often take their place. They are social beings and cannot live without social intercourse. Improper companions are tolerated for want of better; temptations beset and overcome; and the inexperienced, unnoticed, uncared for young stranger speeds with woful haste to the world of perdition. Perhaps he was nurtured as tenderly, restrained as carefully, and trained as prayerfully as our own dear sons have been. Who can be as feelingly alive to his temptations and dangers as our maternal associations? Who should seek out, watch over and pray for him, as those Christian mothers who one day may have a wandering son as uncared for as he?

A few years since a young man in this city was taken ill, and living as many young men do who take their meals at a hotel and sleep in the store, he was confined during his sickness in a dark, unpleasant room, without the comforts of a sick chamber, or the attention of a regular nurse. For the few offices of kindness he received he was dependent on his young friends immersed in business, who occasionally looked in upon him in his forlorn condition. Two mothers had heard of him and visited him. It was in the heat of summer, and he had truly been a sufferer. The moment the ladies entered the room, the poor young man drew the sheet up over his face and wept like a child. He told them he had not seen a female face since his illness. And in his weak, nervous state, the remembrance of a mother's and sister's kindness, which their presence created, for a time overcame him. They promised to see him again the next day, but were prevented; and before another interview his soul was released from its earthly habitation, and was introduced into the unknown scenes of eternity. Shall not this association, while it deeply regards the interests of its own dear children and the orphan children of its members, also remember the young stranger in our midst, who may, perchance, be the pride, the hope, and the source of deep anxiety also of some widowed Christian mother in a distant part of our country?

As a society, we lack not so much in numbers or zeal, but we *want faith to believe in the early conversion of our children.* Oh, if we had faith—*true living faith in God!* what glorious results would we recount here at our next anniversary. Our path the year to come would lie through green pastures, by the side of still waters. We could take down our harps from the willow, and instead of reposing mournfully to sing a song of praise in this strange land, with full hearts glowing with gratitude to the God of the Covenant, we should shout, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever;" for he hath redeemed us and our children.

In behalf of the Society,

A. T. J. B., Sec.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

It was a peaceful vesper hour—
When every breath was wafting to the skies
The soft sweet melody that Nature loves.
A pale young mother, who had lately drooped
Beneath the blight of ill, was gazing now
In earnest fondness on a lovely child,
Whose sweet and gentle tones had often stilled
The voice of sorrow in her breast. Once more
Her spirit gained the mastery o'er grief.
Her sad eye kindled with the fire which tells
Of a deep faith and ardent love.
She led
The beauteous prattler to a shady spot
Which she had consecrated by her prayers,
And by the yielding of herself to God
Where first she loved him. There she knelt and pressed
Her thin hand on the forehead of her child,
Turning her meek yet earnest gaze to Heaven
To claim, with humble faith for her dear babe,
The promised blessings of the Covenant.
At first her voice was tremulous and low,—
But soon its every tone rose full and clear
Like the rich breathings of some heavenly harp,
Swept by an angel-hand.

"Father, to Thee
I yield the trust. Oh! bless her with a love
Deeper and purer, stronger far than mine.
Shield her from sin, from sorrow and from pain.
But should thy wisdom deem affliction best,
Let love be mingled with the chastening.
With an unshrinking heart, I give her Lord to Thee;
"Thy will, not mine be done."
The mother left
That consecrated bower, with heavenly peace
Flowing through all her soul; and then she sought
Her couch, to learn still more the power of faith.
Ere autumn's winds moaned through those leafless trees,
That praying mother had gone up to dwell
Where neither change, nor blight, nor sorrow comes.
The child was left,—yet orphaned was she not,
For God adopted her. With watchful care
He led her on through childhood to her prime.
Early she gave her glowing heart to Him
Who had so richly blessed her with His love.
Since then, she hath become a wife,—
And now her gracefulness and cheerful smile
Adorn the home where God hath placed her. Oft
At twilight hour, she leads a beauteous group
Who call her mother to the quiet spot,
Where last she felt the impress of that hand
Whose gentle touch, still lingers on her brow.
And there she tells them of her own young days,
When she was offered up in faith to God
By her dear mother. As the tear-drops gush
Forth from the eyes of her young auditors,
Her own heart swells with bliss too deep for words.
Sure if the angel-mother may return
To earth, 'twill be to witness scenes like this,
And minister to such pure joys.

Maine, 1840. S. F. W.

INTEGRITY.

"Integrity is the root and foundation of all moral virtue, and, in all its forms of truth, justice, and sincerity, should be most carefully cultivated in children. This must be done first by a conscientious and scrupulous regard to the example set before them."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

In closing the *eighth volume* of the Mother's Magazine, it is congenial to our own feelings, and due to our friends, to express our sincere thanks for the liberal encouragement they have afforded us by their contributions to our pages, and by their patronage.

Again have we occasion to exclaim,—with what rapidity do months and years roll away! How little have we accomplished, considering the extent of our obligations, and the numerous opportunities afforded us to do good!

Could such of our readers as live retired, enjoying the calm repose of the village, free from the perplexities and interruptions of a crowded city, and who perhaps have felt disposed severely to criticize our imperfections; could they know the various responsibilities which press upon the mind; the care and solicitude which is felt for absent children; the multiplied efforts to sustain different Maternal Associations; the numerous objects of charity which seem to demand sympathy and relief; the protracted watchings by the sick couch of a companion; surely they would sympathize with us, judge with candor, and be slow to condemn; even though the publication of our numbers has occasionally been delayed beyond the middle of the month.

Such abundant cause have we this day to bless God for his timely aid in twice granting relief and restoring health to a bosom friend, that we feel it to be a privilege and a duty to invite our sisters to unite with us in songs of praise and thanksgiving to the God of all our mercies.

If the Magazine has not been as rich in thought and variety, as may have been wished, are not our pages open to those who may desire to see it made better?

Permit us in our turn to make a few inquiries and suggestions, which, if duly regarded, would, we believe, materially aid the cause to which the Magazine is devoted. Have the friends of this cause made as much effort to circulate the Magazine and to place it in every family, as the design of the publication obviously demands? We call upon our friends not to forget, that even an

increase of zeal in the use of all appropriate means is needful to carry forward every useful and important enterprize. If the Magazine has subserved the interests of Maternal Associations, will not the friends and advocates of family piety, to secure which is the object of these institutions, feel their obligations to aid our humble endeavors to advance a cause which, though its effects are silent and gradual, will assuredly serve to hasten on the latter day of glory?

Have our Patrons prayed as often and as fervently as they might have done, that the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit might be vouchsafed to us; and that God would continue to accept and bless our feeble instrumentality?

It may be useful in this place to mention the experience of a mother, which speaks volumes on the subject of Christian sympathy and Christian effort. The circumstances, which were related to us, were as follows:—"I had opportunity," says Mrs. H. "while in the town of ————, to witness the last hours of a young man in the prime of life, who had fallen a victim to disappointed hopes.

"A short time before his death his excellent mother was sent for, and though it was evident that he recognized her, he was not able to have any conversation with her. Mrs. H. related the substance of repeated conversations she subsequently had with this afflicted parent. She affirmed that her son had from childhood been dutiful, affectionate, and respectful to his mother, and more especially since the death of his father, which occurred when he was quite young.

"When he left the maternal roof he went to reside in the town of ———, where he commenced business for himself. He was for a time considered sober and industrious; but owing to the recent fluctuations in trade, and the influence over him of bad associates, he failed in business, and being destitute of the fear and knowledge of God, which giveth wisdom and bringeth salvation, he yielded to despondency, became intemperate, and was ruined."

Mrs. H. averred that it was enough to subdue a heart of adamant, to hear this now Christian mother bewail the fact, that

when her children were young and their minds open to the admonitions of conscience, and to the influence of religious impressions, she was ignorant of a Savior and of his dying compassion to our sinful race.

"But why," said she, "did not some mother take pains to enlighten me, who had herself received the grace of God, and knew in her own experience the bitter fruits of sin, and had been taught that even her young children needed to be cleansed by atoning blood, and that they could no where be safe from the devouring wolf, but under the care, protection, and guidance of the good Shepherd, whose reiterated command to his disciples was '*feed my lambs.*' My dear Mrs. H., how can you account for the fact, that members of Maternal Associations feel so little responsibility to make known to every mother, and especially to every young mother, the precious benefits of such an institution; for I feel confident that while my heart was burning with love to my dear fatherless children, if I had been taken by the hand, when they were in infancy, and when I so much needed sympathy—had I then been led to the maternal meeting, and induced to prize the Sabbath as a high and holy day, I should not now, a lone widow, with the infirmities of age upon me, have been called to endure the almost insupportable trial of standing by the death bed of my eldest—my darling child, without one cheering ray of hope that I shall meet him in glory and enjoy with him a blessed immortality?"

We leave mothers to make their own comments and reflections upon this brief but mournful history. Let us be thankful and humble, if we have been spared a similar trial, ascribing all our mercies to the abounding grace of God, and see to it, that with our superior advantages, we do not by hiding our light under a bushel, provoke our covenant keeping God, in faithfulness, to chastise us, or to leave some of our dear ones to make shipwreck of faith—remembering that his promise is, that "he that watereth shall himself be watered."

END OF VOL. VIII.

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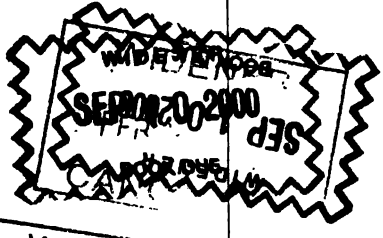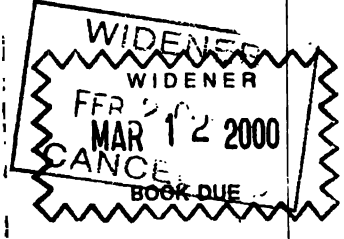
Please return promptly.